THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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To suit varying tastes we pack the two most popular varieties of California Peaches—Yellow Clings and Yellow Freestones. Each variety is the finest of its kind, possessing its own distinctive flavor and special appeal to the appetite.

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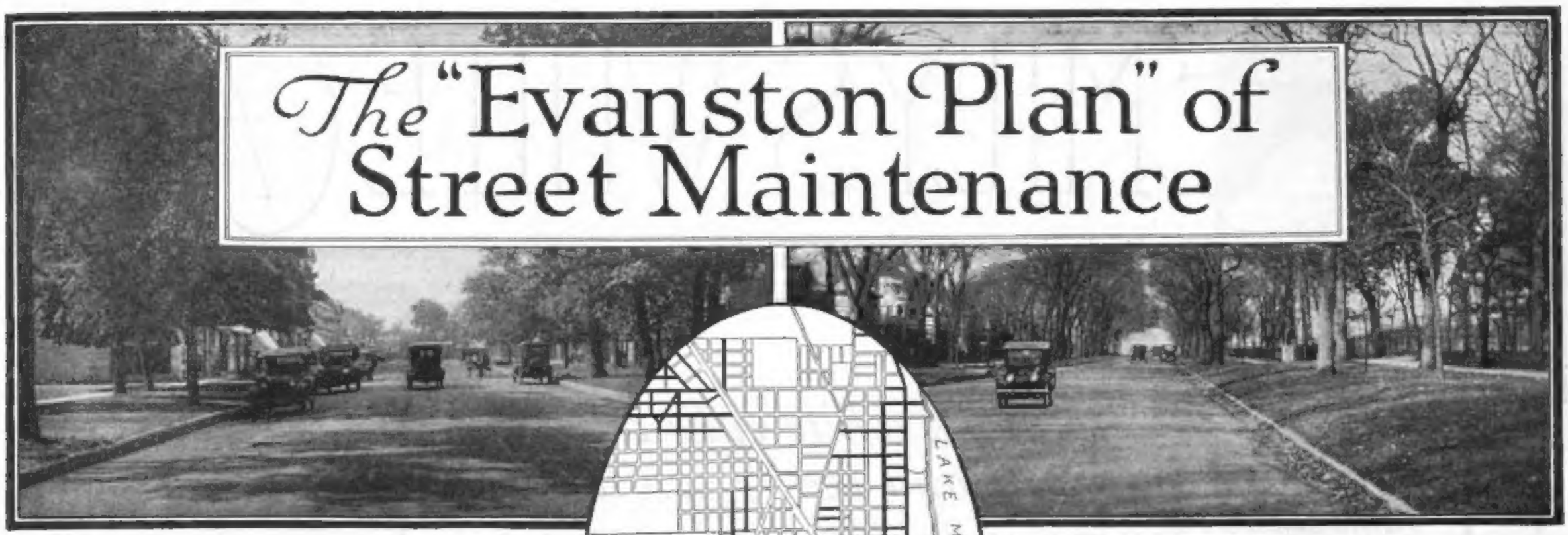
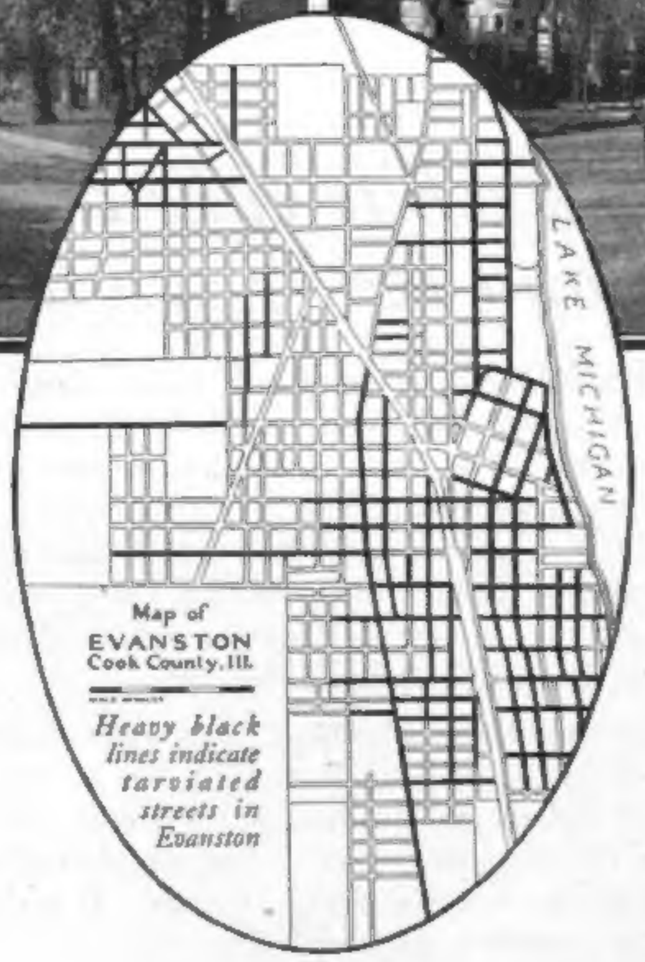


The "Evanston Plan" of Street Maintenance



Orrington Ave., Evanston, Ill. Old waterbound macadam surfaced with "Tarvia-A" June, 1919.

Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill. One of the Improvement Association streets, constructed with "Tarvia-A" in 1915–1916.

WITH natural pride in their beautiful city, which lies just north of Chicago, the property owners and city authorities of Evanston, Ill., have worked out what has come to be known as the "Evanston Plan" for keeping their macadam streets in first-class condition.

The property owners on many streets have local Improvement Associations, who voluntarily contribute to the cost of maintenance of their street.

This fund was formerly used for street sprinkling, but is now being used in systematic Tarvia maintenance. The work is handled by the street department under the direction of the Commissioner of Streets.

This has worked out so satisfactorily that some of the Associations have a surplus in their treasury, where formerly all the funds went into street sprinkling, and the streets are dustproof, waterproof and automobile proof.

Keeping Ahead of Old General Neglect

The policy of the City of Evanston is to repair and re-treat the streets *before it is absolutely necessary*. Three patrol gangs are kept on the streets all summer, immediately patching any spot in the macadam that begins to show signs of wear.

As a result, the entire system of more than a half million square yards of Tarvia-treated macadam pavement is kept in wonderful condition all the year round.

In fact, the streets of Evanston form a striking testimonial to the efficiency of systematic Tarvia treatment and low cost maintenance.

The Efficiency of Barrett Service

The present Commissioner of Streets, Mr. R. M. Brown, writes as follows:

> "Efficiency of service by your company in the delivery and application of Tarvia to the City of Evanston during the past season has been very satisfactory.
>
> I assure you that your efforts in our behalf are appreciated, as we are able to keep our pavements in good serviceable condition despite the fact that they are subjected to unusually heavy traffic."

Property Owners Prefer Tarvia

Former Commissioner of Streets Mr. Walter W. Kraft, before leaving office, wrote as follows:

> "The people of Evanston are satisfied in every respect, and in asking for work to be done on streets, are asking for Tarvia in preference to other binders."

The Evanston plan of street maintenance is attracting a great deal of attention in other municipalities.

We should be very glad to explain this plan in greater detail to any interested city official or property owner upon request. In writing, address the nearest Barrett Company office.

Illustrated booklets free upon request.

Tarvia

For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want BETTER ROADS and LOWER TAXES, this department can greatly assist you. Booklets free on request.

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EMILY'S WHITE CAKE

—to make white cake tender, moist and really white

Which needs a hotter oven, white cake or dark?

If you want the answer to this and all the other baking questions that puzzle you, send for the practical cookbook "The Whys of Cooking" in which Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and Editor of America's foremost cookery magazine, tells how professionals avoid failures in making cake and pastry. This delightful book also contains many delicious original recipes in all branches of cooking. Illustrated in color. Each copy costs us 25c to print. You may have one copy, for personal use, by sending 10c in stamps to Section K-11, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROFESSIONAL cooks know three simple little tricks that will help you make the finest possible white cake. To obtain a delicate texture mix the batter with water instead of milk. To acquire the moist tenderness that so often is lacking in cakes made with the white of eggs, be sure the shortening is 100% rich. To produce a color as snowy as angel food, use shortening that is white, and a light-colored flavoring.

Cooks who know these secrets of the perfect white cake prefer Crisco for shortening because it has the required richness and whiteness, and because it makes cake taste the same as if butter were used. You simply add a teaspoonful of salt for every cupful of Crisco. It makes the use of butter a needless expense.

Crisco is as dainty as the other fine ingredients that go into good cake. It is simply a solid white cream of edible vegetable oil. It has neither taste nor odor, and stays fresh without being kept on ice. There is nothing else like it. It provides the utmost quality and richness for every cooking purpose—frying, pastry, and all kinds of baking.

Try it, and see how much it will improve everything that you cook. It is sold by all good grocers, in net-weight, sanitary containers, holding one pound and up. *Never sold in bulk.*

Crisco is also made and sold in Canada

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Emily's White Cake

½ cupful Crisco
1½ cupfuls sugar
3 cupfuls pastry flour
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful water
1 teaspoonful flavoring
Whites of 5 eggs

Cream Crisco. Add sugar slowly and cream together. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with the liquid. Add flavoring, beat mixture thoroughly and lastly fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Prepare layer-cake tins by greasing them with a mixture of Crisco and flour. Pour in cake mixture; put in moderate oven, allow to rise for five minutes, increase heat to bake; at the end of 15 minutes reduce heat to allow cake to shrink from the pan. Entire time for baking 20 minutes.—*Kate B. Vaughn.*

Chocolate Frosting

1 cupful granulated sugar
1 cupful boiling water
6 squares chocolate
Confectioners' sugar as needed
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract

Melt the sugar in the boiling water, cover and let boil three or four minutes, add the chocolate broken in pieces and let melt over boiling water, then beat in the sugar, sifted, and the extract. Use sugar to make the frosting of a consistency to spread and not run from the cake. If it becomes too stiff before it is spread, add boiling water or syrup, a few drops at a time.

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THE SONG OF THE DRAGON

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

And the elders took council, lest the fields and villages be destroyed by the dragon, and a maiden was chosen to be delivered up to him.—Old Fairy Tale.

LIFE and experience make an actress. It follows that ingénues cannot act—and actresses are no longer ingénues. Being one of the few producers who are aware of the above unescapable fact, William Kinder tapped an upper front tooth with his right forefinger nail—a habit he had when thoughtful or troubled—as he read the script of Beauty and the Beast for the first time.

He had gambled in futures in the matter of Beauty and the Beast. He had paid an advance for the next play by Rupert Dudley after seeing Cherry Blossoms wither and die under the white lights of Broadway in less than two weeks.

The fate of this maiden effort by a young playwright had disturbed Kinder not at all. He had long since discarded orthodoxy in his methods. With him it was not, Why do plays succeed? It was, What makes them fail?

Following this will-o'-the-wisp, he had sat through the last dismal performance of Cherry Blossoms with the keenness of a terrier at a rat hole. Two days later he was nourishing the self-esteem of its discouraged author with a substantial check for a play to be delivered on or before December 15, 1917.

And here was the play—a whale of a show, he told himself—better than he had hoped for, far better; but the lead, who must carry three big scenes and hold through ten minutes of gossamer-light comedy, was "a fairy creature, half woman and half child."

"Huh!" said Kinder, and continued his staccato tapping at his front tooth. He had spent a morning telling the boy five hundred things he must not do, but writing a whale of a show about a female person of seventeen summers was not one of them.

The part rang true—that was the trouble. The trail of adolescence was over it all. The pathos of the later scenes sprang from the bewilderment of a young and tender thing as life closed prematurely about her. No chance to fake it with a real trouper of thirty or so who could look twenty-four if the top lights were amber and rose. It must be a chicken!

Kinder Discovered That She Had Selected the Comedy Scene, Light as Thistledown, Over Which He Had Despaired

Kinder recalled the season's crop of ingénues. He thought of their high voices, which had no trace of the timbre which the situation required. He thought of the many things they would do with their hands—paw furniture, pat other characters, drag at coat lapels, twist handkerchiefs, twine and untwine fingers. They would waver in the big moments and wriggle in the quiet ones. No single one of them could sit or stand immovable for ten seconds. They would arch and preen and simper and roll their eyes. They had to act, God help them, or they were lost!

"They'd murder it!" was his conclusion as he dismissed them *in toto* from his mind.

A band began to play. It crashed out the opening notes of a march, or rather the march—the one and only march; the march to which millions were moving from the baseball diamond to the practice fields of a new game, rough perhaps, but sure to be exciting.

Kinder's finger nail ceased its tapping. His frown disappeared. Curious, he thought, that one went ahead somehow with scripts, rehearsals, tryouts and first nights when that song—that song would presently march them to ships that would bear them away.

The theater was a necessity now, he reflected. The anæsthesia of make-believe was a greater blessing than ever before. It seemed a little cruel to sell war bonds between acts to people who were striving to forget. But it must be done. It gave Kinder a small thrill of pride to remember that it was being done with ardor and skill. The profession was doing its bit, no doubt of that. Why, the song he was listening to had been written by an actor who was a playwright and fellow producer as well! The whole mess, as a matter of fact, was the work of an actor. He happened to be a Kaiser, but that was an accident of birth. Temperamentally he was an actor who had played at king and adored the business of the half-drawn sword. Kinder rather doubted the Machiavellian plotting and planning attributed to this mountebank. He had simply assumed one of his martial attitudes. The war party had seized his arm and completed the gesture. No one had been more surprised than he when his weapon had flashed from the scabbard. "The poor fool!" mused Kinder, and became aware, as the band grew fainter, that someone was knocking on the door.

It proved to be Edgar, office boy extraordinary, last line of defense between William Kinder, producer of plays, and ten thousand earnest souls who were determined to appear in one of them. Although carefully reared in the Catholic faith, Edgar would have informed the Pope himself that his employer was in conference. Now, however, his habitual lofty disdain had given place to a mysterious manner, unprecedented and baffling. Advancing stealthily into the room he paused in a semicrouching attitude and hissed twice. Glancing over his shoulder he crept nearer and hissed again.

"What are you rehearsing?" asked Kinder. "And why do you do it in here?"

"He's outside," explained Edgar in a strained whisper. "You'd never know it from lookin' at him. Mebbe it's a ham tryin' to put one over on me. I dunno. Here's the card."

The card made clear the mystery of Edgar's lapse into melodrama.

"James Smith, Secret Service Department," Kinder read. "Ah-ha!" said he. "Dirty work at the crossroads! Well, show him in."

Edgar glided to the door, hissed into the passageway and beckoned with a slight jerk of his head. Kinder was presently shaking hands with a peering, nearsighted little man of about sixty; a white-haired, washed-out, shrinking little man who, although the day was fair, wore aggressively shiny rubbers and carried an umbrella.

Kinder looked him over with a sinking heart. He had always believed, he did not quite know why, that whatever else was wrong at Washington, the Secret Service Department of the United States could not be matched the world around. And yet here was the first agent of that department he had ever encountered, so far as he knew—and what an agent!

Mr. Smith had taken a chair, or rather the extreme edge of a chair, and was now gazing with vague mildness about the office, one hand clutching the middle of his umbrella and the other the rim of his black felt hat.

The curiosity that Kinder had felt as to the nature of his visitor's business with him had vanished. A sort of rage replaced it. At war with a great and ruthless power, whose one-time subjects were scattered by millions over the land, America was face to face with an unprecedented situation. And this was the sort of material she was using for her protection! God help the country! Kinder glared at the unoffending Mr. Smith with a huge inward contempt. His eyes traveled down his visitor's unimposing figure and centered on the absurd rubber overshoes which incased his hapless feet.

Mr. Smith cleared his throat with an embarrassed cough and began to speak. As he did so Kinder looked up. The voice which had seemed so mild, so deprecating when its owner had introduced himself had become curiously dry, almost hard. As Kinder met the glance of Mr. Smith, now riveted upon him, he received a distinct shock. The eyelids of the agent had unexpectedly narrowed. Between them was a pair of blue-steel bayonets which seemed to pass with no effort whatsoever into the very heart of William Kinder, contemptuous contemplator of overshoes. Mr. Smith's words were as disconcerting as his glance. "We want to get in touch with Doris Gray. You know her?"

It was more a statement than a question, but Kinder nodded.

"Intimately?"

Kinder hesitated an instant before it flashed through his mind that a chivalric attempt to protect a woman's name was in this case both useless and absurd. Again he nodded.

"We have a big piece of work for some woman," Mr. Smith went on. "We think perhaps Miss Gray can do it. I'll explain the nature of this work and then ask you to give me your opinion of her in connection with it."

Kinder's mind was whirling. How the devil did they—whoever "they" were—know of his infatuation for Doris five years before? It had been so skillfully covered by their business relations. He could have sworn no living soul suspected. Since that time tongues had clacked now and then about the lady, but Kinder's name had never been mentioned with hers. Could she have talked? Impossible, he decided, and gave himself up to the discourse of Mr. Smith.

"As you must know, Mr. Kinder, our hands have been tied to some extent during the period of strict neutrality. We must now do the work of several years in a few months. We're up against a gang who stopped at nothing when we were at peace with them. Now we're at war. You realize the situation?"

"I do indeed!" said Kinder.

"Good!" said Mr. Smith, and leaned his umbrella carefully against the arm of his chair. Suddenly he clutched it again with an appealing look at Kinder. "You'll remind me if I leave it when I go?"

"Yes, certainly," Kinder gravely promised.

"Thanks," said Mr. Smith. "I'm always leaving it," he complained, "what with this and that on my mind."

He again put aside the umbrella, and resumed instantly his piercing gaze at Kinder and his incisive manner of speech.

Ten minutes followed in which Kinder found it hard to realize that he was awake, sitting in his office, with the everyday noises of newsboys, taxicabs and street cars beating in from the street below. This was an agent of the United States Government talking, and yet what he was saying seemed more like a plot for a moving-picture scenario or a tale by Oppenheim than vital facts as real as the pictures on the walls, the rugs on the floor, the sunshine streaming in through the window.

The gist of Mr. Smith's remarks was as follows: During the days of pedagogic idealism at Washington, Wilhelmstrasse had gradually perfected an organization for the destruction of American munition factories, railway bridges and steamships at their piers. It was now in good working order and ready to begin wholesale operations.

At the head of this organization was a supposed Englishman, a Bavarian in reality, who dwelt in luxury somewhere east of Fifth Avenue on Manhattan Island. Being a bachelor of unlimited means and obvious good breeding, he had been taken up first by the women and later by the men of New York society, who were unaware that his gleaming monocle and agreeable British manners concealed one of the big figures of the German Foreign Office.

This person, Kinder learned, would presently order into action a small army of bomb planters and incendiaries located at well-chosen points in various parts of the country. It seemed best, therefore, that a certain gentleman, externally a subject of an esteemed ally, but with Deutschland Uber Alles in his heart, should be lodged as quickly as possible in the Leavenworth Penitentiary.

"And that," concluded Mr. Smith, "is why I am here this morning."

"But," said Kinder, "if you know all this about him, why don't you arrest him at once?"

"Because we want the crowd. They're scattered from San Francisco to New York. We want his private papers worse than we want him. He's clever, but the scheme's too big for any man to carry in his head. He's been paying out a million dollars a month for the past six months. Well, who got the money? You understand?"

"Perfectly," said Kinder with a heartiness born of a new-found faith in Mr. Smith and a renewed confidence in the department which he served.

"This man has a weakness—the usual one," the admirable Mr. Smith went on. "A woman might find out where he keeps his papers. He'd never fall for a cheap woman—not enough to tell her secrets at any rate; but a woman of class might throw him off his guard. It's worth a chance, we think. Now, then, what about Doris Gray? She's got brains and beauty. We know that—and she's an actress; but we don't know two other important things about her, and we can't find out. No official investigation can get into a woman's soul, Mr. Kinder; that's why I've come to you." Mr. Smith leaned slightly forward, his eyelids becoming mere slits. "In your opinion," he shot at Kinder, "does Doris Gray love her country—and has she got guts?"

Pinned on the needle points of Mr. Smith's eyes, Kinder concentrated in thought. Click, click, click went his finger nail on a tooth.

"I can answer one of your questions," he said at last. "I'd bank on Miss Gray's courage."

"Ah!" said Mr. Smith.

"As to the other matter, I think she has the average amount of patriotism."

"Not enough," said Mr. Smith succinctly.

Kinder frowned.

"I think the average American woman would die for her country," he said sharply.

"Perhaps," conceded Mr. Smith. "But would she go to hell for it?"

"I don't follow you."

"The woman who tackles this job," explained Mr. Smith, "can't bother with the usual concealments. She'll have no time to cover up. She's got to forget reputation, family, friends, everything that a woman values. Now do you see?"

"Yes," said Kinder.

"Well, what about Doris Gray?"

"I don't know," said Kinder.

"Find out," said Mr. Smith.

Kinder started as though stung.

"Me?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Smith.

"How?" asked Kinder faintly.

"Put it up to her. She'd shy at an agent of the department—a stranger. Now you're an old friend. See what you can do with her. Well, what d'you say?"

Kinder said nothing. He was concerned with a mental picture of the temperamental and imperious Doris.

"Think what this means, man!" urged Mr. Smith.

"I know," said Kinder, ashamed of his inward struggle. "I'll try, of course. I was just wondering whether to see her here or at her home."

"Fine!" said Mr. Smith. "If she accepts we'll see that he meets her through the right people."

"And if she refuses?" Kinder suggested.

"In that case think of all the women you know—you're in touch with a lot of 'em in your business. Pick out one or two who might do and feel 'em out. I'll drop around every day. But work fast, Mr. Kinder, work fast."

Kinder nodded.

"I'll do my best," said he.

Mr. Smith rose.

"We'll rely on you then," he said simply, and moved toward the door, his gait becoming a weak-kneed shuffle as he neared it.

"One thing more," said Kinder.

Mr. Smith swung slowly about. His ineffectual expression and manner had returned. He seemed to have donned senile timidity as though it were a cloak. And cloak it was, thought Kinder approvingly.

"Would you mind telling me," he said, "how you connected me with Doris Gray?"

For a moment the peering eyes of Mr. Smith regarded him with half-bewildered vagueness. This gave place to a suggestion of a twinkle.

"You said it with flowers."

"How's that?" asked the puzzled Kinder.

"Florists' books," breathed Mr. Smith. "My, my," he added meditatively, "how many tales they tell!"

As the door closed and Kinder found himself alone he recalled his order for a dozen roses to be delivered to Miss Gray's apartment every other day until further notice. How long ago that seemed! He happened to glance at the chair recently occupied by Mr. Smith. The next moment he was dashing after that gentleman with a flopping cotton umbrella in his hand. His pursuit, however, was in vain, owing to a painful occurrence. As he charged full tilt out of the hallway of his private office he encountered the usual crowd of wistful waiters, mostly feminine, who haunt the outer chambers of New York producers.

The reception room was crowded. In a wild effort to avoid collision with a stately brunette Kinder jabbed the ferrule of the umbrella forcefully against the temple of a less imposing blonde. The result was disastrous. The cursed umbrella not only smote her down but tore a small fur turban from her head. Kinder had a vision of piled and gleaming gold above a face of agony before her body struck a chair arm and crumpled to the floor.

Five minutes later a pair of milk-white eyelids quivered, opened; and Kinder, with most of the office force, was gazing down into twin pools the color of distant hills under a setting sun.

"Gosh!" breathed the adamant Edgar, and this was tribute indeed.

Kinder, tense with anxiety, noted instinctively the unusual distance between her eyes, now that they were open, and her broad low brow. He had to study faces in his business. He had come to realize that this structure of forehead and placing of eye sockets was a hall-mark worth looking for. Possibly it indicated intelligence rather than aptitude for dramatic art; but this he knew—most of the great women of the stage were broad of brow and wide between the eyes.

A reassuring babble began.

"It's all right, dearie. Just lie quiet. The skin ain't even broke."

"Bill you for a song 'n' dance in another minute, sister."

"Want a sip of water, petty?"

The eyes closed, but the color began to flow back into her cheeks. Edgar achieved the heights.

"Some doll!" he stated.

Kinder found himself able to resume command.

"She's all right now, I think. She should be quiet for a little while. If you'll all leave the room, please."

They obeyed him on tiptoe, but with a shrill clamor that opened her eyes once more.

"What happened? Where am I?"

Kinder noticed that despite its languor her voice was astonishingly deep for her age.

"You've had an accident," he explained gently. "You're in my office. I'm Kinder." She nodded in comprehension. "I think it would be a good thing if you rested where you are for a while," he suggested.

Her shoulders moved as though seeking the full comfort of the soft leather couch on which she lay. She sighed contentedly and again closed her eyes.

Kinder lowered a window shade and seated himself in a chair beside her. Watching her meditatively, he wondered

James Smith, a Washed-Out, Shrinking Little Man Who, Although the Day Was Fair, Carried an Umbrella

whether or not her features were too perfect. Beauty past a certain point was a pitfall to the inexperienced producer. Struggle, anxiety, self-examination were needed for development. These were absent from the life of the physically perfect female. It was rare, indeed, when flawless beauty earned an honest place above the chorus. Moving pictures? Lord, yes! Their technic was a soulful look, heavings of the bosom and glycerin tears. It was a far cry from such things to the infinite shadings of voice, the complicated rules of repose and gesture, the mobility of facial expression demanded by the stage.

This child was very lovely, too lovely perhaps. To think that he had knocked her down with an umbrella! What was he doing with the thing, anyway? Suddenly he remembered. Going to his desk he picked up the telephone and gave a low-voiced order to the exchange operator.

"Get word to Miss Gray this afternoon without fail," he wound up. "Ring me when you've made the appointment. I should like it to be here if possible."

He returned to contemplate the victim of his prowess as an umbrella wielder. She was sleeping now quite peacefully. Her color was good by this time—yes, exquisite. Her lips were slightly parted. Suddenly her eyelids fluttered. Her lips lost their fullness. Her hands began to twitch, then closed and unclosed spasmodically.

"Dreaming," thought Kinder, and grew conscious of the sound of music as faint in the distance as a dream. He silently repeated the words of the song a band was playing many blocks away.

"Oh, the Yanks are coming—the Yanks are coming——"

The writhing of her hands increased. She moaned once, muttered, and sat up with a choking cry and a look of terror in her eyes.

"There, there!" soothed Kinder. "It's all right, it's all right!"

She looked at him doubtfully for a moment, then her glance wandered about the room, came back to Kinder and dropped to the couch on which she now was sitting bolt upright. "I had a terrible dream," she explained in a low voice. "Did I scream? I thought I did."

"Only whimpered," Kinder told her. "Was something after you?"

"After me? He had me!"

"Was it a lion?" smiled Kinder.

"No, it wasn't a lion," she said gravely. "What happened? What sort of an accident did I have?"

"I ran into you, or rather I was running, and—well, I jabbed you with an umbrella."

"An umbrella? Not really!"

"Yes, really. It's my favorite weapon."

"Oh, that's too absurd!" Laughter brimmed in her eyes and then came pealing from her lips. She suddenly grew sober, her hand going to her temple. "It didn't feel like an umbrella. I thought the roof had fallen in."

"I know," said Kinder contritely. "I was a fool to rush out that way. I hope you'll forgive me."

She swung her feet to the floor, gave an instinctive tug at her skirt, and sitting on the edge of the couch began to arrange her hair. "I'm glad it happened," she told him.

"Glad! Why?"

"Because I'm in here instead of"—she nodded at the door—"out there. Does a girl always have to be knocked unconscious before she can see you, Mr. Kinder?"

"Rarely," said Kinder. "It's only done now and then. Had you been waiting long?"

"Not very—only two weeks."

"Two weeks!" said Kinder. "It isn't possible!"

"Oh, yes, it is! I arrived in New York fifteen days ago. I've spent most of the time since trying to see you. First I wrote you a letter asking for an appointment. Somebody wrote back that you were not in the city, but my letter would be called to your attention when you returned. I waited a few days and sent another letter with newspaper clippings about my work in stock. The clippings were returned with a letter saying that you were not casting at present, but my address had been filed. That didn't sound promising, so I brought my knitting and camped—out there. It seemed to me the last few days that I'd become a white-haired old lady, knitting, always knitting before your door. I thought as the years went by I could invest in a rocking-chair and persuade them to let me bring it and place it in my favorite corner."

"You don't mean to say you've been here every day for over a week?"

"I do! And there were others; one girl especially, with a haggard face and great doglike eyes and pathetic gloves and hat. I took her to luncheon one day. She apologized for eating so much."

Kinder got to his feet with a sudden desire to escape her troubled eyes. He took refuge in a few strides about the room. "Why didn't you send in your card?" he demanded, halting.

"How?"

"Through the boy, of course."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "that horrible boy! How I'd love to wring his neck. 'In conference,'" she mimicked, and Kinder recognized the cold austerity of Edgar in his loftiest mood.

"I suppose you think I'm a brute."

If he expected mercy he did not get it.

"I've suspected it. But perhaps," she added with more kindness, "you're only self-centered."

"Now see here," Kinder burst out, "I'm not self-centered! I'm self-protective. So is every successful producer. You happened to come here when I'm not doing anything new. I'm not casting—won't be till May—yet you saw the crowd out there. What do you think would happen to my business if I listened to every stage-struck girl in New York? I wouldn't have time for meals. You sit there and accuse me of ——"

He stopped as it came to him that what he was saying lacked dignity. Why in heaven's name should he defend himself to this wide-eyed child? It was absurd! His tone became crisply businesslike.

"Can you act?"

"I think so."

"You would, of course," he told her; and added: "They always do."

"I suppose they do, poor things," said she, and got to her feet. She went to the desk and picked up her hat, which had been placed there by someone when she had been carried in. "Good morning, Mr. Kinder, thank you so much."

"You're not going?"

"Why, yes! You say you're not casting, and my address is"—she made a slight grimace—"on file."

She was halfway to the door before he spoke:

"Just a moment!"

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"They Were So Young," She Whispered. "I Never Realized How Young They Were. I've Got to Help!"

THE PROFESSIONAL PROMINENT CITIZEN

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

He Had Been Insisting Over His Bedside Telephone to Various Metropolitan City Editors That He Was Prepared to Die When His Other Many Public-Spirited Duties Would Permit Him to Get Round to It

BY WAY of illustration let us take a concrete instance of anything or anybody from Einstein to Arnstein. Let us suppose that the nation's intellectuals are expectantly out in force in New York to greet Professor Einstein at the dock. Or it may be that Nicky Arnstein, also for some time a comparative stranger to the great metropolis, has returned, and, accompanied by one of his coveys of counselors, is preparing to perch on the good-morning-judge end of quite another kind of dock.

Nothing now remains to be done, perhaps you fancy, except for Einstein to stride confidently onward amid the cheers and camera clicks, or for Arnstein to stride twice as confidently through three times as many New York cheers and camera clicks as Brother Einstein got. It's all over, even the shouting, say you, except for such details as Einstein entering a taxicab and seeking a hotel, or Arnstein entering a plea of not guilty and seeking an adjournment.

As usual, folks, you're wrong, all wrong. Nothing so far has even been started. No arrival or departure of any sort, no anything of any sort correctly may be said to have got under way at all—in Manhattan, at least—until the professional prominent citizen hustles into his helmet and boots, slides down the greased pole and, having landed feet first on his portable pedestal at a point midway between the reporters and movie marksmen, is all set to take charge of the whole works. Everything is in a mess until the prominent citizen specializing in the Einstein, Arnstein or anything else conspicuous at the moment of going to press has got the straight of the whole affair arranged quickly and satisfactorily in his own mind. And instantly he faces the reporters and proceeds to put the country right in an address to the American people.

No town in America ever could hope to do anything properly or get anywhere without its professional prominent citizen. For reasons which later will be lightly touched upon he is, however, most commonly found at his best in our justly celebrated cultural capital and chief abiding place of bunk. The New York newspapers particularly elevate him, then fall for him. In fact, any reader of these lines of an ambitious nature who owns the two absolute essentials of prominent citizening of the highest type—lungs of full morocco and lots of the long green—should waste no time in buying a one-way ticket to Manhattan. At any rate, most of them do.

No Day to Die On

WHY waste time being the big frog in the puddle when it's no trick at all to become a big frog in the biggest pond? In its way it is all very well to be the sort of prominent citizen who owns the local bank, feed store and a kennel of cast-iron sculpture on the lawn. But mere small-town stuff, that! The best it will get you is perhaps the chance to take personal charge of and settle for all time the furor about whether or not Miss Hooper should get the gate from the teaching staff of the Maple Avenue High. The furor is the result of the belief of the Misses Hobbs that they could almost swear it was a creature suspiciously like Miss Hooper whom they saw motoring toward Stonington with Doc Jenkins on more than one evening while poor Delma Jenkins had the children on a visit to the old folks.

No. First of all make a financial clean-up that will relieve you of all business of your own to mind, and then get busy. But if you are cursed with a residence outside of Manhattan, move. You or I could go ahead right this minute and name a score of professional prominent citizens of top weight in the citizening line and never go west of Central Park. But you go ahead and do the naming. A fussy person is the professional prominent citizen if his name is not printed with due solemnity of surroundings, as I had sad reason to know while a reporter on a metropolitan paper. And the more years I live the more I have come to realize that I am just a young fellow trying to get along in the world, minding my own business and offending nobody. If these great New Yorkers we all have in mind are to be named here jocosely, you go ahead and do the jocosing.

The reason most of the professional prominent citizens of first-class rating establish their national regulating headquarters in New York is obvious. Always when one of our American fellow citizens makes a ten-strike in his particular community, especially a financial ten-strike of much magnitude, he immediately discovers that, having got his for all time, there are only about three fundamental things left for him to do before the undertaker stops at the door with his shiny wagon filled with potted palms.

One of the fundamentals is, of course, to move to New York. Another is to respond quickly to the call within him to take upon his own generous shoulders all absolutely public, most semipublic and not a few strictly private affairs of all and sundry, and personally lick 'em into shape. Lastly, of course, he dies as prominently as possible.

I remember only one who booted the ball during the death rattle. He perished one day in midafternoon without stopping to remember that it was a day on which numerous persons of no prominence were casting their votes for President. If he had only started to rattle an hour or two earlier in the day he might have made even the front pages of the New York evening newspapers, which usually are a bit hard pressed for interesting stuff like that during the routine of voting. But he and the evening papers went to press simultaneously, wherefore the nation, not knowing he was dead, went right on electing a President.

The following day there was so much election news in the New York papers that even the New York Evening Post boiled the fact that he had died down to a column and a third. It seems that right up to the moment death had interrupted him he had been insisting over his bedside telephone to various metropolitan city editors that he was, as in everything else, prepared to die when his other many public-spirited duties would permit him to get round to it; but in a thoughtless moment of impatience he began to pick flaws in the coverlets and gummed everything.

The election was over on Election Day, but the metropolitan papers didn't realize the fact for almost a week. They were all Hughes for a spell, then switched for a few days to the viewpoint that poor old Woodrow at least had let President-elect Hughes know he had been in a battle. The late professional prominent citizen's relatives, out of respect for the way they knew the great man would have liked to see the thing done, kept him until even the returns from the Dakotas were all in. By this time he wasn't the man he once had been and the family realized that some immediate action must be taken.

The funeral procession, I remember, passed right through Times Square on its way to the ferries. Great throngs had assembled. In fact, the backs of the citizenry in the last rows were all but brushed by the wheels of the hearse, and the jam extended forward then right up to the base of the newspaper bulletin board. The off hub of the coach containing the pallbearers actually did dent one citizen badly in the back, but he took no notice. The final returns from California had just come in.

The Natural History of the Species

IT WAS altogether one of the saddest deaths I've ever known of. However, it was unique. Almost invariably the professional prominent citizens of New York, even more markedly than in ordinary places, die the most prominent sort of deaths there are.

As usually happens in most terrestrial affairs, there are degrees and fine shadings of prominent citizening. They come in all grades and sizes, are variable as to their genesis; but for reasons that I am about to unfold to you in concrete fashion the real thing in professional prominent citizenship, the sort than whom there is no than whomer, invariably in this splendid period of the profession springs from one particular and sharply marked stratum of our social order.

I Always Wore the Office Dress Suit, and Have Been Mistaken for a Head Waiter Frequently Anyway

The lesser or average season's run of professional communal regulators of our affairs is largely made up of lawyers, a sprinkling of clergymen of all denominations and the heftier sort of confirmed after-dinner speaker. Any of these three classes can jump up at any moment and, because of constant practice, deliver an hour-long oration at the drop of the hat. They never have to hesitate for a word during the uninterrupted hour of noise, although throughout the sixty minutes of talking it's possible they haven't said a thing. It's probable. And as the only kind of talking that requires absolutely no intellectual effort is advice, the lawyers, some clergymen, and the great army of the we-have-with-us-to-night lads, who make it a point to be present when somebody knocks down a hat, find it impossible to avoid prominent citizening.

But these are the mere small fry, scarcely worth the effort it takes to chuck them back into the drink. A degree beyond these fingerling lengths is the citizen of prominence who is thrust into political office on a fusion reform ticket. His prominence, however, is brief. Campaign managers make the usual ante-election promises in his name, and, being a candidate on a reform ticket, he has no sense of humor. Therefore, after his election he gives so much time to intensive reforming, varied with speculations as to whether or not his golf game is rotten enough for White House traditions, that the first thing he knows it is another Election Day and he is being run again against somebody best known as Beansy or Monk. And then everybody grows interested in football or Christmas shopping and quits looking for his remains.

But the real bird of the prominent-citizen species, as we big-town slickers know, reverence and honor him, is the sort who, paradoxically, throughout his boyhood, youth and perhaps several years of his manhood has been told by anybody and everybody in his home community to go way back and sit down. Humbly through the years he has obeyed until he has developed what we of the intelligentzia now know is an inferiority complex.

Then One Day He Bursts From His Cell With a Terrible Yell. He Has Perfected at Last a Neat Little Mousetrap

The Rise of the Mousetrap King

ALL the time he has been obedient, thoughtful, silent. Then one day he bursts from his cell with a terrible yell. He has perfected at last a neat little mousetrap, a washing powder, a new mail-order idea, anything or something that everybody wants. A fellow townsman with a little more money and even less solid suet from the ears up than the potential prominent citizen can lay claim to, lends him five thousand dollars to start the idea commercially—and doesn't do a thing ever after but draw down one-hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year from his five-thousand-dollar investment.

For the first time in his life the man with the semi-chronic inferiority complex notices that everybody way up front is beckoning to him wildly to come up and sit down, even the gent holding the gavel. Many personages of importance in the general neighborhood of Broad and Wall Streets begin to like him well enough to invite him in friendly fashion to buy a stack and sit in at the big game. And now if all goes well—and often it does, provided the original killing has been a notable one—he soon has a bank roll that makes even the first big killing look like the decoy pennies in a blind beggar's tin cup.

Freud and a few of the rest of us know only too well, alas, what is coming now. The instant the pressure is taken off an inferiority complex that has been allowed to stand until it has grown slightly sour the back kick to an over-compensation complex is so violent that the patient, as the Freudian theory puts it, gets all swole up like a poisoned pup.

Nothing is left for him to do now except the three fundamentals mentioned a moment ago—only two if he happens in the first place to be a resident of New York. In far the greater number of cases, however, he began his first move up from the back seat in some community where the backwash of civilization is at so low an ebb that even the pictures of the big fight are shown only one night.

His fellow citizens are largely to blame for the preliminary small-town titbits of professional prominent citizening which quickly become a life habit. Let the mousetrap he has invented become an obsession in a sufficient number of American homes, and right away his fellow townsmen grasp that his is the type of mentality best fitted for the job of presiding officer and directing intellect of the affairs of the home-town public library, the community religions of the better sort, the local board of education and similar institutions that always need a man to direct them who knows a lot about mousetraps. And he starts in on the new life job of fixing things by beginning to fix up the old-home community—long famous, perhaps, as the birthplace of one of the greatest movie actresses known to American art, but now known everywhere as the site of the main assembly plant of the International Mechanical Tomcat Mouser Co., Inc.

He presents to the town a plot for a municipal park and generously permits his fellow townsmen—who recall now that they always felt he would show the stuff in him if he had a chance—to name the new park in his honor. Perhaps he builds a new theater to replace old Music Hall in City Square. Certainly he builds a snappy ten-story hotel, also naturally named in his honor, to replace the old Mansion House, which was shabby and listless enough even in the recent good days, but since prohibition has degenerated into a respectable disgrace. Briefly, he renovates the old town until he has made it a fit place for a gentleman of his sudden prominence to live in. Then he moves to New York.

For a while he settles down to a quiet sort of Manhattan domesticity that consists of moving at frequent intervals from the gilt suite in the biggest and grandest hotel in the world to a gilt and full-jeweled suite in a hotel up the street twice as big and grand. If he reacts sufficiently to the fascinations of the Street and gets away with it, International Mechanical Tomcat Mouser, Incorporated, gets less and less of his active attention. Then it is merged into the mousetrap trust and he gets his in one big lump and quits.

Now he is a real New Yorker, or will be, he feels, as soon as he has a home there. He buys a circus lot in the Fifth Avenue neighborhood and erects thereon a cozy, chaste little hut composed of a prime grade of marble free from knots, shingles it with gold and platinum in subdued arabesques and illuminates the façade with the seven lamps of architecture. Or he may be one of those big rough diamonds who love the wide free spaces. In that case he scrambles together a mess of potential factory sites out Long Island way, caps the estate with a granite creation trimmed with five or more of the five orders of architecture and a set of spires by Tiffany, drapes a nineteen-hole golf course round it and brutally names the shack in his rough-hearted way The Ranch.

Now he is a sure-enough New Yorker. Time hangs heavy. He must find something to occupy his mind. Above all, he must find something that will keep other people's minds occupied about him, his wealth, his wisdom and all his works and pomps.

Ready to Tidy Up New York

KEEP in mind, please, the undeniable fact that not in all the world's history has there been an intellect that approached his in its knowledge of mousetraps. He concentrated so steadily throughout his formative years on mousetraps that he deserves praise rather than censure for the fact that he knows next to nothing even about rat traps. I think it is a tribute to his powers of concentration to record also that the mousetrap magnate—or maybe it was gas engines or one-man evening-gown fasteners that got him his—never took, takes or will take time to discover that he doesn't know anything about anything except mousetraps.

And so, finding nothing better to do, he generously and prominently turns his hand to neating up any and all problems of American education, art, sociology, international diplomacy or ethics lying round loose. Especially he discovers that it is up to him to neat up New York.

Always you will now find that as he starts in to take up prominent citizening in a serious way his life of concentration, devoted solely to mousetraps, causes him to join one or other of the two great intellectual classes into which these volunteer regulators of our affairs naturally group themselves. By far the larger group of professional prominent citizens have as their distinguishing characteristic a kindly, helpful, broadly indulgent attitude toward all the arts and sciences, all problems of the worthy

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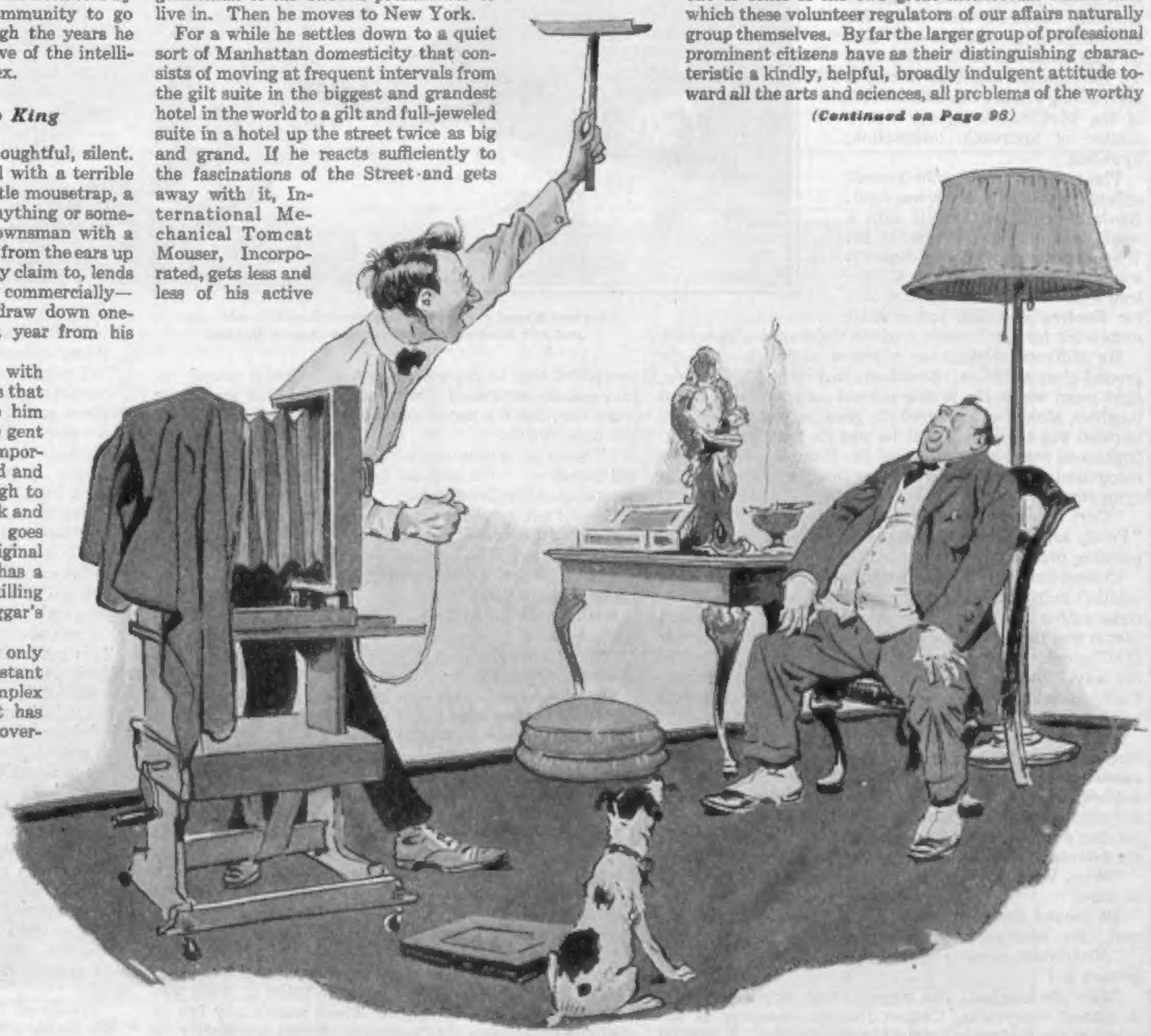

He Starts In to Take Up Prominent Citizening in a Serious Way

THE CRACKLING OF THORNS

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

REGARDING Dick Renfrew, at ease and genial in the extra chair beyond the desk, Winfield Crosset thought of Sabidius and hated him, gently, because he was beautiful. A nice discrimination in words rejected the adjective; Dick was good-looking only in the decent masculine sense; the quality which Crosset envied was an affair of personality rather than of person, although Renfrew's surface had some part in it. He couldn't help liking Dick, even while he hated him. If he had quoted that line of Latin verse about Sabidius, Renfrew wouldn't have understood a word of it, but Crosset knew that he would have admitted his ignorance in such a way that it would have seemed admirable and worthy.

That was why, he thought, Dick Renfrew had an interest in the agency and drove a car and could take an afternoon for golf when he liked, while Winfield Crosset worked in a ground-glass cupboard between the filing room and the art department, and drew a conservative salary.

"Guess it's good dope, Win." Renfrew grinned amiably and lighted a cigarette.

"I'll shoot it into old man Powell hard, anyway."

Crosset resisted a frown. The tone told him that Renfrew took it lightly—the carefully constructed program of sales and advertising which had cost him weeks of patient, plodding research, had taxed his knowledge of the field and embodied an idea as sound as it was novel. To Renfrew all this was merely a bait; selling Frank Powell the service of the McClintock agency was a matter of approach, insinuation, hypnosis.

The worst of it, he told himself sullenly, was that Renfrew was right. Renfrew could sell Powell with a weak plan or with no plan at all. When he brought in the contract it would be Renfrew's contract, Renfrew's account, a share in the profits for Renfrew's pocket and a little more work for Win Crosset, without thanks or praise or pay.

Crosset Stared at the Partition, Despising Himself. He Did Not Realize That Cora Had Stayed Behind

He stiffened slightly as a sound came through the ground-glass partition. Somebody had laughed in the big, light room where the artists worked. And Crosset hated laughter, almost as he feared it. Now, as always, his first impulse was to suspect that he was its butt, and the old frightened resentment answered the thought. Besides, he recognized the voice. So did Renfrew, who chuckled in sympathy.

"Cora hasn't forgotten how to laugh, anyway," he said. "Pretty tough on her—drawing borders for ads, instead of painting prize pictures."

Crosset nodded. He was sorry for Cora, of course. He couldn't help that. It was hard to come down, and Cora'd come rather far since Judge Brett's death. He guessed that it was Dick Renfrew who had found a place for her at McClintock's after the smash. Dick was good-hearted in his way. But Win Crosset wished that she'd gone to Paris instead, as she'd always planned. Her nearness worried him. She'd always laughed at him.

She came in as he formulated the thought—her spotted, shapeless painting smock an affront to Winfield Crosset's passion for ordered neatness, her dark hair ridiculously bobbed, the old detested hint of humor at the corners of her mouth. Apprehension tightened his nerves. He felt his face stiffen into a severity more dignified than ever—his defense against her. She penetrated it instantly.

"Why, Win! You shouldn't take it so hard—it may not be true."

He moved uneasily, reaching for the sketches she carried. But Renfrew laughed comfortably.

"No frivolity about old Win, is there, Cora? How you getting on?"

Again she laughed. She seemed to see something funny in almost everything, Crosset thought, scowling at the sketches she had made for the Lansing booklet. A judicial attitude toward everything connected with his profession compelled him to concede their merit. She'd caught his idea exactly, expressed it with real force. This was better work than Jim Carpenter could do, even if he was head of the department.

"They'll have to promote me any minute," he heard her tell Renfrew. "I'm making Win teach me all he knows about this advertising thing."

Crosset winced at the tone. It was true enough; she did welcome a hint and remember it. She'd learned more in two weeks than most of them did in a year. But why joke about it? Why—particularly—speak as if his part in the process were comic?

His frown bit a little deeper into his forehead as Renfrew chuckled.

"These are very good, Cora." He spoke soberly, with intention. "Thanks."

She performed a burlesque bow, one hand at her heart.

"Heaven bless you for those kind words, sir! I will try—oh, so hard—to deserve them!"

"Same old Cora!" Renfrew laughed. "Makes me think of Number Twelve. 'Member how you used to josh Win when we were kids?"

Crosset's temper slipped between his set teeth. He remembered, and it was not pleasant. They'd always made fun of him at school—Cora more than any of the others. And she could keep it up here quite safely. He was just a hired employe, like herself, in no position for effectual retaliation or protest. She didn't dare to tease Dick Renfrew.

"It's a shame to do it—he hates it so."

But there was no penitence in the tone; it rubbed salt on Crosset's rasped nerves. She knew he hated it. That was why it amused her, of course. There wasn't any fun in plaguing people who didn't mind it. He bit desperately on his anger. They wouldn't get him started this time.

"What? Being laughed at?" He managed a sardonic chuckle himself. "You flatter yourself, Cora. My skin's thick. And I've read Ecclesiastes."

"Ecclesiastes? What's that?" She affected an awed respect. "You know a bit of everything, don't you, Win?"

"Seventh chapter, sixth verse," said Crosset sharply. "Look it up." He turned to Renfrew. "The main point to hammer into Powell is that tie-up to the retailer," he said crisply. "That's where he's been weak from the start. Make him see it."

Renfrew waved his hand, a confident assured gesture.

"Leave it to me. I'll hypnotize that old crab this time."

Ordinarily Crosset would have let the speech pass. Renfrew liked to talk like that; Crosset guessed that it helped his self-assurance to boast beforehand. But to-day, smarting under unprovoked baiting, he snapped at it tartly.

"No you won't—not Powell. If you're going out there expecting to dazzle him into a contract you'll come back empty. You can rush some people off their feet, but not him. You'll have to show him. And you've got something to show him this time. That plan's right and he's sane enough to see it."

"Lesson Number Seven," said Renfrew. "The scientific salesman tells how to do it. Win, you're a noble boy at copy, but I hate to think what the rude, harsh world would do to you if you had to buy tires out of commissions, like me! You're a bear on the book stuff, all right, but brass tacks are something else again." He wagged his head. "You think it really matters what I take out there with me? Wrong, Winfield. Go down to the foot. All I've got to sell Powell is Richard B. Renfrew."

"Nonsense! Advertising ——"

"Listen, child. I'm selling agency service. Powell's seen twenty pretty plans like yours; some of 'em will be bound in leather and indexed in red. If he buys ours he'll buy it because I nudge him into it."

"All right."

Crosset's anger subsided. There was no argument here. Renfrew wasn't capable of understanding. Crosset foresaw that the slow labor which had gone into the plan would be wasted; it had happened before, often enough to be familiar. It would happen again. After all, it didn't concern him. He was paid for his time, whether or not McClintock and Renfrew succeeded with its product. Besides, there was always the chance that Renfrew would succeed; he often did in spite of his conviction that salesmanship consisted mainly of an appealing personality. He might sell Powell, as he had sold others in spite of that gentleman's formidable repute. And if he did he'd rub it in, of course.

This prospect alarmed Winfield Crosset; he avoided ridicule as cannily as a thief shuns arrest. He closed his lips resolutely. He'd said too much, as it was.

"If it isn't so," pursued Renfrew in the tone of one who administers the finishing blow, "anybody could take this plan out to Powell and bring home that contract. That follows, doesn't it? Tony could do it, eh? Or you, maybe?"

The idea of Win Crosset as a salesman seemed irresistibly comic to its originator. He lifted his head and laughed joyfully at the conceit. Crosset's anger glowed again, but he ruled it. And then he heard Cora Brett's clear laughter, blending with Renfrew's heavy mirth. He forgot his caution.

"Of course I could," he declared. "Why not?"

Renfrew greeted this with another explosive shout. The door opened, and McClintock's lean, alert face showed itself.

"What's all the row in here?"

He spoke with a very faint edge of reproof. Renfrew was privileged, of course, but Crosset and Miss Brett

mustn't be encouraged in office-hour amusements. Renfrew shared the jest, gasping.

McClintock smiled thinly. "Funny. They say Charlie Chaplin wants to play Hamlet too."

Crosset's irritation carried him another step into trouble.

"Why shouldn't he? I'll bet he'd play it better than plenty of the ranting hams who've got by with it. I could sell that scheme to Powell."

"We'll let Dick try it first, I guess." McClintock's thin grin was harder to bear than Renfrew's downright amusement. "If he falls down you might have a shot at it, Crosset."

They went out together. Crosset stared at the partition, despising himself because he was raw and quivering, so that his eyes stung and his throat ached. He did not realize that Cora had stayed behind until she spoke.

"What was that verse you told me to read, Win?"

He twisted his chair sharply at the sound. She was still smiling—the old tormenting lift at the corners of her mouth. He saw her suddenly as he had seen her that first dreadful day at Number Twelve, a thin, impish child in a smocked dress. Her question carried a touch of pleasure to his smarting self-respect. She'd earned it, he told himself; it wasn't polite, perhaps, but it served her right. He grinned faintly in his turn. "Ecclesiastes, seven, six."

Afterward he was sorry. He ought not to have hit back, no matter how provoking she made herself. After all, if she got any fun out of teasing him it was about the only fun she did get. It was bad enough to be poor when you'd always been used to it. After having everything you wanted all your days, it must be a lot worse to be working for a cheap living. And the Bretts had always held their heads a bit high too. He hoped, because she did not refer again to the topic, that she'd forgotten.

But a few days after his outburst she brought him a long flat parcel tied with a red ribbon.

"Just a slight token of my esteem and respect, Win." She gave him the old barbed smile. "I made it all myself."

She retreated without waiting for his answer. He closed the door carefully before he slipped off the ribbon and the wrapping. A glazed frame revealed itself, inclosing the text he had flung at her; he observed that she was learning to letter very well.

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool

The mordant simile had always comforted him. He warmed to it, and he hung the frame against the glass wall where he would see it whenever he looked up from his work.

It did sound like that, he thought; it was like the sound of burning brush, noisy, futile. He was a fool to let it irritate him. He made up his mind to imitate Ecclesiastes after this, and despise it.

II

WINFIELD CROSSET discovered very early in life that the world was chiefly populated by people whose sense of humor was much less exigent than his, people who found amusement in inconsiderable trifles and in things essentially serious, to his view. Grown-ups were no different from children in this respect, except that their mirth was harder to resent effectually.

The phenomenon puzzled and affronted him at once. He could not understand why, when he had spent a long-hoarded ten-cent piece on a birthday present for Aunt Pauline, and, at dinner, proudly announced the price of the gilt beads, everyone present should explode in hateful, cackling clatter. He slid from his chair and escaped to the friendly obscurity below the table, where he meditated bitterly, regretting the investment. Even Aunt Pauline had laughed at him.

The most rational remark might be greeted so, he learned. You could never tell what might invite a burst of that senseless, shaming noise; even questions would sometimes do it—the most natural questions imaginable, as, for instance, his inquiry concerning Aunt Pauline's queer preference for dim lights on certain evenings—the very evenings when there was company too. A fellow could be safe as long as he held his tongue, he decided at last. If you kept still they wouldn't make fun of you so much.

Even the habit of silence which grew on him after this conclusion did not altogether protect him. There were other dangers, quite unvocal. A purely scientific experiment could become a family joke, to be remembered and described to visitors in Win's presence. His attempt to teach the terrier from next door to live in amity with a young rabbit, founded on the excellent authority of a certain Biblical reference to lions and lambs, not only led to sanguinary catastrophe but impressed his household as extraordinarily comic. A burglar trap, painfully constructed of hollow blocks and string and cunningly set on the back stairs, enmeshed his own forgetful feet and led to merry quip at the supper table, long after the event.

To abstain from action, he concluded, was also well. If you didn't talk except when you had to, if you did nothing except what had already been demonstrated as safe and barren of mirth, you could get along pretty well. There were lots of books, and being able to read them was almost worth the penalties which had visited his errors while he learned. Aunt Pauline taught him and reported his mistakes at supper by way of tuition fees. His contemptuous dislike of his adult relatives deepened as he suffered from their simple-minded mirth over a wholly reasonable rendering of such silly letters as "gh" and "c," which were one thing now and something else to-morrow. Still, a door was unlocked; he could beguile whole days over queer printed thoughts in the family books. No harm came from this, provided he refrained from question.

He discovered that the dictionary shed light on many typographical riddles, although sometimes the explanatory words were more mysterious than the one he wished to find out about, and cross references led him on long, laborious journeys through the fat book, with little illumination as his reward. But it was better than playing with things you might spoil or which might let you in for ridicule, and Win found contentment in it.

He was sent to school when he was eight, to enter a new, horribly hostile world—a universe of savages who had already formed a rough republic in two previous sessions, who knew obscure rules and customs of which he was comically ignorant, who delighted in his side-splitting mistakes. He never forgot the complex torments of that first day, when even the teacher laughed at his announcement that he thought he'd go home now. Afterward in the playground the others pranced about him, repeating this speech. He ran from the voices and the faces, and was brought back by sheer force to the afternoon session and more laughter.

Gradually he adapted himself to the new conditions, learning shrewdly to give scant occasion for the easy mirth he hated and feared. If he didn't talk to the others, if he shunned their silly games, if he studied hard enough to give tamely correct answers in class, he escaped with relatively little torment. Of course they made fun of him for these very precautions, but he endured this as preferable to the greater evil; to be sure, they jeered at any sartorial idiosyncrasy or assaulted him sometimes with wholly unfounded mockery, but he saw that this was inevitable, and bore it.

One experience with social usage was enough. He had not desired to go to Cora Brett's party in the first place, and was thrust by main force into his Sunday clothes, his hair was ungently wetted and parted, he was escorted to the very door, so that evasion was impossible. Some well-meaning grown-up kept ferreting him out of the refuges he

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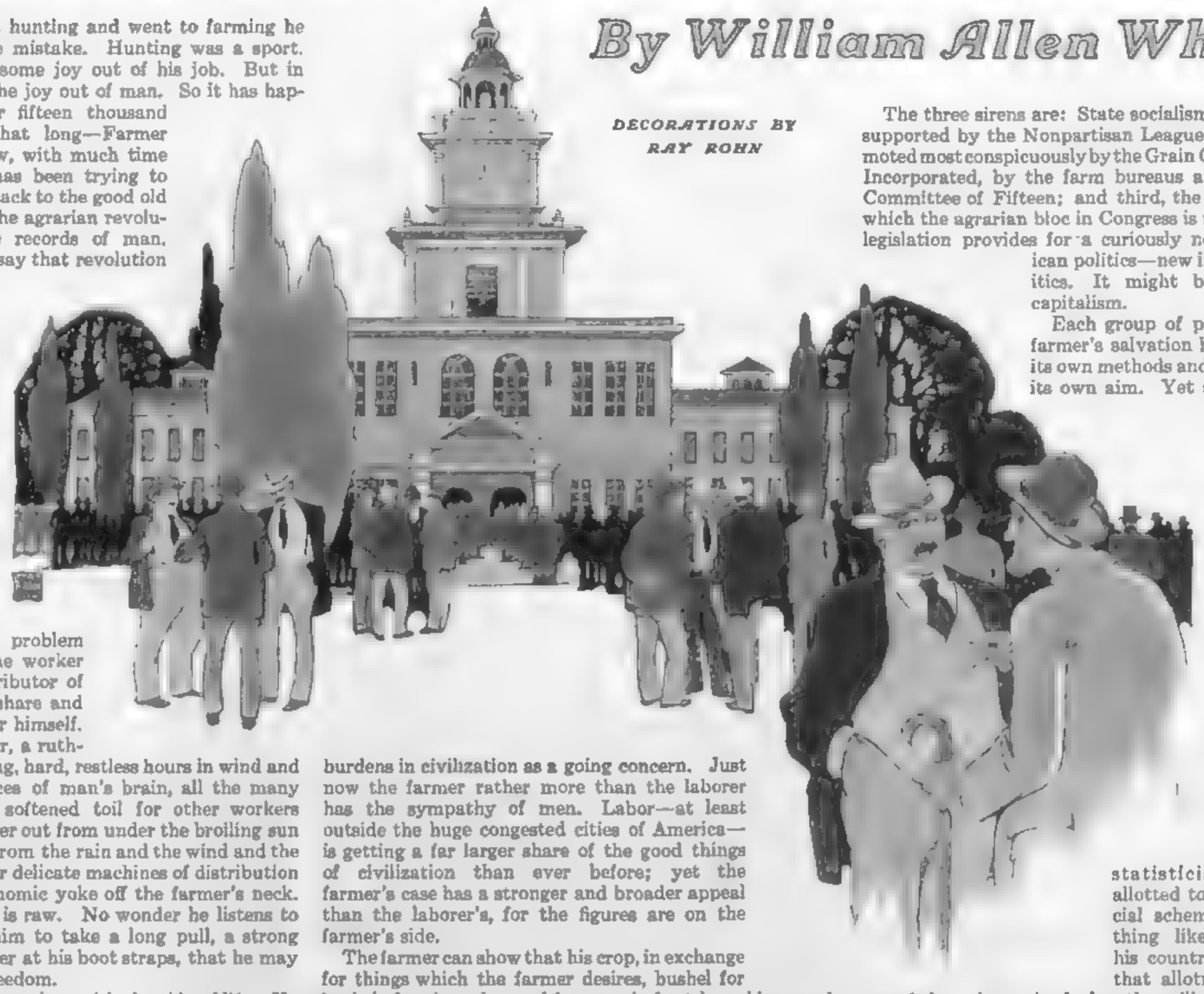
If They Ever Found It Out He'd Have to Quit, But Quitting Was Better Than Facing Such an Existence as He Had Been Leading

Farmer John and the Sirens

By William Allen White

DECORATIONS BY RAY ROHN



WHEN man quit hunting and went to farming he made a terrible mistake. Hunting was a sport. In it man got some joy out of his job. But in farming, the job took the joy out of man. So it has happened that for ten or fifteen thousand years—maybe twice that long—Farmer John following his plow, with much time for serious reflection, has been trying to find a way out; a way back to the good old days of a joyful job. The agrarian revolution is as old as the records of man. Indeed, one might well say that revolution is a sort of occupational disease of farming! The siren who sings to the farmer about high farm prices and cheap farm labor is an old familiar of the man with a hoe, his son with a plow and his grandson with a tractor. As a slave, as a serf, as a peasant, as a tenant on another man's land or a borrower of another man's money on his land, the agricultural problem remains unchanged; the worker has to give to the distributor of his product too large a share and he may keep too little for himself. Nature is his taskmaster, a ruthless driver who exacts long, hard, restless hours in wind and weather. All the devices of man's brain, all the many inventions which have softened toil for other workers have not taken the farmer out from under the broiling sun or sheltered him much from the rain and the wind and the snow. Moreover, all our delicate machines of distribution have not taken the economic yoke off the farmer's neck. The old galled spot still is raw. No wonder he listens to the sirens who exhort him to take a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together at his boot straps, that he may rise to new heights of freedom.

Of course, the farmer has risen with the tide of life. He has moved from his cave into a hovel, from the hovel into a shanty, from a shanty into a house, and now he is moving from the house into a rather convenient and competent-looking residence. In the American farmer's home there are books and music; and in his barn is the automobile. Few farmers live ten miles from a picture show, and practically none live beyond rural free delivery. But even so, the farmer works harder and has less than his town brother. And the town brother too often works less; and more than that really gives less and, still more than all, takes a larger profit for giving smaller social value to mankind than the farmer. Perhaps it is in estimating the social value of the farmer's work that we make his reward seem so small. He tills and sows and reaps and threshes and hauls, to get a bushel of wheat to a mill; five hard, dirty jobs filled with hazard. And hazards are real on the farm—hazards of weather, of health, of bugs and beasts and pests, hazards of market more dangerous than all. The farmer does all the work and takes all the chances needed to get his bushel of grain to market, and then for his sweat and risk gets about a fourth as much from his bushel of grain as the man who sells the bread. True, a number of people have handled the grain between the farmer's wagon and the bread wagon. But the whole lot—elevator man, railroader, miller, cooper, chauffeur, baker and merchant—combined, did not put into the grain the toil, the danger of loss, the foresight and vision that the farmer used in producing that grain for the market.

Leanings Toward Socialized Capitalism

FOR AGES the farmer has been demanding a revaluation of the social services of men; listening patiently to the voices of revolution, to the sirens who have called him to seek better things. But always his place in the caravan of progress has been the same. The procession has moved; the farmer has followed, but he hasn't stepped up a grade in the established order. Always the sirens have mocked him.

These ancient siren voices that have called the farmer to revolt come from the spirit of justice, which is one of the impulses of progress in humanity. To-day in America the siren voices calling upon the farmer to embattle himself may be echoes of the clamor in the world for some new kind of adjustment of the way of life; some better social order; some wider, fairer distribution of rewards and burdens in civilization as a going concern. Just now the farmer rather more than the laborer has the sympathy of men. Labor—at least outside the huge congested cities of America—is getting a far larger share of the good things of civilization than ever before; yet the farmer's case has a stronger and broader appeal than the laborer's, for the figures are on the farmer's side.

The farmer can show that his crop, in exchange for things which the farmer desires, bushel for bushel of grain and pound for pound of cattle and hogs and chickens and milk, is about a third less valuable than it was five years ago.

Now, a one-third drop in the purchasing power of any man's toil is a hardship too serious for men to accept without protest. Not in half a century before has the status of the farmer, compared with his neighbors in labor and business and the professions, been so low as it is now. And the lower his status the higher is his voice. Thirty years ago the Western farmer lifted his voice in populism. It was the barbaric yawp of protest. It resembled earlier movements in its crass appeal to the passions of men. Hatred and hope were mixed in it, and the rural states of the South and the trans-Mississippi country rose in potential rebellion against the wrongs which they believed were put upon them by New England and the seaboard states of the East. The obvious futility of the populist leadership and a series of years of good crops checked the uprising. But American politics has rarely seen so vigorous an agrarian protest. It inspired songs, brooded legends, promoted pageants, produced orators—indeed, all those emotional expressions which are the wine that we call art, poured out of the press of events in that brief, mad, gorgeous, abandoned moment that flashed populism across the sky of American politics.

To-day we have the ingredients of such another movement. Its emotional phase is not uppermost—not yet. But the times are fearfully like those of the populist protest. There is now a fortunate difference in the situation: Instead of one channel through which the farmer is moving for relief we have three, rather distinct, yet all leading toward a common end. So there may be no explosion, but there will be a change.

Something will happen.

It is as if three husky sirens were pulling and hauling at the farmer to get him to go three different ways, but all in the same direction. Competition among the sirens that are after the farmer is a new thing in modern politics.

The three sirens are: State socialism, for the most part supported by the Nonpartisan League; coöperation, promoted most conspicuously by the Grain Growers Association Incorporated, by the farm bureaus and the Stockmen's Committee of Fifteen; and third, the Federal legislation which the agrarian bloc in Congress is now pushing. This legislation provides for a curiously new thing in American politics—new indeed in world politics. It might be called socialized capitalism.

Each group of patriots seeking the farmer's salvation has its own leaders, its own methods and to a certain extent its own aim. Yet all three are trying to achieve the same thing in the end. And to understand the end which these three groups of agrarian reformers have in view we must pause to consider the modern statement of the farmer's age-old problem.

First of all, when the farmer looks about the world to better his condition he finds that his credit is clipped. He is told by his statisticians that he has allotted to him by the financial scheme of things something like 21 per cent of his country's credit. But in that allotment is the credit extended to the grain dealer, the miller, the packers, the cotton and wool merchants, and certain credits for railroads which transport the farmer's produce. The 21 per cent should be for the actual dirt farmer. But it is not.

The Promise of Green Pastures

SO THE farmer's first demand is for more credit and better interest rates than are available. Next, the farmer feels that there is too large a gap between his selling price and the consumer's buying price—that is, too many people who give small economic value, or none at all, to his grain, his livestock, his chickens, butter and eggs, his fruit and cotton and wool, reach into the sack while it passes them and grab without lifting it high or carrying it far. This is the farmer's marketing grievance, his distrust of the middleman. The railroad is, of course, one of the implements of the middleman, and the railroad forms a large and looming mark in the list of the farmer's wrongs. Transportation is almost a complaint by itself. So we may say there abideth these three—credit, marketing and transportation; and there is no greatest of these in the farmer's heart. They are the three comfortable seats in the evenly balanced load under which he jogs up the long hard road to prosperity. And to-day he is bucking like a bay steer under his load and listening to the voices of the sirens that are luring him into green pastures where he may lie down by the still waters.

Let us, therefore, look at Siren Number One—the Nonpartisan League, born and bred in North Dakota. Easily we may observe that she is no lady. She is the emotional hussy, the firecracker incarnate. The others are temperamental possibly, but the league is tumultuous. She is clearly a socialist and hides her red petticoat but clumsily. There are socialists and socialists; but the Nonpartisan League is socialism of the opportunist brand. It has no philosophic theory; it is interested only in results. The league is operating in nearly a score

of states—most of its strongholds being trans-Mississippi states. In each state its program is modified by the local needs of the farmers of the state. But farmers' wrongs have much the same causes. It may be said that the efforts of the league are directed against the distributors of farm products, whether they be grain dealers, cotton brokers, packing houses or wool merchants; against the bankers, whether they be money lenders or underwriters of farm insurance; and against the railroads and other public utilities carrying light, power, fuel, communication and news. Typically the Nonpartisan League is trying to put the ownership and operation of the marketing facilities for farm products into public hands, the banks into public ownership, insurance into state operation, and the press into coöperative management, looking toward a state-owned press when the state takes over the wires which feed the press. Also, the Nonpartisan League believes in shifting the burden of taxes from improved land to unimproved land, which is a step toward the single tax—not a long step, but a rather definite hop.

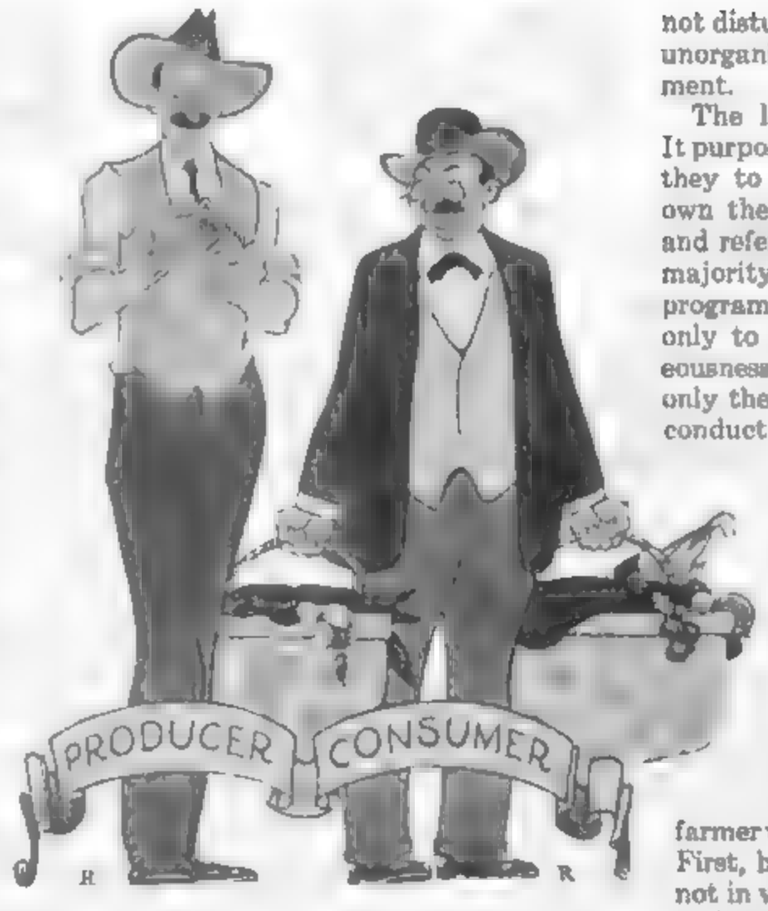
Rather a carload order, that: to take over all the connecting agencies that link up the farmer with civilization and operate these agencies by the state for the farmer. And the size of the order is increased by tenfold its natural size by its kind. For it is a class order. State socialism is no new thing in America. States print schoolbooks, make cement, own elevators and flour mills, conduct colleges and universities, make farm loans, buy and sell land, mine coal, operate wharves, store cotton, guarantee bank deposits, care for forests, run water-power sites, sell irrigation rights and operate them. States do all sorts of things these days that are sketchily socialistic; but the states go into business largely for the common good, operating these various industries by the people and for the people—democratizing socialism.

Class-Conscious Crusaders

BUT Nonpartisan Leaguers have a restricted idea. They talk of taking over the mills, elevators, packing houses, public utilities, banks and credit of the state, by the farmers and for the farmers. The proposition is based upon class-conscious socialism—opportunist, of course, but undemocratic. There is the sour milk in the coconut. Kansas, California, Wisconsin and even Massachusetts—four American states that seem to lead in experimenting in state socialism—do vastly more things socially than the league is planning. But in these states these socialist activities are operated most democratically, for all the people, not for a class. North Dakota is, of course, a farmer state—more so than Kansas. But—and there you stop. It's instinctive. It is not the size of the dose of socialism; it is not altogether the prescribing doctors, though their hair is long, their panacea is patented and they are unethical. The "but" that gags the average old-fashioned citizen is class control for class ends. For the program leads right into the taxes of all the community for the benefit of a part, even if a large part, of the community. Witness, the state of North Dakota, which means the Nonpartisan League, is advertising its state bonds for sale, and league officials declare that the state is having rather a generous response. The proceeds of the several issues of bonds authorized by the 1919 legislature of North Dakota are to be used for the following purposes: Two millions for supplying capital for the state bank of North Dakota; five millions to build and operate state elevators, mills, warehouses and packing plants; ten millions for real-estate loans, chiefly farm loans; and two millions to finance a home building and loan project. The interest and principal are also guaranteed by taxes. The state claims that its bank has paid out of its earnings one hundred thousand dollars to apply on the interest of its bonds and expects to pay another hundred thousand soon. The bank lends money on real-estate mortgages, and also is empowered to make loans to departments and institutions of the state, including the state industries, which loans are to be repaid by the sale of the bonds of the industries, or out of appropriations for the institutions.

It is rather an elaborate boot-strap-lever scheme. The state has not yet gone into the packing business, but it desires to go, and a coöperative packing plant privately owned by leaguers is in much worse shape in North Dakota than it would be with the state behind it—if possible. The packing house is to be brought to the steer. Thus it is hoped to save freight on the live steer to the packing house, and the dead steer back to the consumer as beef.

The transportation problem is too much for the leaguers. Their program being limited to state activities they can only tinker with transportation. But they are going into credit and state-owned markets with crusading zeal, but without great success. Their handicaps are inexperienced leadership meeting hard times. When the devil takes the hindermost it is generally an altruist that he picks up.



But speaking broadly and allowing for about 15 per cent of pearl-pink, parlor proletarianism with its hurrah boys, there is little altruism in the Nonpartisan League. It is not democratically organized. It reflects the class idea that controls the economic program of the league. Its whole idea of life is that of combat. Frankly and shamelessly the Nonpartisan League leaders declare that their political machinery is for political war, not for peaceful aggression; the machinery of the league is devised so that no one can dislodge the leaders. And the leadership is chosen not for the purposes of education, persuasion and conversion of the populace, but it is chosen to get results—chiefly class results—results for the farmer.

Arthur C. Townley is the head of the league; the rank and file of the league could no more overthrow him than the buck privates could dislodge Pershing. And Townley conceives his job as that of a general, not as of a moderator. He and his executive associates think in terms of fighting. And so long as they feel that theirs is not a campaign of education but rather of salesmanship, and that they are leading a convinced group of prepaid, enrolled and determined class-conscious crusaders to a definitely chosen objective, of course democratic machinery and democratic methods would be absurd. They have no place for debate—these protagonists! And they have little use for the academic considerations which minorities—or majorities for that matter—may present. The details of the Nonpartisan League program are settled. It is a cause. Here is the throwback to their socialistic ancestry. The league leaders are conducting their campaigns not as Americans in the major parties conduct their campaigns, but as socialists conduct their campaigns, who enlist, bind and restrict their followers. The leaguers really outboss the old party bosses.

The complaint that Townley and his fellow officers of the league are autocratic may be answered by the leaguers who declare that they propose to win their fight. They therefore are not interested in creating an electoral majority. They are not disturbed by the protesting insistence of unorganized but unmistakable public sentiment.

The league's course is guided by force. It purposes to assemble a legislative majority, they to control a governor, and finally to own the courts. If in a state the initiative and referendum make it necessary to have a majority of the voters—that also is in the program. But the leaguers get a majority only to get results, not to prove the righteousness of the result. The plan considers only the day's work done, nothing less. Its conduct is Nietzschean.

The second siren that is seducing the farmer is the siren of coöperation. She is no socialist. She, however, has her enemies and her faults. And her enemies say that she is a visionary; that she is a crazy woman, and that probably in the back of her head she is a cheat and a robber. Here is her story. Coöperation among American farmers has had a long and grievous history. Heretofore the farmer would not coöperate in national units. First, because he is an individualist; living not in villages, as European farmers live, but in lonely habitations, apart from his kind. He is unused to herding, and until the past two or three decades he has lived a life of economic sufficiency, of complacent economic isolation. Second, he is unsuited to coöperation because his individualism, social and economic and personal, has made him suspicious. Many a time and oft the farmer has bought stock in the coöperative store, then shrewdly traded at the other stores to save money, biting at the special bargains they offered, and attributing the failure of the farmers' store to extravagance and unfair dealing. Times without number the farmer has attended meetings of his kind and highly resolved to restrict his crop to affect the price, and then gone home and plowed up an additional eighty in which to plant the restricted crop and thus get the benefit of the increased price which the restriction of others should bring.

Coöperative Enterprises

BUT in spite of his failures the farmer for a century has been trying to coöperate. His better judgment tells him that in coöperation there is strength. Farmers' stores, farmers' elevators, farmers' mills, and sometimes farmers' packing houses have risen, flourished, and fallen into desuetude and decay as the farmer's enthusiasm has failed with his growing suspicion of the project or its managers. And with his failing patronage his economic enemies have found it easy to buy or to steal his plant. Yet in spite of these temperamental handicaps to coöperation, for a generation or more thousands of coöperative stores and elevators and mills have been running with moderate success all over the country with farmer patronage. And, also, numerous associations of farmers in the Grange, the Farmers' Union, the Equity Association, the farm bureau and livestock associations, state and national, cotton growers' and wool growers' organizations and various groups of farmers and fruit growers organized for all sorts of practical purposes not remotely political, have been flourishing.

But now in the twinkling of an eye, behold a mystery the farmer is coöperative! Quite outside of politics, entirely without an emotional kick-up, the American farmer is becoming a business man—a trust magnate if you please. The Federal Government threw into the farming mass the reagent that crystallized it. In establishing the farm bureau the Government has probably done the best job it ever did for the American farmers. In thousands of counties a farm adviser is found. He is paid jointly by the Government, the state and the local farmers. Generally the town chamber of commerce helps with the farm adviser's salary, and this farm adviser, being a full-time farm agent and well enough paid to stay with the job, makes it his business to organize the farmers for marketing, for crop improvements, for

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THE OUTLAW

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD GARDNER

THROUGH the open window—it was Suffer Little Children, sacred to the memory of Giles, beloved son of John and Amelia Thayer—came a pleasant flutter of dulcet summer airs, a stealing whisper of young growth, of new-cut hay, mingling with early roses. It invited the eye through the tipped panel of softly tinted glass to a perspective of runaway street bordered with placid white houses and canopied with green-gold elms and maples, to a distant and alluring no-man's land of foggy, purple hilltop. It was so alluring that a heady, steamy sigh escaped young Wally, choked almost immediately as Aunt Ellen turned her head briskly, her brown eyes stabbing him like two swift-stinging hornets. He wriggled a little, shifted his weight, and folded his arms in imitation of his brother Bert, sitting so still, so statuesque beside their father and aunt. He could remember well when Bert, like himself, had been troubled by the ardors of the flesh. There was one picture on memory's wall, of Aunt Ellen shaking Bert after service and calling him a rude, noisy boy. But now Bert was consecrate to different paths. He used brilliantine on his glossy head, and a fresh collar every day. His voice was bass nearly all the time, and he could sit even more quietly than his father and look as though he enjoyed morning service.

Back to the pulpit strayed young Wally's gaze; to the transmuted colorings on the lozenge-patterned carpet of sand and garnet; to the desk and the great fat Holy Bible, with its streaming riband markers of white silk worked in gold monogram IHS—which might have stood, but didn't, for Inverness High School; to the three carved black-walnut chairs with the foxed red velvet cushions, whereon—upon one at least—every Sabbath, before he spoke at all, Doctor Tweedy sat himself down, retiring his face behind his hand for a moment. Aunt Ellen had of course explained this, but it was young Wally's private opinion that Doctor Tweedy counted the congregation through his fingers.

The chairs themselves were chill, austere-looking affairs—straight and narrow like the way to heaven—and above them in the curved apse was the dimly painted figure, the emblem. Aunt Ellen had carefully accounted for this too, a sacrosanct symbol; but Wally's fancy was intrigued. It was the Lamb of God, of course—and, as such, immune from vile juvenile speculation—but considered purely as a lamb, an ordinary animal, it seemed to him an impossibility, a lamb with one limb raised carrying a banner over its left shoulder, with a wreath of flowers about its neck, and a gilt disk, not unlike a tin helmet, on its head. Wally doubted the ability of a lamb, even an intelligent one—and this one looked far from that—so to comport itself; in fact, he had never heard of a trained lamb. Horses and poodles and a seal ——

He sighed again; and quick as a wink, "Sit still!" his aunt hissed. A fly came wavering in through Suffer Little Children, moved erratically about, began harassing Doctor Tweedy, goading him about his head. The doctor moved his winglike white sleeves above the Book restlessly; he made little ducking movements with his head, but his voice was masterly, an unmoved rolling barytone. The fly had no mercy. It alighted on its victim's head, made a leisurely reconnaissance. When it sat on his hair Doctor Tweedy didn't notice, but when it reached his forehead—and, as the Russians say, God had been good to Doctor Tweedy in the matter of forehead—it was different.

There was a little white high light on the bulgiest part, and once the fly stopped right in the middle. Wally chuckled in spite of himself.

"Bull's-eye!" he murmured.

All three occupants of the pew turned to him, withered him with contempt.

The sense of his isolation, his disgrace poured upon him afresh. Although this was remember-the-Sabbath-to-keep-it-holy, a sort of peace-on-earth, good-will time among his people, there was neither peace nor good will for him. He was an outlaw, expatriate. He slumped suddenly on the end of his spine, folded his chest like an accordion, and watched Doctor Tweedy's sleeves afresh as the doctor unfurled the Holy Writ.

"Our lesson for to-day," the doctor was saying, "is found in the first and second chapters of Jonah. 'Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the son of Amittai, saying,

"'Arise, go to Nineveh . . .'"

The story of Jonah unfolded itself on the lip of Doctor Tweedy, and Wally lapsed a little into reverie; but suddenly he sat, alert, bitter, comprehending as the good doctor uttered the word; uttered it carelessly, casually, unashamed. True, he referred to a fish, which made a difference. Nevertheless, it was an anatomical locale, this temporary habitat of Jonah, and designated but one thing.

A sense of injustice filled Wally. He had been punished yesterday for doing just what Doctor Tweedy openly, and even veneratedly, was doing; had mentioned an anatomical locale publicly. The aftermath, the consequences had been such that he winced under the auditory impact of the word, ducked it as Doctor Tweedy pronounced it, fell into a refined elision, the substitutions that ladylike novelists offer to the harsh profanities of their more violent characters.

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the blank of the fish three days and three nights.

"Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God, out of the fish's blank.

"And said, I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the blank of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice."

If only he had been wiser yesterday. He was not Doctor Tweedy, nor had he his powers.

Yesterday, when the Cline twins, two pink-and-white female marshmallows, had been seated with Bert in the porch, and Reba Cline had said "Why didn't you go to the Hasty Pudding party on Saturday, Bert?" and Bert had mumbled some lie about his general-history exam, why, oh, why, had he yielded to that peculiar urge to truth, to betrayal that invaded him so often of late? Why had he felt called upon to divulge Bert's truth, the malady of which he had ailed, and its anatomical locale? Why had he handled Bert as Doctor Tweedy handled this fish?

The blushes of the Cline twins, Bert's subsequent bitter physical reprisal, his general disgrace, his weekly allowance—a mere pittance for people in their circumstances—docked fifty per cent because of his crime; his coming deprivation of Sunday dessert, fresh strawberry ice cream—all these stigmata of suffering were stamped bitterly on his consciousness.

Doctor Tweedy had finished his lesson; the fly had retired. There was a general rustling, a wavelike motion, and the entire congregation, including young Wally, drooped forward.

He hooked his kneecap on his share of the Brussels-carpet-covered prie-dieu. It hurt him, but not so badly as it would presently, when Doctor Tweedy had got to "the President and those at the helm of our nation."

The sharp edge of his linen collar bit into his chin, he drooped his brow, and the wet place in his hair pressed against the black-walnut bulge of the preceding pew. This hurt also, but he relieved it every now and then by lifting his head and looking out. All he could see was the broad back of Mrs. Squire Sumner just in front. It was a broad, rolling back, clad in thin black material. Just behind each forward-reaching arm showed a grayish crescent of shield, and above the top of her collar, under the edge of her black straw hat with the little glass blackberries, three little reddish folds of neck with a smallish knot of pepper-and-salt hair, from which protruded the points of black wire hairpins. There were more interesting things farther abroad, but he dared not go in quest. He lost himself in the intricacies, the mystery of Mrs. Sumner's back hair—what Mrs. Sumner looked like with her back hair down. Mrs. Sumner was very impassive; she probably enjoyed Doctor Tweedy's prayer. At least her back did. It never moved. Once, a capable, congress-gaitered foot rimmed with black lawn and a frill of white crochet shells struck back against his prie-dieu. He felt an odd sympathy with Mrs. Sumner's foot.

But all things pass. There was a second wavelike movement. Even Aunt Ellen sighed this time. They were sitting up and Doctor Tweedy was saying: "Let us praise the Lord by singing hymn Number 364."

All in a minute Mrs. Thomas Dean was at work on the gold-pipe organ; the choir stepped forward—Miss Lounsberry, the soprano, arranging her feather boa; Mr. Smelty,

Someone in the Hall Rapped Sharply on the Door. "That's Enough. I Think That's Enough, William"

Wally Plunged a Spoon Into the Delicate Stuff. Somewhere a Bell Tolled Sleepily. All Inverness Was at Dinner

the tenor, pulling down his white vest; Mrs. Brand, the contralto, failing with her glove-tipped fingers to open the exact page; Mr. Markham, the bass, whispering and assisting her, his Adam's apple leaping up and down as he spoke.

Leaves fluttered all over the church; the congregation rose in a joyous surge. The pipes rolled and reverberated and Wally sent his voice out joyously. He was a little ashamed of it, but he liked to sing, even hymns; and particularly the ones that made pictures. He let his voice go joyfully:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Then he forgot the picture, the fact that he himself was not yet washed of his sins, the fact that he would have no dessert, that there was still the sermon! He liked to sing. It made him feel good. It made him feel like the morning outside.

II

AFTER service they moved in a decorous little family cavalcade up the sunshiny street under the maples. It was the desire of Aunt Ellen, who stood in the place of their mother, that they should not be known as a secular family. By this was meant a coarse-grained family, such as the Olcotts, the Burnses, the Wegands, any of a dozen others, who acted after church like released springs, standing as now in noisy, chattering crowds as though freed of a hateful duty, grouped around automobiles or in knots on the sidewalk, tossing bright, flower-crowned heads, lighting up on cigar or cigarette, discussing plans for the afternoon.

The family, under Aunt Ellen's guidance, did not go in for this. Aunt Ellen was what might be called reactionary; his father was conservative. They moved now—Aunt Ellen, his father and a friend of similar gloomy mind—up the street slightly in advance.

Wally walked with Bert. Much as he hated his brother just now, he could taste some crumbs of freedom in Bert's presence—Bert, who was a man, or nearly; and who sipped with male freedom of the cup of jazz, joy and ginger. On week days, at least. Bert, brooding, offended, ignored his presence. Once he stopped to speak for a moment to a car full of bright organdie hats.

"G'on, kid," he said to Wally.

But Wally stuck, and a half block farther on they ran square into Henry Sawtter, and Bert forgot he was there.

Henry Sawtter, the darling of the gods, leaned against his very own car. His father had bought it for him, though he was only sixteen. His father was rich. So was Henry Sawtter.

He looked it. He did not go to Inverness High, but to an expensive prep; he had told everybody how expensive it was. And now he had luckily caught the measles and had had to come home to recuperate before term's end. He hated to do it—in Inverness. He let everybody know that too. He had been in the Inverness Eighth Grade before he went away to prep, but you would never have known it to listen to him—or look at him. As he said, he was in the prep-school set now.

Bert was looking at him silently, and Wally knew he was drinking of the hemlock cup—just by looking at the car, and at Henry.

The car was beautiful. It was low hung, black and gray and nickeled. You drove it with your feet above your head, or nearly, and it had disk wheels that flashed like silver in the sun.

Henry leaned against it with his hands in his pockets, as though he would sell it for twenty cents; and in his own way Henry, too, was beautiful—that is, he was expensive and correct. He had on the kind of clothes you saw in tailoring books or in pictures of young men going to a country club, in magazines. There was no country club in Inverness—not yet—but Wally had heard Bert and some of his friends speaking of the need of it, and of the kind of clothes you wore.

The clothes of Henry were that kind, and indescribable. Wally knew that they couldn't be measured by Inverness standards at all, for he had looked at one of Bert's books only a few days ago—where Bert had been reading. It was called Correct Clothes for the Well-Dressed Man, with sketches and descriptions. Henry Sawtter was clad thus—in silk and flannel and buckskin—vastly different from Inverness.

For instance, what a man or a grown boy in Inverness wore from the waist down was known as pants. But the splendid beings in Bert's book—and undoubtedly Henry—eschewed pants. Their text ran thus:

Fig. I. Single-breasted jacket and waistcoat of white duck, cricket-cloth trousers, buck shoes, morocco foxings.

Fig. II. Lounge suit; brown homespun jacket with brown twilled slacks, blue cheviot shirt, primrose tie.

Fig. III. Tennis suit; thin, gray, wool sweater with white duck bags, buck shoes, varnished soles.

Fig. IV. Brown linen jacket with brown drill joudhpores.

It was impossible to tell at a glance whether Henry's cream flannel ran to slacks, bags, trousers or joudhpores, but they were clearly removed from Bert's two-piece blue serge coat-and-pants regimental.

To add insult to injury, Henry drew out of his pocket a thin silver cigarette case, and selected from its contents. He cast a half pitying, not unfriendly eye on Bert.

"Wake Up, You Darn Little Rat! Wake Up!" Bert Was Saying as He Shook Him

"How are you, Standish?" he said coolly. He was inclined to be a bit reserved, but man is gregarious and there was no one actually of his set in Inverness.

"Look here," he added, "have you got anything on for this afternoon? If not," he said, "I'll give you a twirl over to Enderby."

He spoke of Enderby as though it were a bagatelle beneath contempt—the county city sixty miles away—and he referred to riding in his glorious gray motor as twirling.

Wally's heart fainted within him to be in Bert's place, even as he knew that Bert was disturbed by the invitation. Bert appeared to hesitate.

"Why ee — -" he began.

Wally was tempted to speak. He was tempted by his urge to truth and by the impulse to revenge, to remind Bert that he dassen't do it; that Henry Sawtter was regarded by their aunt—their father too—as fairly undesirable company. A lad who was too fashionable and too smart, who was reputed to have introduced a pocket flask at a recent school dance, who had helped to hang up certain young girls in town, who was tony and smart-Aleck and who desecrated the Holy Sabbath by raging over country roads in his roadster. This Wally was tempted to repeat; to remind Bert that he was expected at most to take a stroll with a young lady friend, to occupy himself with a library book or play sacred and grand-opera records, but Aunt Ellen's darting backward glance pursued them.

"Boys! Herbert! Walter!" she called sharply.

Wally did not speak. He watched Bert instead, enslaved in the toils of Apollyon.

"Why-ee"—Bert's face grew red—"why—I guess so."

"Two o'clock," said Henry coolly. "Pick you up at the house?"

Bert looked after Aunt Ellen.

"No," he said; "if you drive by Burcke's I'll be there."

It was marvelous how easily Bert did it—with what an assumption of indifference to Henry's twirling, what a casual tone toward a rendezvous at Burcke's drug store, a delightful place, where the old men approaching forty congregated with their cigars behind a screen marked Prescriptions—where it was rumored in the old days there was definite sampling of certain favored doses of Charley Burcke's mixing, and indeed even in what his father referred to as the open season on raisins there was audible camaraderie.

The front of Burcke's was a crystal-palace-marble-foyer effect—a tinkling spun-ice affair in silver, chocolate marble, and red and white glass. This was rendezvous for Bert and his contemporaries, for the gay organdie hats, and those of his own age who need not rely on the meager ice-cream cone but could savor opulently of banana split, hot butterscotch sundae, Sammy's Delight, and so on.

Bert, turning away from Henry, caught Wally's eye, spoke passionately: "If you tell on me, kid, I'll ——"

"I wasn't going to, Bert. I wasn't going to."

He was not a tale-bearer, but yesterday had embittered Bert. They followed their elders. They passed the Gage house, with a long delectable reach of brown paling, which on week days supplied excruciating arpeggios to the hand-guided stick.

Silent now lay the fence—silent as the iron stag belligerently posed among the oleanders, one hoof raised; silent as the two stone dogs baying mutely on either side of the front steps.

The Sumner house came next—Mrs. Squire Sumner retreating with her congress gaiters and her crocheted shells into a gray veranda. The Peakes' next, where Mr. Peake on summer afternoons in a great chair read The Presbyterian, in his shirt sleeves, with a silk handkerchief drawn over his face. From just behind came the sound of Mr. Robert Garby's violoncello. It was the only private violoncello—pronounced "tchello"—in Inverness. Mr. Garby played in the evenings and on Sundays. He hunted for the key and took quite a while to find it. And even after it was found it often refused to unlock the melody he attempted. Or perhaps it made the cello melancholy—the long search; it sounded a little dismal under Mr. Garby's hand when it started.

Its moaning came out of the Garby house now, to blend with the stealing summer airs. It blended with other

(Continued on Page 56)

EUROPE IN TRANSITION

The New Hungary

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN you travel down the Danube from Vienna to Budapest—and there is no lovelier journey in all Europe—you pass the craggy promontory at Dévény, which for more than a thousand years marked the frontier between Hungary and Austria. It stands at a bend in the river where the March flows into the mother stream. In the old feudal days an imposing castle crowned the point. Amid its ruins the Hungarians erected a noble monument in 1896 to commemorate the millenary of the Magyar occupation of Hungary.

After the Treaty of Trianon, which reduced Hungary to one-third of her former dimensions, the column was wrecked by dynamite. The Hungarians lay the outrage to the Czechs, for the site is now a part of Czecho-Slovakia. Be that as it may, the shattered monument typifies the Hungary of to-day, for it is a sort of unuttered protest against the spoiler. Although battered and broken, the remnant still commands the countryside. So with the Hungarians. Amid near-economic isolation and physical dismemberment they are defiant.

A Sea Dog in the Seat of the Hapsburgs

IN THIS spirit of protest against the circumstances that humbled them you have a sharp contrast with the mood of acquiescent Austria, which accepted disaster almost without complaint. To adapt the line in a popular song, every Central European nation, and more especially those evolved out of the wreck of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, has a meaning all its own. This is why I selected Hungary as the type of succession state that rebels against its fate. It is just another discordant note in the concert of Europe in transition.

The new Hungary, like the old, presents features of distinct and picturesque interest. In the first place she is a kingdom without a king. A bluff admiral of ordinary birth, whose life was dedicated solely to action, now sits in the ancient seat of the Hapsburgs in the palace at Budapest. A desperate emergency projected him to eminence; a similar one may put a Hapsburg in his place, because Hungary is fundamentally monarchical.

Since the armistice period Hungary has endured a revolution, an orgy of Bolshevism, an occupation by Rumanians and a boycott by a sister state. Although shrunken in size, she is a special object of fear and solicitude of the Little Entente, the first coalition to be formed among the new nations. She is likewise the one country that refuses to accept the verdict of Paris, for she still refers to her lost territory as occupied. "*Nem! Nem! Soha!*"—which means "No! No! Never!"—is her incessant cry. At the moment I write she is resisting the transfer of West Hungary to Austria, and it may precipitate a new armed crisis, involving at least five of the self-determined peoples. Where France had only one Alsace-Lorraine, Hungary now has four, and each one will be a constant irritant. Thus the prostrate Austria, with all her trials, has nothing in the way of trouble on her one-time ally and near neighbor.

Admiral Horthy. Above—The Palace at Budapest, on the Danube, Where Horthy Lives

Until the crack-up of the dual monarchy, Hungary lacked individuality in the eyes of the world. She was not looked upon as a separate entity, although she had her own parliament and cabinet. It grew out of the fact that the emperor of the vanished empire was also king of Hungary, and the doughty kingdom was commonly regarded as a vassal of Austria. In reality it never admitted anything like vassalage. For hundreds of years Hungary struggled for freedom against many adverse conditions. The irony as well as inconsistency of the present situation is that now that independence is achieved the Hungarians are boiling with anger and are moving heaven and earth to change the frontiers that give them absolute liberty.

Hungary's Golden Bull

AT ONCE you get back to the business of race, which for the moment seems to be the chief business of Europe. To understand the frenzy of antagonism that makes Hungary a caldron of rage and resentment, you must know something about the Hungarians and their history. The moment you reach Budapest you touch Asia. The original Magyars trekked west from the Caucasus more than ten centuries ago. The fire and fervor of the Near East, mixed with a symbolic Orientalism, run in the blood. You find it in dress, music and art. The savage hordes that pitched their tents on the vast and fertile plain which is all that remains of Hungary originally had to combat the Hun and the Vandal. They were fierce and liberty-loving people, and the strain of a passionate nationalism has been in them from the days of Saint Stephen, the first Christian king, down through the long list of heroes that includes Hunyady, Rákóczy and Kossuth. It must not be forgotten that the Hungarians reared the first bulwark against barbarism in Europe, for they successfully battled with the Turk and the Tartar. No European nation has a finer or more romantic story.

Unlike the Austrians, the Hungarians have a rich heritage of constitutionalism. They got their Magna Charta in what is known as the Golden Bull back in the thirteenth century, just about the time that King John of England bowed to the barons in the meadow at Runnymede. This constitutional right, which was more or less frustrated by the Hapsburgs, combined with strong racial feeling, made the Hungarian something of a thorn in the flesh of Austria until 1867, when the dual monarchy was formed. The union was one of mutual defense. Austria had been sadly frayed in the war with Prussia, and the Hungarians had failed in their final struggle for freedom which centered about Kossuth. Each found it difficult and almost perilous to go it alone. Together they formed an economic and prosperous whole.

After the establishment of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy the real development of modern Hungary began. Within her confines were Transylvania, Croatia, Slavonia and Slovakia. A little more than half of the total population of 20,000,000 was Magyar. The rest were Germans, Serbians, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Slovenes and Croats. Over all these races Hungary ruled with a strong hand. In her desire to create a homogeneous

Hungarian Children Being Fed by the American Relief Organization

Magyar state there is no doubt that she trampled nationalistic aspirations under foot.

There was a sufficient amount of economic interdependence, however, to compel these conflicting human elements to dwell together in something that resembled harmony. The plain which is the heart of Hungary was an immense granary. It not only fed Hungary and a considerable part of the old Austria but was able to export a considerable quantity of foodstuffs to Germany, Switzerland and other countries. This fertile lowland exchanged its grain for the wood and coal of the mountains, for Hungary is bounded on three sides by the Carpathians. In summer the highlanders left their fastnesses and journeyed down to harvest the crops in the valleys. They supplied their winter needs with the wages they received. In this way—it is only one example of the interlocking of trade—the wheels of Hungarian commerce were kept humming. The Danube, the Drava and the Tisza afforded ample inland waterways, and at Fiume there was an outlet to the sea.

Hungary also made a bid for industrial importance. Her big asset was her grain. Budapest became, after Minneapolis, the second-largest flour-milling center in the world. Moreover, the government did its utmost to subsidize industry, with a view of making Hungary economically independent of Austria. It was done with cash subsidies and the remission of taxes. In this way a considerable production in furniture, sugar, paper, chemicals, porcelain, petroleum, iron and steel was built up.

Then came the Great War. Many people still wonder why Hungary remained loyal to Austria when every one of her traditions combated the Prussian purpose that plunged the world into chaos. The average Hungarian will tell you that his country could not break faith with the empire, but his brother who is frank will say that one good reason was to get even with the Russians, who joined forces with Austria in 1849 to overthrow the gallant Magyar attempt at emancipation from Hapsburg sovereignty.

A Hideous Political Ordeal

WHATEVER the motive, the Hungarians paid dearly, first in their sacrifices on the field of battle, and second in the succession of tragic events that began even before the tumult of war ceased. Prior to the time that Germany laid down her arms the Hungarian republic had been set up, with Count Michael Karolyi as the first president. It crumpled under an inrush of Bolshevism dominated by Bela Kun, who was the red dictator. During this crimson terror Budapest became a shambles. No sooner was the country purged of sovietism than the Rumanians swarmed in as conquerors and ravaged the land. When they departed they took with them more than half the rolling stock of the railways, the seeds that the farmers had hoarded for the new crops, and even the X-ray apparatus from the hospitals. The one man who wrought order was Admiral Horthy, who headed the White Army in the south which was instrumental in shooing the Rumanians out of the country. By act of parliament Horthy was made regent, and he continues to hold this office. Such in brief is the troubled story of Hungary from the end of the war up to the signing of the Treaty of Trianon at Paris.

Hideous as was the political ordeal which I have described, it was not a patch, as the Magyars viewed it, on the physical stipulations of the treaty. From a kingdom of nearly 150,000 square miles Hungary was reduced to a domain of approximately 40,000 square miles, which is about equal to the area of the state of North Carolina. With a scrape of the pen nearly two-thirds of her old territory was signed away. West Hungary was ceded to Austria. Transylvania, with its considerable Rumanian population, is now a part of the kingdom of Rumania. The Slovaks in the north are joined with their Czech kinsmen and dwell under the banner of Czecho-Slovakia. The Ruthenians in the eastern valleys are also a part of the Czech republic. The Serbian territory in the south, including Croatia and Slavonia, was transferred to Jugo-Slavia. Only the Magyar kernel remains. Even the headwaters of the great rivers which provided Hungary with highways are now outside her boundaries. The forests and mountains which produced the timber and minerals are in alien lands. Fiume is under another flag.

Roland Hegedus, Former Hungarian Minister of Finance

Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Head of the British Syndicate Controlling Navigation

A population of 20,000,000 has dwindled to about 8,000,000. The Hungarians stand alone on their great plain, and Budapest is left to brood over the Danube, symbol of a greatness that is gone.

What are the economic possibilities of the new Hungary? What will be her permanent place in the structure of a remade Europe?

Just as an historical approach is necessary to understand the present geographical plight of Hungary, so must an analysis of the Magyar temperament precede any attempt at economic appraisal.

Perhaps the first quality in the Hungarian make-up is pride. The country has now learned to its cost that pride sometimes goes before a fall. It is this pride in race and past performance that prevents the Hungarian to-day from accepting the inevitable and making the most of an unfortunate situation.

Agriculture has always been the mainstay of Hungarian prosperity. It follows therefore that of the present population 56 per cent owe their livelihood to the soil. The peasant is the mainstay of the country, but unlike the Russian tiller of the land, he represents a certain feudal aristocracy. He is conservative, thrifty, and clings to the ancient national costume.

Thirty per cent of the Hungarians are employed in industry, commerce and traffic. The remainder are in the public service. One of the largest burdens on the old Hungary—and it falls with equal obligation on the new—was the immense number of useless public officials who, like their colleagues in Austria, were attached to the old imperial order and whose principal job for years has been to draw salaries. This condition elicited the remark from a former minister of finance that "Every tenth man in Hungary is kept by the other nine."

Now you come to the outstanding fact in Hungarian business life. The 100 per cent Magyar regards only two occupations as eminently worthy of his proud heritage. One is to be an agriculturist and the other to wear the uniform of a soldier. This means that the major part of business and finance naturally fell into the hands of the Jews, who comprise a considerable portion of the population. It is not surprising therefore to learn that 90 per cent of the nation's free capital is in their custody.

The inevitable result is a strong antisemitic sentiment, which was only intensified during the 133 days of the Bolshevist régime, when the Jews were prominent. Now that the country has shrunk to one-third of its former size and the population has become much denser—it is 82.1 per square kilometer—Gentile Hungarians are turning their attention more and more to trade and commerce, and it is the best thing that could possibly happen to them. The most casual observer in Hungary cannot fail to realize that if more energy were expended on reconstruction and less on protest and propaganda their regeneration would be well under way. However, you cannot alter human nature. Economic necessity, the last and best leveler of all conditions, will doubtless bring about a new state of mind.

The Industrial Situation

MEANWHILE let us look at the Hungarian industrial situation. The most serious loss that the country has sustained through dismemberment is the wiping out of most of the sources of her raw materials. Practically all of her immense forests, for example, have gone to Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania. This means that she lacks the wood for her one-time extensive bent-furniture industry, and she also loses the pulp for making paper and allied commodities. Hungary to-day only has 20 per cent of the old industry based on timber. This loss in turn affects not only the wood-alcohol distilleries but also the spinning and weaving industry, which has dwindled to 40 per cent of the prewar activity. The cession of the iron and coal mines to other nations has cut the steel output to less than one-half. The same condition obtains in the manufacture of chemicals and porcelain.

Hungary was always famous for her horses. Thousands were pastured in the mountain regions. This area has now become alien, and fodder must be grown in competition with wheat, corn, rye and oats in the lowlands.

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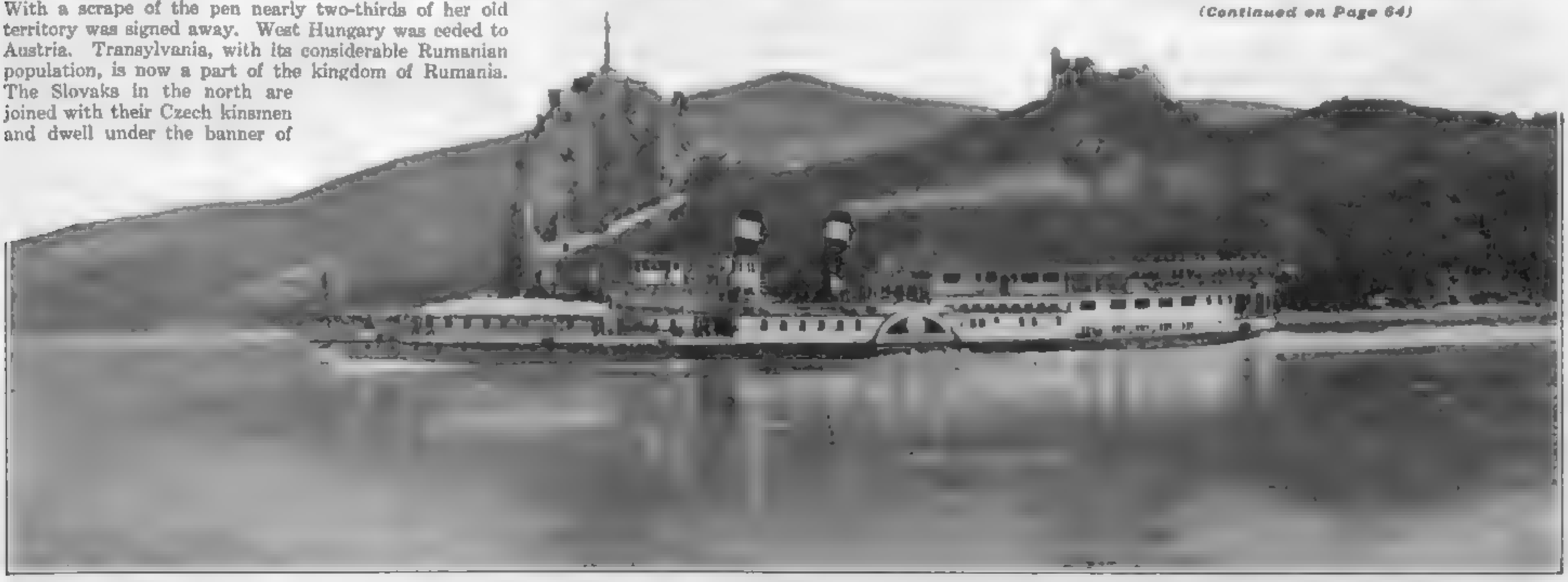

Topping the Promontory at the Left is the Shaft at Devany, on the Danube, Marking the Austro-Hungarian Frontier. A Typical Danube Steamer is Passing

THE WORLD'S CHOICE

Disarmament or Bankruptcy—By Francis W. Hirst

Yet reason frowns on War's unequal game,
When wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgaged States their grandsires' wreaths regret
From age to age in everlasting debt.
—*Doctor Johnson's The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

AT THE beginning of July, as I was walking down the Strand, my eye caught an advertisement above a tailor's shop. It offered a novel enticement to customers:

"Everyone who buys a suit of clothes here will be presented with a note for 10,000 rubles, worth £1000, say, 4860 dollars before the war."

I was told shortly afterward that a British paper pound—our own money is no longer convertible into gold and is heavily depreciated—would buy 100,000 rubles, so that the tailor's offer of 10,000 rubles was equivalent to no more than two English shillings, and to less than half a dollar in American money.

As I was about to visit California, whence I am now dispatching these lines, and was anxious to paint for my friends on the Pacific Coast a vivid picture of the almost desperate financial condition of most European countries, I determined to buy some specimens of the new paper currencies, and I eventually found at Charing Cross an exchange dealer who was willing to oblige me. I laid out with him the modest sum of ten shillings—less than two dollars—and received in return examples from the most prolific of the paper mints or printing presses. He handed me, for instance, in exchange for sixpence a Polish note for 100 marks which should have been worth nearly 200 sixpences.

Another sixpence procured me a Latvian five-ruble note which should have been worth twenty sixpences, and so on. Those of my readers who are acquainted with the mystery and history of the foreign exchanges will know in detail how the various currencies of the belligerents have been debased, and in how many of them the unit has become practically worthless.

The Smaller Trouble-Makers

THE famous lines at the head of this page, in which Doctor Johnson—following his great Roman model—satirizes the hollowness of military triumphs, are now applicable enough to the victors. Indeed Poland, whose restored independence seemed for a moment to justify the war as a crusade for liberty, is in a far worse plight—if we take paper money as our barometer—than Germany, Bulgaria or even Austria. After the Russian ruble, the Polish mark provides the most startling example of debasement. Its exchange value fell so low a few weeks ago that 8000 Polish marks were demanded in London for one paper pound. Less than a year before—in July, 1920—the Polish mark was quoted at 650 to the paper pound.

This precipitous descent is fully explained by the output of the Polish paper mint, which had to supply the place of deficient taxes or of loans to which no Pole or foreigner would subscribe. Nations, it seems, are as easily intoxicated and ruined by success as individuals. The lust for territorial aggrandizement, once kindled, is not easily quenched. Of the smaller countries none received such favor at Versailles as Poland and Greece. But the more they ate the hungrier they became. Instead of cultivating peace and friendly relations with their neighbors, they have spent all their remaining energy since the peace on war and armaments. They have mortgaged their resources, ruined their credit and debased their currencies in fatuous efforts for expansion.

The aggressive policy of these two governments is largely responsible for the wretched financial and commercial conditions that prevail in the new Baltic States and in the Levant. Their neighbors have been compelled to spend large sums on defensive preparations. Both governments, it is true, received last year, or the year before, military supplies and financial support from Great Britain and France, and we therefore both deserve to share the blame. A young state is not likely to be peaceful if its guardians are bellicose. If the great powers really desire the new states they have created to be permanent they will have to adopt a very different attitude towards them. Great Britain should have said to its protégés, "You must disarm or you will disappear." No state, large or small, can maintain itself on perpetual deficits and perpetual issues of depreciating paper money.

Let me give two illustrations, one from Latvia, the other from Austria. Both came to me from personal friends at first hand just before I left England:

A gentleman, not a Latvian subject, with business in Riga had invested about $50,000 in mortgages before the war. A few months ago, in accordance with a law introduced by the Latvian Government and passed by the Latvian parliament, it was provided that a certain number of Latvian rubles should be the legal equivalent of the prewar Russian rubles, in which of course the prewar debts of traders in Riga had been contracted. In accordance with this law, all the mortgages of my acquaintance were paid off, and he received for his $50,000 Latvian currency worth $140. Being an allied citizen he made complaint, but was told that Latvia was a sovereign state and that nothing could be done to prevent him from being robbed or to compensate him. His case of course is only one among thousands. I quote it to show how the new currencies are operating as gigantic engines of confiscation in regard to private debts.

My second illustration is to show how bankrupt governments continue to pay interest on their debts by means of the paper mint.

Before the war an Austrian professor invested a sum in Austrian crowns in Austrian 4 per cent gold *rentes*—a gilt-edged security—for his son, who received therefrom in annual interest crowns worth eighty English pounds. He is now receiving annually the same number of paper crowns, and when I last heard from him their value or purchasing power was about equal to that of one English paper pound. Even if the English paper pound had the purchasing power of the prewar gold pound, this would mean that only one-eightieth of the investment remains. But our pound has depreciated, and the result is that more than 99 per cent of this Austrian professor's private savings have been confiscated in this instance by the debasement of Austria's paper currency and by the law which makes the depreciated crown a legal payment for debts contracted in gold crowns.

This process of confiscation has affected in various degrees all the European belligerents and most of the neutrals. A French or Belgian franc will now buy about one-third of what a franc would buy before the war; an Italian lira about one-fifth or one-sixth; a German mark perhaps one-twentieth, and so on. Can we wonder that credit has been destroyed, since confidence, which is the basis of financial credit, has been shattered and no one is willing any longer to lend in terms of a legal but depreciating currency?

At the Brussels financial conference, in the autumn of last year, Mr. Henry Bell was appointed by the British Government for the special purpose of examining and reporting upon the disappearance of public and private credit in many parts of Europe, and upon the remedies which should be adopted to restore it and to promote the recovery of trade. Mr. Bell is director and general manager of Lloyds Bank, and of course one of the first authorities in London on all practical problems of banking. He described his experiences last December and gave some of his conclusions to a London audience. I have discussed the subject with him since and have found that the course of events has confirmed his opinion both as to the evil and as to the remedy which should be applied.

Where the Money Went

THE Brussels conference sat for over a fortnight in September and October, 1920. Practically all the important governments—thirty-nine in all—sent expert delegates, who described the financial condition of their respective countries, in some cases very accurately and in most cases with as much candor and veracity as financial muddle and political exigency permitted.

After listening to all the statements and examining the printed budgets which had been submitted Mr. Bell hit upon the idea of comparing the deficit with the expenditure on war and armaments. Unfortunately many of the financial statements were defective, but in most of the cases where figures were available Mr. Bell found that the deficit was wholly or largely accounted for by military expenditure. In France, Belgium, Latvia, Esthonia and New Zealand, for example, the expenditure on armaments exceeded the budget deficit, though in the case of France a vast sum recoverable from Germany was included in the revenue. Mr. Henry Bell's comment on his tabular statement of civil expenditures, armament expenditures and deficits ran as follows:

"Now if you notice that the expenditure of a country upon its judges, its policemen, its education, hospitals and the thousand and one things that go to make up the civil expenditure is so much, and alongside of that is the expenditure on the army and the navy and

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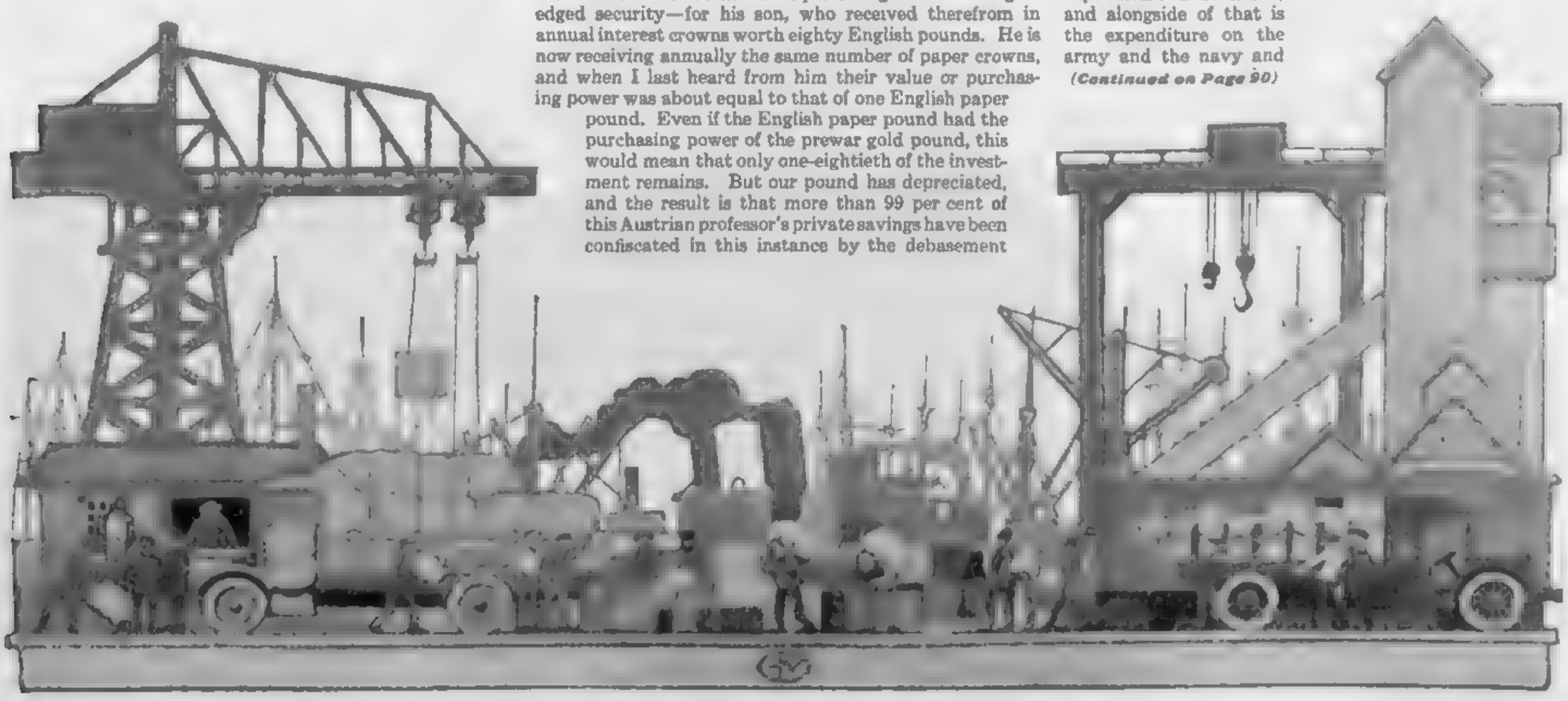


CHOCOLATE GRUDGE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SEMORE MASHBY was busy. His shrivveled frame was hunched over the battered oak desk of his hopelessly musty office. Horizontal lines of worry creased the ebony forehead. The pen scratched laboriously over the once blotless sheet of notepaper. There came a knock at the office door, but Semore did not look up. Then another and more insistent rap. Semore's skinny body wriggled annoyedly beneath shiny, threadbare alpaca coat.

With the third knock he raised his head and barked an uncordial "Come in!"

The door swung back and Florian Slappey entered: a beaming Florian, whose sartorial excellences wrung a rasp of disdain from the dilapidated little man behind the desk.

Florian's tailor had done himself proud. Mr. Slappey's new outfit bespoke that cross-legged gentleman's pride in his art and his utter indifference to money; certainly the man who had supplied the clothes which Florian now flaunted so nobly could never hope to have his bill paid in full. And yet—there must have been solace to the professional outfitter's eye in the picture presented by the slender young negro in pearl gray—gray coat and trousers, an even more gentle shade of gray in the gleamy silk shirt, a mere hint of gray in the flowing scarf. The floppy white Panama hat was banded with gray satin, the belt was gray, the socks were gray and clocked with white, the shoes a perfect match for the hatband. Save for a silvered handle, the cane which he held in a gray-gloved hand was entirely gray.

Florian assumed an insouciance that he did not feel. Yet even with his heroic simulation the characteristic languidness was not there—not even in part. In the eyes of the fashion plate of Birmingham's colored set there gleamed the light of cornered quarry, and the smile that he plastered ingratiatingly upon his not unattractive face was forced.

Nor did his advent appear to inspire any vast surge of enthusiasm in the breast of the attenuated money lender, who glared belligerently at his visitor and snorted an unflattering personal opinion: "It's a ill win' what blowed you in heah, Florian Slappey."

Florian was in a placating mood. "Ain't it the troof, Brother Mashby?"

"An' it's gwine be a good win' what blows you out."

"Ise come to see you ——"

"I ain't got no time to be talkin' foolishment with you, Florian."

"But, Semore ——"

Mr. Mashby rose and stared truculently at his visitor. "Is you come heah to pay me that money which you owes me?"

Florian put out a delicate, restraining hand, indicating that the subject was, to him, exceedingly painful. "Now, Brother Mashby ——"

"You ain't!" spluttered Semore furiously.

"I—I ain't said I ain't."

"You ain't said you is."

"I ain't made no remahks regahdin' said money."

"Well then, I asts you: Is you is or is you ain't?"

Florian sparred for time. The interview had veered into a channel which Mr. Slappey had planned studiously to avoid. "Money ain't due fo' five days yet, Brother Mashby, an' ——"

"Then git out an' come back in five days—with them moneys."

Florian slid a chair ingratiatingly close to the desk, seated himself, and anxiously tendered a cigar, which was camouflaged in silver paper. Semore appeared not to notice the near-Havana olive branch. Florian cleared his throat.

"I craves to make talk with you, Semore."

"You is the on'iest one presint which aims to waste time talkin'."

A very dark and very ragged urchin burst unceremoniously into the room and addressed Semore direct. "Some boys is th'owin' mud on yo' sign downstairs, Mistuh Mashby."

Semore emitted a howl of anger at the renewed annoyances of a gang of small colored boys which recently had been making life a burden to him. Throwing mud on his new sign, were they? Abetted, probably, by dusky passers-by, to whom the name of Semore Mashby was anathema! Semore crackled down the dark stairway in the wake of the youngster.

With a Reluctance Which He Made No Effort to Conceal, the Money Lender Seated Himself at the Desk and Wrote Out a New Note

Florian was left alone in Mr. Mashby's office, and the minute the door closed behind the overwrought, underdeveloped figure the face of Mr. Slappey underwent a violent transformation. Gone instantly was the look of bland friendliness, and in its stead there appeared an expression of intransigent hate. He doubled his well-manicured hands into futile fists and waved them wildly.

"You dawg-gone, lop-eared, knock-kneed, none-thinkin', dollar-squeezin', secon'han' imitation of a bal'-headed buzzard!" he apostrophized bitterly. "You mis'able, shrunk-up, screw-faced, chitlin'-eatin' ol' skinflint! You—you ——" And Florian paused only because anger caused him to become tongue-tied.

Florian knew that his mission was doomed to signal failure. He had been fairly certain of that in advance, and only the desperation of possibly winning with a long shot had brought him to Semore's office; brought him smiling gently, swallowing an almost too large portion of humble pie.

His eyes roved antagonistically about the ill-kept office with its battered files, its rickety furniture, its general air of shabby neglect. And finally, quite unintentionally, they came to rest upon the letter which Semore had been inditing at the time of Florian's entrance. Florian read the letter—not because it interested him, but because it was spread there before his eyes, and because there was nothing else for him to do.

mr Gastric Jackson
genal, delivry
Chatanooga, tenn

ders mr Jackson—speeking of that lot of land which we was speeking about i am writeing to let you know that two thousand (2,000.00) is all wich i am willing to giv you for same cash money. the land aint no good no how an if you dont assept my hearwith offer of two thousand (2,000.00) dolars cash money you aint goin to get no more than that frum ennybody ennywhere or frum me eether so remember that mr Jackson. two thousand (2,000.00) dolars cash money is a heap of money an yor 23 street lot is a rotten lot which you ought to be glad to get two thousand (2,000.00) for it wich i am a sucker to pay you that much. hopeing you let me here from you soon that you will sell me that lot for two thousand (2,000.00) dolars cash i am

It was as yet unsigned. And upon the completion of his casual perusal Florian snorted indignantly.

"Ol' bloodsucker! If that Mistuh Gastric Jackson knowed him like'n to what I does he'd know Semore'd pay fo' thousan' fo' any lot which he offers two thousan' fo' it. Or mo'n that! The ——"

Semore reëntered. The smile of triumph which had come to him with the glorious routing of the mud-heaving boys disappeared pointedly at this renewed sight of Florian. "You heah yit?"

Florian grinned with assumed amiability. "Reckon I soht of looks thataway."

"Huh!"

Silence. But Florian was not to be frozen without a last desperate attempt at financial salvation.

"Semore?"

"Huh?"

"I come to see you ——"

"You ain't tellin' me nothin' new—n'r neither nice."

"—— 'bout a li'l' matter of business."

Semore came to the point with disconcerting abruptness:

"Is you gwine pay me them moneys you owe me—or ain't you?"

"Now, Semore, tha's what I is come to argify 'bout."

"Ain't no argifyin' roun' heah. You pays that note when it's due or you gits yo'se'f in mo' trouble than what you has ever in yo' whole mis'able life got out of."

"But I ain't got no money."

"Says which?"

"Says Ise broke. Absotively an' ontirely busted."

"Then," counseled Semore grimly, "you had better go git you a lawyer."

"Ain't you got no heart?"

"Not no mo'n you is got money."

"But, Brother Mashby — "

"You pays that note. Or I gits the law on you."

A hint of rancor crept into Florian's voice. "You gits all the laws you likes, Semore. But they ain't no law gits that money outen me on account I ain't got on'y fifty dollars."

Semore's eyes glittered. "Lemme see 'em."

Florian exhibited the money. Mr. Mashby extended an eager hand.

"Gimme."

The money disappeared. "Nothin' doin'. I owes you one hund'ed dollars. I pays you fifty if'n you gives me a 'stension on the other fifty fo' two months."

"Ev'y time you opens yo' mouth, Florian, nothin' comes out."

"You gits this fifty or you gits nothin'."

"I gits that fifty an' fifty mo'."

"'Stension on the other fifty fo' two months?"

"Nope."

Florian shrugged. "You is jes' as big a fool as you looks. On account, Semore, if'n you takes this you has got fifty dollars. Does you refuse it you ain't got nothin'—an' you is gwine git the same amount mo'."

Semore reflected soberly. There was more than a little truth in Florian's financial utterances. Finally, with a reluctance which he made no effort to conceal, the money lender seated himself at the desk, wrote out a new note, produced the disputed one for one hundred dollars, and shoved both across the desk toward Florian.

"Sign that new one, Brother Slappey; gimme them fifty dollars an' tear up the ol' one."

Florian did as bidden and then rose.

"Now," said Semore, "git outa heah while I still lets you live."

Mr. Slappey grinned to conceal the resentment that surged within.

"Any time you gits out of a job, Brother Mashby, come to me. I is got a frien' which rents freaks to a side show. You c'n git yo'se'f a presition as The Human Mistake. G'-by, Mistuh Mashby. I hope you happen to a accident!"

Florian's triumph was but momentary and verbal. He descended the darksome stairway and turned south on

Eighteenth Street. The smile that had decorated his chocolate features during the descent of the stairs gradually disappeared as consciousness of his present financial stringency was brought home to him.

The fifty dollars that Mr. Slappey had just paid over to Semore Mashby was the result of a windfall at Cap'n Jackson Ramsay's Pool & Genuine Lottery. Florian had hoped that he might escape from Semore's office with some small portion of that capital yet reposing in his trousers. But he now reflected bitterly that he might have known Semore better than that.

The fact that Florian legitimately owed Semore Mashby one hundred dollars and had forced an unwilling extension of a bad note worried him not at all. Somehow Birmingham's Darktown did not look with any particular favor upon Mr. Mashby. It was open season on Semore at all times.

By profession he was a money lender, and by nature tight fisted. His clients forgot that he helped them out of many severe difficulties by lending money on impossible security. They only knew that they disliked paying their obligations when due, and so Semore's reputation was prominent and unsavory.

It is true that he loved a dollar only a trifle less than his right eye. Time had been when he verged upon social salvation, but that single experience involving woman cured him once and for all of excursions into the realm of romance. Since that catastrophe he had devoted himself with intense zeal to the accumulation of dollars—many dollars—until he was now reputed to be almost the wealthiest negro in Birmingham.

Certainly that acquirement of wealth did not detract from the enthusiasm he exhibited in adding to his fortune. Nor did it add to his popularity among the colored brethren.

And so Florian Slappey drooped languidly down the street, internally ravaged by unreasoning anger against Semore. Impotently he vowed dire vengeance, knowing that his vow was impossible of fulfillment. But at thought of what he might have done with even twenty-five dollars of that fifty—ten dollars—he cursed himself for eight kinds of a fool in visiting Semore's office, yet knew that he would do the same thing again under similar circumstances. Semore had implanted fear in the hearts of his debtors.

A cerise placard, newly posted on a coal-yard fence, attracted Florian's fishy eye. He paused indifferently to read:

COME 11 COME ALL
THE MOST FUN FOR THE LEASTEST MONEY
BLUE LAKE PARK
ONE ENTIRE WHOLE WEEK
JAZZ BROTHERS PEARLESS CARNIVAL COMPANY
BALOON ASSENSIONS DAILY
ALSO OTHER FREE ACTS
ADMISSION—LADIES & GENTS—FREE
TAKE A RIDE IN THE BIG CAPTIVE BALOON!

Florian's lips curled in a disdainful sneer. "How much money they makes fum Bummin'ham cullud folks ridin' in a balloom ain't gwine buy onions fo' a secon'han' hot dawg!"

But even in the throes of adversity Florian could not entirely rid his mind of the pleasing prospect set forth by the flaring poster. It certainly promised well and savored strongly of the unusual. Too, it held forth as an oasis in a desertlike existence; something to relieve the tedium of mere money-harassed living.

Florian investigated in a manner that was strictly Florian's. He invaded sanctums where he knew that information regarding the arrival of the Jazz Brothers Pearless Carnival Company must be on tap and listened indifferently while others talked—as though hearing words that conveyed no news. Then he circulated through Darktown, disseminating the knowledge thus gained and holding tight to his perch as the know-all of his set.

It pleased him vastly to enlighten others regarding the forthcoming festivities; he discoursed learnedly upon the captive balloon which was the *pièce de résistance* of this particular company's concessions.

"You pays a dollar an' you stuffs yo'se'f in a li'l' basket. Basket hitched onto the balloom at one en' an' to the groun' at t'other. You says 'Go' an' the rope gits longer an' the groun' gits further away. You goes up five hund'ed feet. Then they hauls you down ag'in."

"Who hauls you down?"

"The man which owns the balloom."

"How he does so?"

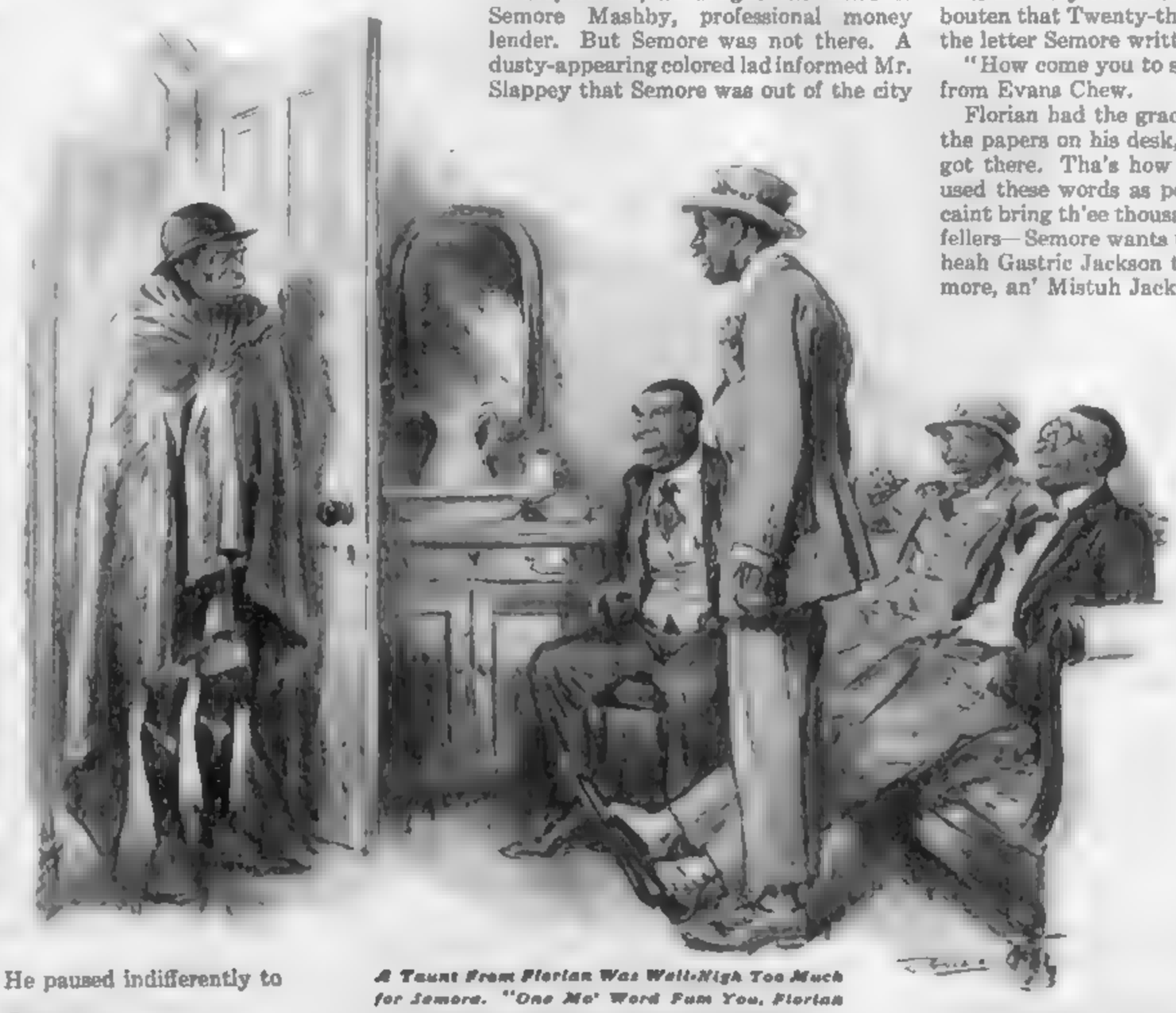
"Got his rope hitched to a windin' thing an' he drives that mule roun' an' roun'. The rounder the mule goes the downer you comes."

"S'posin' ol' mule balks?"

"Ol' mule balks, you stays up."

"Hot dam! No fool ain't gwine pay no dollar fo' that."

Four days later a colored gentleman approached Florian with a proposition to assist in underwriting the Jazz Brothers Pearless Carnival Company, promising a 50 per cent profit. Florian was impressed. The local organization was guaranteeing the company a certain profit and sharing fifty-fifty on the week's proceeds over and above cost of operations. Florian took the matter under advisement and scurried about Birmingham trying to raise fifty dollars. He found nobody who seemed eager to trust him with that amount, not even his optimistic tailor. Finally, in desperation, he sought the office of Semore Mashby, professional money lender. But Semore was not there. A dusty-appearing colored lad informed Mr. Slappey that Semore was out of the city and would not be back for several days. Two days later the underwriting books had closed.



A Taunt From Florian Was Well-Nigh Too Much for Semore. "One Mo' Word Fum You, Florian Slappey—an' You Is Gwine be Sin'e!"

Forlornly Florian passed up this golden opportunity for certain and adequate profit. But his interest in the carnival was effectively aroused. He awaited its arrival with cumulative eagerness.

So, too, did the balance of Birmingham's colored set. The season on the whole had not been overflowing with excitement; even one of the theaters had been closed for repairs. And the novelty of a captive balloon in which any who chose might ride was more than a little intriguing.

But to enjoy fully the delights proffered by a carnival company one requires a plenitude of ready cash. Carnivals are not keen on credit, and none knew this better than the astute—and miserable—Mr. Slappey. Day after day he roamed the streets. Occasionally he garnered a spare nickel or dime and risked it valiantly on a 300 to 1 gig at the Pool & Genuine Lottery. But his gigs remained in the giant glass wheel—or tantalized him by appearing in part, which added no money to the Slappey exchequer.

And so things dragged along until three days before the advent of The Jazz Brothers Pearless Carnival Company. It was then that Florian again visited Semore Mashby in a last despairing and entirely fruitless effort to borrow a trifling sum.

While waiting impatiently in Semore's office Florian made a discovery that started his brain working at top speed. That discovery led to further and careful investigation. And then Florian surreptitiously approached three moneyed men of the colored community. That night he gathered them in the office of Lawyer Evans Chew.

They were seated about the room, all skeptical, but all interested. Lawyer Chew, lolling back in his swivel chair, peering at the others through horn-rimmed glasses, was easily the most important figure. At his right the emaciated form of the fabulously wealthy Julep Conner was hunched in what was intended to be an easy-chair. On the other side of the room was Dr. Brutus Herring, by profession a dentist, and a very successful one. And it was a tribute to the oratorical powers of Florian Slappey that their casual interest was keened and their natural distrust of the irresponsible Florian put at rest.

"And so," finished Florian grandiosely, "we not on'y stan's to make mebbe a thousan' dollars betwix' us, but also we makes that thousan' dollars fum Semore Mashby. An' Ise heah to remin' you folks that they ain't nobody which it is mo' pleasanter to make no money offen than Semore."

Their heads nodded unanimous assent.

"But s'posin'," suggested the canny Julep Conner, "that you is mistook?"

"Huh! Not this time I ain't. On account I seen a letter on Semore's desk fum this heah Gastric Jackson of Chattanooga sayin' that he was comin' down to Bummin'ham Monday to see coul'n't him an' Semore git t'gether bouten that Twenty-thi'd Street lot which I tol' you I seen the letter Semore written to him in the fust place."

"How come you to see Mistuh Jackson's letter?" This from Evans Chew.

Florian had the grace to flush. "I soht of looked over the papers on his desk, him not bein' in the office when I got there. Tha's how come I to fin' the letter. An' he used these words as per follers: 'I don' see why my lot caint bring th'ee thousan' dolars!' Now it's like I tol' you fellers—Semore wants that lot. An' he's done offered this heah Gastric Jackson two thousan' fo' it. We knows Semore, an' Mistuh Jackson don't. An' we knows that if'n Semore offered two thousan' right off like that he'd sho'ly be willin' to pay easy a thousan' dollars mo'. So if'n us fawms a comp'ny an' meets this feller when he comes in fum Chattanooga before he gits to the Cozy Home Hotel, where he is gwine stop at, we c'n buy that lot an' then sell it to Semore at a profit."

"H'm!" commented Chew. "It strikes me as exorbitantly logical but excruciatin'ly hazardous."

"Fumadiddles! We c'n flash twenty-five hund'ed dollars cash under Mistuh Jackson's nose an' he sells us that lot. Then we resells to Semore fo' th'ee thousan', or mebbe thutty-five hund'ed."

"Where," queried Doctor Herring mildly, "does you come in at?"

"Bein' the organizer, I gits 25 pussent of the profits. Tha's fair enough, ain't it?"

"You ain't riskin' nothin'."

"Ise riskin' you-all fellers gittin' sore at me—an' I don' reckon that would be hahdly healthy, would it?"

"Not hahdly," grated Julep Conner, and the look which accompanied his words caused Florian to fidget in momentary uneasiness.

"Where this heah lot is situate, lyin' an' bein'?" inquired the attorney.

"It's that lot nex' to Acey Upshaw's taxicab place on Twen'y-third Street. Good lot on the alley corner—an' Semore mus' have a pow'ful strong reason fo' wantin' it on account he ain't no real-estater."

"The mo' I reflects on this matter," interjected the lawyer, "the mo' impresseder I becomes with the knowledge that this deal stan's ev'y chance of bein' secessful."

"Now you is tootin', Brother Chew."

"Lawyer Chew, if'n you please. Also an' fu'thermo', as I was sayin'—that it requiahs money. Much money. In fac', I might almos' say that money is the one thing it don't requiah nothin' else but."

"'Ceptin my brain which thunk up the plan."

"Yo' brain ain't wuth nothin' 'thout no money, Florian. An' this requiahs a heap of money. In fac', I an' Brother Conner an' Doctor Herrin' would each have to put up mo' than eight hund'ed dollars cash money. If we was to lose ——"

"Caint lose!" snapped Mr. Slappey impatiently. "Even if'n the wust come to the wust you is gwine own the lot by yo'ownse'ves—me not sharin' in nothin' 'ceptin' the profits. An' the lot is wuth easy th'ee thousan' dollars."

"Wrong!" cut in Julep. "Lot ain't wuth mo'n two thousan' dollars less'n somebody wan's it fo' somethin'

special. 'Tain't wuth mo'n fifteen hund'ed. Mebbe less. We is jes' gwine ahaid on the idee that Semore Mashby must want it fo' somethin' pretickeler."

"You tell 'em, brother! You tell 'em!"

"An' if'n he is got him a special need fo' it ——"

"You ain't got to argify bouten that, Brother Conner, on account I asts you, one, an' also all, ain't it a suttinty that if'n he offers right offen the reel two thousan' dollars it mus' be wuth fo' thousan' to him?

"Ain't it, I asts you?"

There was a nodding of heads. "Soun's reasonable."

"It ain't on'y soun's reasomble; it is reasomble! An' I tells you posolutely that he done offered them two thousan'. Which makes it a shuah thing that us sells it to him after we buys it."

"But s'posin' he closes with Mistuh Gastric Jackson befo' we gits a chance at him?"

Florian's face creased into a broad, triumphant grin. "Ise gwine 'ten' to that, gen'lemen. Ise gwine 'ten' to it myownse'f. All what I wan's you to do is to meet Mistuh Jackson when he gits in on that Chattanooga train at th'ee o'clock Monday afternoon. You greets him stylish an' you takes him to the Cozy Home Hotel. Then you waves them cash under his nose; you has the deed all drawed an' you buys the lot. Lawyer Chew c'n see that it's all legal an' strong."

"I mos' assuredly ——"

"Nev' min' yo' mos' 'suredly, Lawyer Chew. We trus's you explicit fo' anythin' which you stan's to make money on it. An' ——"

"But s'posin'," queried the skeptical Julep Conner—"s'posin' Semore Mashby is also at the train to meet Mistuh Jackson?"

"Ain't gwine be," postulated Florian.

"S'posin' he's at the hotel?"

"N'r neither he ain't gwine be there. Not fo' a couple hours after that train gits in."

"Huh! You says words, but they don' mean nothin'."

"They does too. I is got a puffec' scheme all schum out. It's gwine take thutty-five dollars espense money. You gives me thutty-five dollars, leaves all the wuk to me, an' all what you does is to buy the lan' in the names of the fo' of us. Is you gwine do it?"

"What you gwine use them thutty-five dollars fo'?"

"I ain't tellin'. You trus's me—or the deal is off. How 'bout it?"

They dismissed Florian and went into lengthy executive session. A half hour later they called him into the room again and placed seven five-dollar bills in his hand.

"You is got yo'se'f a job, Florian Slappey," stated Doctor Herring significantly. "If'n you slips anywhere jes' 'member that they is a heap of trains leavin' Bummin'ham ev'y day. Fas' trains!"

But even the threat so thinly veiled by the words of the massive dentist did not in the slightest degree dampen the ardor which raged rampant in the Slappey bosom. Florian trod the pavements, gloriously elated with himself, life and the immediate future. In his grasp lay the sweetest revenge which could be vouchsafed any man: He was destined shortly to hit Mr. Mashby where the blow would be most effective, and he knew that Semore would eat dirt before him. In truth, things were looking up for Florian and the world had taken on a warm, roseate hue.

On Sunday morning he met Semore Mashby at the First African M. E. Church, following a two-hour deluge of words from the throat of the Rev'end Plato Tubb. And he couldn't resist the temptation to rub it in a trifle.

"Where you gwine be at t'-morrow, Brother Mashby?"

"At my job," growled Semore. "Which is mo'n what you is."

"What kin' of a job?"

"Ain't no use 'splainin' to no sech trash as what you is, Florian. You don't onerstan' nothin' 'bout no jobs."

"Ain't thinkin' of goin' in the real-'state business, is you, Semore?"

Florian enjoyed the sudden look of discomfiture that flashed in the narrow-set eyes of the little money lender.

"Who said sumthin' 'bout real estate?"

Florian relieved himself of a marvelous bit of humor: "Ise heard lots 'bout it!"

The force of the pun was not lost upon Semore, although he did not share in Florian's hearty laughter. "What you ain't got, Flo'ian, is no brains!"

Sis Callie Flukers swooped down upon Mr. Mashby. Florian effected a strategic retirement. He was still chuckling mirthfully at his own little joke. He made his way to Bud Peagler's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, the pool portion of which was deserted. Seating himself at the counter, he inhaled with exceeding gusto a mammoth order of barbecued pork, garnished with Brunswick stew and assisted in its downward journey by a cup of steaming coffee. The repast was topped off by two slices of crisp, juicy watermelon. Then Florian emerged and stepped aboard a street car. Forty minutes later he alighted at the gates of Blue Lake Park.

The Jazz Brothers Pearless Carnival Company was already very much on hand. The park rang with the sound of crunching saws, pounding hammers and raucous bellowings as the principal thoroughfare became converted into a midway. Polite inquiry eventually brought Florian into the perspiring presence of Johnny Jazz, carnival manager. When Florian left the park a half hour later five dollars of his money reposed in the pocket of Mr. Jazz, and one ticket to each of the many concessions carried by the carnival company rested peacefully in the vest of Mr. Slappey.

But despite the fact that Florian had paid full rates in hard cash for these tickets, each was inscribed in a manner which might have surprised the casual observer of the deal. For in red ink across the face of each ticket was the inscription:

COMPLIMENTARY
GOOD ON MONDAY ONLY
BETWEEN 3 & 5 O'CLOCK
J. JAZZ—PROP.

That night Florian personally mailed a bulky letter in the main post office. Its envelope contained the Jazz imprint. The following morning that letter was delivered to Mr. Semore Mashby. That emaciated colored gentleman impatiently ripped open the envelope, suspecting a subscription request—and the tickets cascaded to the floor. Puzzled, Semore perused a flattering note which informed him that the carnival company was pleased to include him in a list of prominent citizens whose acceptance of special complimentary tickets would be taken by the company as a special favor. It wound up by calling Semore's attention to the fact that there was one ticket to each concession, that they were nontransferable and that they were usable only between the hours of three and five o'clock that afternoon.

Semore was vastly pleased but more than slightly perturbed. He did some quick figuring and realized that in order to use all the tickets he would have to be on the ground by three o'clock and remain there at least one hour. And that conflicted considerably with Semore's business plans.

Semore was very anxious indeed to greet Mr. Gastric Jackson when that gentleman reached Birmingham at 3:10 that afternoon. Did he do that it would be a physical impossibility to use the free tickets. And the virus of the complimentary ticket had seeped into the Mashby blood—just as Florian had anticipated. In fact, there hadn't been a chance for Florian to fail there—the Mashby blood being unusually susceptible to the something-for-nothing germ.

After all, reflected Semore, no one in Birmingham knew of Gastric's intended visit or the reason therefor; and he had written Mr. Jackson that should anything prevent a personal greeting at the railroad station a room was already reserved at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel. Gastric would wait there.

Promptly at three o'clock that afternoon Semore found himself in the center of a chattering, excited crowd which eddied up and down the midway. Here was a negro carnival for negroes only, and it attracted the dusky citizenry of Birmingham as no white-owned carnival could have done. Already more than two thousand determined merry-makers had passed through the gates and Mr. Johnny Jazz sat in his tented office wearing a broad smile above the headlight pin which gleamed from his vermilion tie.

The atmosphere of jollification was irresistible; even Semore lost a tithe of his chronic grouch, and the faint ghost of a smile decorated his lips. He tried two or three of the side shows and was infinitely pleased. And then he approached the greatest concession of them all, the show about which the Johnny Jazz shows were built—the monster captive balloon which swayed gently in the quiet afternoon breeze.

A huge crowd had clustered about the balloon, deeply interested, abnormally loquacious. But there was something sinister in the appearance of the huge gas bag which left the spectators impervious to the hoarse and valiant bellowings of the ballyhoo king. That leather-lunged individual worked as he never labored before in the entire course of his strenuous life—but unavailingly. Somehow the prospect of leaving the earth, even at the end of a rope, made no appeal to the dusky brotherhood.

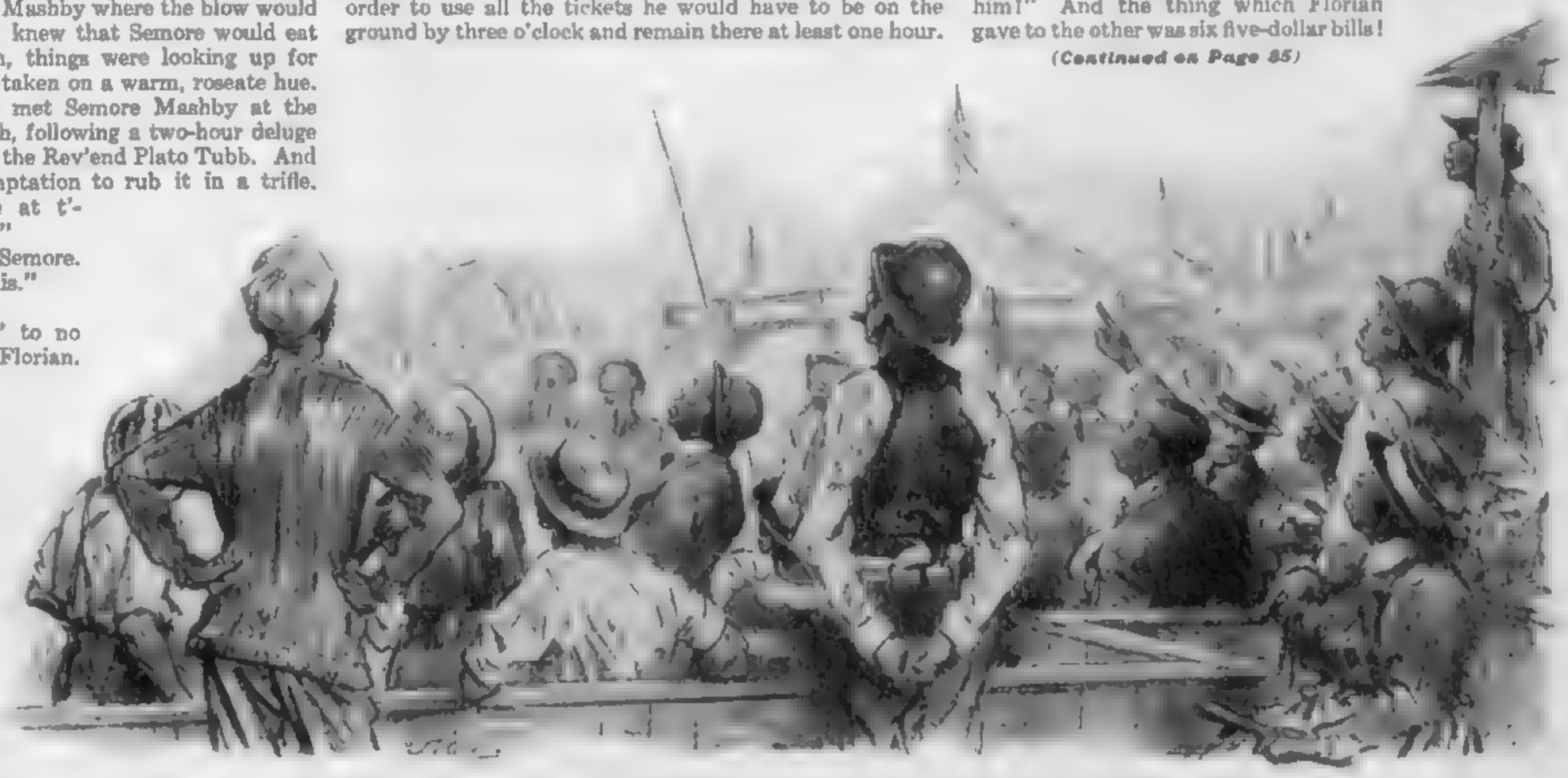
Semore stood on the fringe of the crowd, staring long and disappointedly at the balloon. In his hand he clutched a ticket that entitled him to a free ride in the clouds. He hated to leave that ticket unused—even contemplated trying to exchange it for several tickets to less expensive concessions.

He knew that he could never summon the courage for the drunkenly swaying trip heavenwards. He sighed as he pigeonholed the ticket in his vest pocket; it was a tribute to his innate nerve that he had contemplated, for even a moment, making use of it.

And then he caught sight of a tableau that set his teeth on edge—the picture of Florian Slappey, sartorially elegant, personally ingratiating, chatting on terms of equality with the dignitary who operated the captive balloon. Florian caught Semore's eye and bowed mockingly. Semore sneered. And then Florian said something to the balloon concessionnaire, and something passed from Florian's hand into the fingers of that not unwilling gentleman.

It was fortunate for Semore's peace of mind that he neither heard Florian's words nor saw what passed from Florian to the other. For what Florian said as he pointed out Semore Mashby to the concessionnaire was: "Tha's him!" And the thing which Florian gave to the other was six five-dollar bills!

(Continued on Page 85)



A Wild Bellow of Terror Burst From His Lips. He Hurled the Handkerchief Far Out Into the Void!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1921

To Our Subscribers

IN SPITE of tremendous increases in the cost of paper, wages and every other item that enters into the manufacture of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the price of the weekly was held at five cents the copy all through the war. The subscription price was, however, increased to $2.50 the year, thus eliminating the usual differential between the price of single copies and yearly subscriptions.

Wages are still at the peak of wartime heights, but there has been some decrease in the price of paper, though this is still far above prewar levels. Believing, however, that every move that tends to put business back on a normal basis is of the greatest possible value at this time, we have made the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST $2.00 the year instead of $2.50 the year.

The Thirst for Pleasure

IT IS no light or simple task to determine whether the thirst for pleasure which the Pope referred to last Christmas Eve as one of the five plagues now afflicting humanity is normal or harmless, or represents a fairly advanced stage of social disease which only a major operation can cure. It is easy enough to make out a damning case. King Albert of Belgium was recently quoted as having said in a conversation bearing on current values that the greatest personalities in the world seemed to be Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford. Last summer extraordinary interest was shown in a prize fight, and every summer and fall there is the excitement aroused by world-series baseball and college football, the hysteria of horsehide and pigskin. Dancing is said by many critics to be far too prevalent in its more shocking forms, and the modes of feminine dress come in for widespread disapproval.

Impressive computations are made to show that more is spent on luxuries than for education. When the colleges and universities open their doors in the fall, Gregory Grind, honor man of his class, returns to his alma mater unheralded and unsung; but Donald Bruce, star quarterback and punter, is acclaimed like a conquering Roman emperor. Consumers may strike against high prices, laborers hunt in vain for jobs and business men gnash their teeth at the losses revealed in balance sheets, but long lines of people stand all night to buy tickets at unheard-of prices for the baseball game or boxing match of the moment. But there is grim consolation in the thought that the suddenly swollen incomes of movie stars and the fat purses of pugilistic champions are clear-cut targets for collectors of internal revenue. As the gate receipts mount up so does the admission tax. In the long run tax collectors must go where the money is, and if it shows itself in spending rather than in saving and accumulation, all the rules of logical consistency as well as of equity point to the desirability of raising a larger proportion of taxes on spending and a smaller proportion on income.

Perhaps it is not altogether an evil that the belligerent nations in the late war turned in part to pleasure instead of wholly to mourning and universal gloom. It has been remarked more than once that if the Germans had gone in for sport more they would have gone in less for war. Perhaps the people ought to idolize great poets, artists and scientists; but in lieu of such an idyllic state is it not wiser that movie stars and home-run sluggers should receive the public acclaim than military heroes?

Surely in this age of machinery and the almost universal necessity for work Jack would be more than ever a dull boy if he did not play. Who will say that the captain of industry becomes a less effective administrator because he whoops it up for his or his son's dear old alma mater on the football field, or that it is a pity that the eyes of the rather dull and uninteresting young man who runs an elevator or street car glow with interest and excitement when he asks you for the latest score of the world series?

It is complained that college students have their minds so filled with athletics that everything else is shut out. This almost hysterical overemphasis upon athletics and the worship of movie stars and baseball players may seem wholly meretricious and vulgar. But does not such behavior constitute the only large-scale safety valve in a civilization which has already reached what is possibly a dangerous degree of complexity and mechanization?

"It seems to me that every time I walk down to my lectures and pass the clubhouses of the undergraduates," said a professor of philosophy in one of the great universities, "I see more signs of parties, dances, trips, ball games and other forms of amusement than ever before. But, on the other hand, I have never known such a quickening of intellectual life among the students. Even the sophomores are working splendidly. Many of them are very earnest, but then these things are imponderable."

There's the point. World-series baseball, prize fights and the dancing mania show up clearly and make a big noise in the news of the day. The development of the newspaper, movie, telephone, wireless and aëroplane has served to concentrate and organize public interest in all manner of sports. Earnest individual work is not news for the daily press, and does not lend itself to headlines or even to general conversation. While thousands are clamoring for admission to athletic contests far greater numbers are enrolling themselves in extension and correspondence courses and other newer forms of education. From every part of the country come reports of steady increases in educational enrollments.

There never was a time when so many young people sought education, and the bulk of those who enroll are extension, summer-session and short-course students whose college life carries with it none of the frills of house parties or even football games. The arraignment of modern life for its distortion of values in the direction of an excessive thirst for pleasure is based on insufficient evidence. Of course there are many individuals whose sense of values is lamentable. That is true of every age.

But as for the implication that human nature itself has become warped, the testimony most fortunately is lacking, for if we take a different set of facts there is just as much evidence that men and women are becoming too serious and earnest. Economics, industry, finance, business, history and the utilitarian sciences—these are crowding out other subjects from the universities, and in the lower schools vocational training takes a steadily stronger hold. No theme is more popular in the literature of the day than business success. Probably the human heart has changed but little, and if men and women play more it is to offset the larger hold which work has upon life. Surely no superficial change of dress, manners or customs brought about by a new generation can alter or long obscure the age-old truth that life must be nicely balanced between pleasure and work, and too heavy a weight upon the pleasure side spells emptiness and ashes.

Statistics Versus Facts

IN A RECENT analysis of the iron and steel situation of the world a distinguished British authority states that the world need of iron and ferrous products cannot be covered by the existing plants operating at full capacity. At the same time the steel plants of the world are operating at greatly reduced output, varying in different countries from 40 to 70 per cent of capacity. Stated in similar fashion, the statistical need of the world for cotton is considerably in excess of world production. But some seven million bales of old cotton lie in warehouses in the United States. Illustrations could be easily multiplied.

Statistically the world need is usually estimated by assuming that the consumption of the prewar period is to be projected into the immediate future. If to this one adds allowances for the serious depletions that have occurred as the result of the war the figures for requirement become considerably augmented. For example, owing to the blockade, only partially effective prior to 1917 but very effective after the entrance of the United States into the war, the importation of cotton into the countries of the Central Powers was greatly reduced. Since the armistice the importations of cotton into the countries that composed the previous Central Empires have been much below normal, and these countries exhibit on direct survey a palpable scarcity of cotton goods. If the cotton consumption of the world were to return to the prewar level, plus the repair of depletion, our carry-over and forecast crop of cotton would be exhausted.

A statistical survey of the consumption of the various raw materials during the twenty years prior to the war indicates that in most civilized countries the per capita consumption was gradually, often rapidly, rising. This was an expression of the diversification of industry and elevation of the standard of living. Statistical apprehensions with respect to the sufficiency of the available supplies of raw materials are based upon the assumption that the various countries of the world will resume consumption of the different raw materials at the point on the line interrupted by the war. They assume a corresponding buying power. If these assumptions were granted, the outlook in iron, cotton, silk, rubber, copper and other raw materials would be one of scarcity; the actual outlook is, however, quite different.

Standards of consumption are extraordinarily variable. It is no exaggeration to say that over a considerable period of time most civilized countries can reduce their consumption of a particular raw material a third or a half without serious deprivation. The history of Germany during the war demonstrated this. The food supply can be reduced one-fourth without visible injury for two or three years. Such reduction in consumption means partly diminution of stocks, partly elimination of nonessential uses and employment of various substitutes, and is in part an actual reduction in final consumption. The German housewife who used to possess sixty sheets now has ten. The repair of depletion may occur rapidly, or it may be indefinitely delayed.

Consumption is only secondarily a statistical question; it is primarily a human question. The plane of living to which our immediate ancestors were accustomed would require far less raw materials than are to be estimated according to the statistical curve of per capita consumption before the war. Every saving by the individual or the community results in a lowering of consumption. The orders of the United States Steel Corporation are a far better index of the present consumptive capacity of the country for steel than the curve of steel consumption before the war. Consumptive capacity and purchasing power go hand in hand. Recovery from industrial depression proceeds largely by the method of trial and error. To estimate world business by world need, based upon a hypothetical standard of living, is misleading.

THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

By John Moody

IF THE actions of peoples or governments were always dominated primarily by economic considerations rather than political ones, if reason and common sense rather than impulse and emotion dictated the decisions and policies of nations—the present problems in Europe would be far easier of solution than they now are. But the plotting and scheming of statesmen and politicians, the secret and even the public diplomacy of our times, are based so largely on human prejudice and passions, and to so limited an extent on reason, that only a very rash man indeed would undertake to forecast future developments in Europe with any great confidence.

Enlightened self-interest does not very often determine the decisions of governments or diplomats. If it did, Germany would certainly never have launched the World War in 1914; for if this war had been avoided, or any similar war since that time, it is very easy to demonstrate that by this time Germany would have become a far wealthier and more important nation than she then was. The seven years which have rolled by since 1914 would, perhaps, have developed important political changes in Germany if peace had continued. The Kaiser might have been shorn of some of his power, as the radical and liberal elements in the population were growing stronger year by year. But the financial and business interests were also growing stronger; Germany's foreign trade was steadily encroaching upon that of Great Britain and other nations; her colonies were being slowly but surely developed by German ingenuity and German capital. In short, the economic future of Germany in the beginning of 1914 was brilliant, and if during the few years following that date the German masses had clipped the wings of the Prussian royalist minority and had forced the growth of a more representative government—a tendency which was certainly then developing—no one can estimate the preëminent position the German nation might have been in by this time.

Prejudice vs. Common Sense

BUT common sense often plays a small part in the decisions of governments, especially of those governments where political tradition and prejudice are ingrained in the minds of the people. It is unfortunate for the welfare of humanity that this is so, but nevertheless it is perfectly natural. It is a condition that will always exist in human affairs, and must always be reckoned with. Consequently it was to be expected that when the diplomats of the Allied and Associated nations met in Paris for the framing of the peace treaty they would inevitably produce a hodgepodge document of justice and injustice; a document which in many ways entirely ignored the principles of common sense and would surely prove to be unworkable in many important respects. But the peace council nevertheless succeeded in reaching wise decisions on many important parts of the problem, and in many essentials adhered to sound and logical as well as workable decisions.

Among the sound decisions reached by the peace council were the definite restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France; the granting of self-government to the Poles, Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slovaks; the practical disarmament of Germany and the military occupation of the Rhine border as a guaranty of the carrying out of the terms of the treaty.

When the Germans signed the treaty under protest in 1919, though they violently proclaimed the injustice of it all, they no doubt were also thankful that the terms were not more harsh.. Certainly the thoughtful German did not honestly expect more liberal treatment. He knew well enough what his own terms would have been had his country been the victor. But he clearly realized that, having lost the war, he could not hope to retain Alsace-Lorraine or any part of Poland under any circumstances; that he would be bound to disarm; and that he certainly would be obliged to do everything humanly possible to restore the devastated regions of Belgium and France. In the abstract, therefore, these main points in the treaty were no more than the thoughtful German expected. And when it came to the matter of arriving at the basis for the reparation payments, though the German politicians, financiers and newspapers set up a wild scream of protest, they knew in their hearts that they could expect no lighter treatment; that the terms were based more on a rough principle of justice than on vengeance, and that the whole outside world would expect them to pay. So they accepted what appeared to be the inevitable, and finally decided to make an honest effort to meet every obligation.

A Crippled Debtor

BUT as I have already pointed out, it was hoped and expected by the Germans that their former enemies would promptly realize the necessity of allowing Germany to recover her lost producing power, and to facilitate in every way possible her efforts to restore herself financially. She knew, and she felt that all the world knew, that unless she recovered economically and financially she could never meet the heavy payments she had contracted to make. In brief, she counted on the enlightened self-interest of her creditors, and expected that their primary interest would be to insure to themselves the certainty of the collection of her debt, rather than a permanent crippling of her as a nation.

But in this respect she was inevitably doomed to disappointment. The attitude of the Allies, instead of being of that practical nature which would characterize the attitude of the ordinary creditor toward a crippled debtor with potential assets but no immediate means to pay,

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HERE COMES THE STEAM!

THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

XI

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

BLACK Dan Sprowl's history was in this wise: Four years before, he had come into the Canyon of the Fools singing psalms in a lion's voice, and the canyon had laid hold of him and stripped him to beggary, reducing him until he could count all his bones, in the words of the Psalmist. But he was no longer singing psalms.

The canyon understood its fools, it has to be conceded; and so old Dan and his party had opened out, right in the beginning, a pocket of astounding richness lodged in the stone skirts of the Golden Girl—a hundred thousand in a day.

But this smile of fortune was brief as it was dazzling. They had broken into that glory hole at a distance of only twenty feet from the surface of the ground, and it was literally a pocket, as the term implies. They rifled it and it was empty. The walls of which it was composed were smooth; smooth as the palm of your hand, Old Sprowl said, and not one grain of gold to be seen on them anywhere.

They went crazy mad, and ripped the pocket all to pieces. They bored, drilled, drifted, blasted like madmen. They went above the pocket and sank a deep shaft down to it, and they went below and drove in a tunnel laterally, hoping against hope to pick up that broken vein again.

All no good. Nature had forgotten to leave her latchstring out. The broken end was no thicker through than a man's little finger, maybe, but it might have slid half a mile or ten miles. It might have gone clean under the mountain, snapped off short by some faulting of the earth, as the Fates snip off threads of destiny.

But Old Dan could never forget that it was there. His feeling was like the maternal instinct of the mother for her lost child. Furthermore, it wasn't lost. It was there! Somewhere imbedded in unbetraying country rock, that vein lay waiting to be bled. His own eye had probably rested a thousand times on the very spot—the very spot.

Torments of Tantalus, where was that spot? He could never be satisfied till he had found it. So he planted his hundred thousand in the ground again, according to the usual mining formula of making five talents grow where ten were before and none where five were. He established a huge mining camp, killed and roasted two beeves a week, and fed to two shifts of miners under the foremanship of Terrazas. By Mars, he was going to eclipse Cripple Creek! He would stride back and forth there and dispatch whole mountains with one sweep of his fist. Those captivating hills billowed around him like a sea of gold.

"I'll ventilate 'em!" he roared.

He was entirely wrapped in that vision of clustering millions, and the prospect of more gold crowded out the walls of his heart. The force of these expanding visions is destructive, you may well believe. He put all he had back into the ground, all he had dug up and all he had saved out of a hard life at sea too. And even then, when he was simply hanging on by the skin of his teeth, beggared and broken, he felt richer than ever before in his life. It was there!

The estate began to look like a warrior-ant drift, a decayed rabbit warren. It held as many as a hundred holes, shafts, tunnels, borings. The shafts were full of water and the tunnels were crawling with centipedes and white spiders.

Four Years Spent in That Chasm—the Best Years of Her Life Thrown Away There—Had Not Made an Optimist of Her; and Her Wonderful Love for Her Father Was Something You Can't Put Into Words

The lust for gold had now become, in his own phrase, his rock, his chain and his vulture. He could never make his mind up to tear himself away at a given time, haunted as he was by the harrowing conviction that somewhere at his feet lay buried that elusive profusion of free gold.

Ultimately his widowed daughter, Mrs. Blendon—she that was Azalea Sprowl—took a dislike to Terrazas and whispered in Dan's ear that the general had struck gold and was simply carrying it off under cover of night. Old Sprowl was tortured. A leak! He felt as if the heart's blood was running out of him.

He turned Terrazas out of camp, but he was nearly at the end of his rope by then. Not a grain of gold left in the bank—none of those tumblerfuls so glibly alluded to by Clint—food running low and the claims themselves in danger of being jumped by men who had said all along that Old Sprowl hadn't dug in the right places. There wasn't dynamite enough left to do the assessment work, and only one miner still held faithful to him—Juan by name.

That was the time that Swasey chose to visit the old fellow. He listened to what government experts and others had said about the Canyon of the Fools. He listened to Sprowl's tremulous eulogy of the Golden Girl. I can imagine the old seaman speaking of her with tears in his eyes, and in the voice of a lover not to be disillusioned even by the proved faithlessness of his beloved; and finally Swasey advanced the opinion that what was needed was development.

Old Sprowl was sure of it. He actually believed that there was some quality in the soil thereabouts that only needed breathing on by the lush breath of capital to spring up in golden flowers. Just let a few of these monetary geese be introduced here once, to wander at will, and he would answer for the golden eggs.

Development! The magic of that word had induced the old seaman to sign half the estate away and give Swasey in addition an option to bond the whole of it at his pleasure. Mountains dashed out of his fist by the scratch of a pen; and yet, as Swasey said blithely, the Mississippi still flowed unvexed to the sea.

Clint, of course, was the man sent by Swasey in the interests of development. The moment he laid eyes on that compound he whispered to me that things were at sixes and sevens around those diggings, if he knew anything at all. The trees were dead, the chickens were mangy and the stovepipe had got over at a slant. Beyond the kitchen were three or four tents, one of which had been set apart for May, and beyond these again was a square wooden chamber, pine-sheathed, where the two sisters slept.

The whole thing looked desolate. A weeping willow at the gate would have been a harmonious touch, and I didn't need to hear Azalea's high-pitched, recriminating voice to know that not everybody's temper had stood the strain well. She looked upon us as intruders, as criminally minded men who had slunk out here into this God-forsaken hole with the intention of preying on the remnant of a property belonging to a poor weak woman. She and Clint were at swords' points in no time. She said frankly that his coming here was one more in that series of foxy moves by which Swasey intended in the end to swallow them whole.

That very first night she said "So this is the new fortune hunter!" as soon as she laid eyes on him; and Tawgy confessed to me that he felt as weak as water, then, as much so as if she had leveled a finger at him at a moment when in his heart of hearts he meditated vile treason.

It wasn't long before she was using "fortune hunter" in a new sense, too, and insinuating that Clint was casting sheep's eyes at Aurelia Sprowl, her sister, and that he meant to marry her and get a strangle hold on the estate that way—hog the whole and leave Azalea to come in on a chimney-corner basis.

Can you imagine it? The one hope for that dying venture lay in Clint's energy, and she knew it, and still she wouldn't trust him. Black Dan himself didn't, wholly—none of them except Aurelia, and Aurelia was favorably impressed from the beginning. When Clint was being

(Continued on Page 24)

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THE BEANS THAT ARE SLOW-COOKED AND DIGESTIBLE

(Continued from Page 22)

badgered by the boring looks of the old seaman and the hectoring of his elder daughter, that lucky Swede fell into the way of darting a supplicating look at Aurelia, and I could swear that she returned it. Well, why shouldn't she? Wasn't anything due her for the years she had been chained there like Andromeda to the rock—the precious years of her youth like drops falling one by one out of the perfumed vial of her beauty? I formulated that thought one night for May, and she agreed with a catch in her voice.

"Isn't she beautiful?" she whispered.

We were sitting at the time outside her tent, and glimpsing Aurelia from time to time as she appeared in the door of the kitchen shack. May was the least self-conscious thing in all this world, and I don't think she ever gave her own beauty a thought. I wonder if she even knew how beautiful she was.

It's a fact, though, that bronze-haired Sprowl beauty, with those beautiful fat shoulders and those massive bronzed arms, would have had any artist groping for the camel's hair. She was bronzed every way by those hot suns, but her original underlying fairness I could just glimpse or surmise in the pallid sheen of the underarm when she raised it to set the lamp in its bracket. She must have had a complexion like milk.

I felt convinced that four years spent in that chasm—the best years of her life thrown away there—had not made an optimist of her; but if she was sorry for herself she didn't show it. There wasn't a drop of bitterness in her soul, and her wonderful love for that old seaman, her father, was something you can't put into words.

"You should have seen him before this awful obsession got hold of him," she told us. "He was another man altogether. I think now he has forgotten how to laugh, since mother died, and can only sit there in the sunshine staring at nothing. It breaks my heart, but nothing will wake him out of it but the thought of finding ore. Ore! Wouldn't you think," she cried, raising her voice a little, "that the sight of that specter out there would have sickened him of it? But no, the more reverses he had come upon him the more certain he was that everything would come back to him in good time. 'It's like the tides,' he says: 'the lower they go the higher they will come back.' And such words as that have been fatal to us all."

She knew the mockery of having hope planted in your breast like that flower of the gods that never withers. The specter she referred to was none other than Mr. Sebastian Polhill, who had come into camp in company with Doctor Faggard, his manager. Faggard I recognized as that ghostly looking man who had plucked Terrazas back from dagger play there on that blue veranda. Gad, I can't mention it now but the clank of that artesian well is in my ears again, and the vision of a dark rebellious head tilted towards me, with that shadowy look in the eyes of those that sin and suffer for it.

Faggard called himself a physician, and whenever he came he was closeted with Mrs. Blendon to hear the catalogue of her ailments, leaving his chief, Polhill, sunk down on a box outside with his back to the wall. He didn't move. What was there to move for? His face had been blasted beyond recognition, and the whole head was nothing but a mass of bandages, out of which two dark-blue lenses stared, vacuous and malignant like the eye sockets of a skull. There was no way to approach that miserable being, no chance to slip a whisper of encouragement into that deaf ear, no chance that he would ever voice his wretchedness either, because it was bruited about that his tongue had been torn out by the roots. That was the penalty he had paid for seeking and acquiring the Midas touch.

He was known up and down the canyon by that death's head. He was known at any part of that desert, and people halted and were dumb at sight of him, the one truly successful man in those parts. Yes, he was rich; nobody knew how rich. Those deep sulphates and tellurides in the Black Prince had yielded marvelously rich ore year after year, and showed no signs of exhausting themselves yet.

I was staring at him still when Faggard came out of Mrs. Blendon's chamber and picked me out of the numerous objects that met his eye. He came towards me noiselessly, opened his mouth in that mirthless smile and said in those cultivated tones of his, "The general has married her again."

He didn't give me time for a reply. I stood there numb as if some poisonous reptile had struck and left its deadly fang in my flesh, and I saw him stoop and twitch his

"Take My Advice, Young Man, and Hit the Gila Monster Trail. The Fools are Not All Dead Yet That Live in This Canyon"

employer, Polhill, by the sleeve of his black leather jacket and make off with him.

Had married her again! I felt a sudden menace in the air. I knew well enough that Faggard hadn't dropped out that information just to pass the time of day. He wanted to strike terror into me. He wanted me to take to my heels. But why? What was the subterranean policy involved? I wasn't meddling with Terrazas. I hadn't taken one step to forward my bargain with Maricopa, and I don't think I intended to. It's true, I was haunted all the time by fear of the sheriff's turning up and asking for a report of progress; but dealing in intangibles as I was, I felt sure that I could turn him off. It's curious how people delude themselves into thinking it's an easy matter to pull the wool over the eyes of the law.

May's destiny was all that concerned me now. I doubted whether Jim would ever turn up. He had become one of my pet intangibles. It seemed to me sometimes that I could actually see him stretched out somewhere toes up. His ghost filtered through the walls of my tent in the dead watches of the night and looked down on me with vain, despairing gestures.

He was as slick as ever, immaculate, with his beautiful complexion, his bold, shallow eyes and that long black hair parted in the middle and flowing away each side as smooth as glass. I grinned at him from my pillows and he had to vacate.

Poor old Syd could see the trend of things, and he resented it.

"You had no right to bring that girl here," he told me. "She ought not to be mixed up in this wild business, and Jim wouldn't like it."

Wild? He called this business wild! Hammering six hours a day at the bottom of a fifty-foot shaft, hitting the head of a mushroomed drill with a four-pound hammer—he called that sort of single-jacking wild! Unconventional as the deuce. It hadn't been among his wildest dreams when he set out on that journey in his well-appointed sheep car, and he was unhappy. Dwelling there in the very shadow of the woman who had rejected him—for good and sufficient reason, of course; but he wouldn't understand that—he was eaten out with jealousy, and he wasn't above shooting a little venom even into me.

"Jim?" I said. "The question is, Where is Jim? If he's at liberty and there's a spark of manhood in him, why hasn't he showed up here? Swasey's got our address. May has even had one or two polite letters from him asking her to come back."

Syd said quietly: "You think he is held a prisoner, do you? You say that?" His pale eye held an ominous gleam. "Well, who would have the best motive to keep him away out of the limelight, I wonder, of all of us?"

I saw his point, and I had such a complete contempt for his mental processes that I gave him precisely the jolt he was angling for.

"Why, I would " I said in nasty tones.

"So you think, no doubt," Syd said. And he looked at me with an abhorring scintillation of the eyeball.

"So," I retorted in a towering rage, "you accuse me of putting him out of the way to serve my own romantic purposes, hey?"

"I make no accusations," Syd mumbled, "only I do say you forelaid for this somehow, and you are thrown into much too intimate relations with her here."

"For her own peace of mind, you mean?" I sneered. "Why not let the lady herself be the best judge of that?"

"As far as that goes," Syd said, fairly shaking, "don't think for a minute that if it should happen that Jim didn't put in an appearance your position would be any stronger, because it evidently wouldn't."

He pointed out through the tent flap. I shrugged my shoulders and humped myself over, lighting another cigarette, to conceal that greening of my features that I thought must be visibly taking place. The picture I had got was of May, all aglow, with a lariat looped on her wrist, imitating that Australian's motions with those charming, supple gestures that had power to conjure romance out of thin air.

I felt that premonitory flicker through my blood that bodes no good to the odd party, but I never stirred. That Australian was handsome as a desert god, tall and lean. His eyes were mysterious and pleasantly crinkled at the corners, and an oily bang, black as night, hung over his left temple. He was a skillful puncher, I agree; but more than that, he was a ravisher of women's eyesight—right. I had known in my first glimpse of him that he would be a jeopardizer of my bliss.

May must have seen and felt it too. Right at the first, when I asked her what progress she was making in the art of flinging a grass rope, she pitched me a glowing eulogy of that man's methods and wound up by saying: "He's going to show me how to point a shooting iron too. You know all my experience has been with long-barreled guns." And I said, "That will be delightful."

"Sarcastic!" May flashed at me.

It wasn't sarcasm. It was tearing jealousy—that disease—and the little witch knew it. I could see with half an eye that there was truth in Syd's view that that Australian was going to be formidable in the event of Jim's considerately dying. He had that languid grace and that look of having had a wild past and lived it down and atoned for it in manful fashion that women will go miles to see, and never will forget, once they have seen it, either. His speech was a kind of caressing drawl. It did sicken me, I can't and don't deny it, to see what a stand-in he had got with May already, although I couldn't believe she would be shallow enough to fall for those superficial parlor tricks of his without one little whimper or one cry for help.

I turned away to keep Syd from seeing the light in my eye, and went into the kitchen shack, where Clint and Dan Sprowl were talking gold. That shaggy old adventurer was sitting in a baggy canvas chair and smoking a cigar. Every so often he gripped his beard and raised those spiky eyebrows. He was a hairy old man with cavernous eyes, and a dim flame still burned there, a gambler's light. Tufts of hair stuck out of his ears and nostrils, and he had a habit of tweaking individual hairs out of his nose to punctuate his arguments.

Tawgy was telling him that Swasey had sent him here with a strict injunction to find gold if there was such a thing as gold on the property—stop at nothing. Faith would remove mountains—even a grain of mustard seed for that matter. "I have plenty of faith," he shouted, "to say nothing of dynamite."

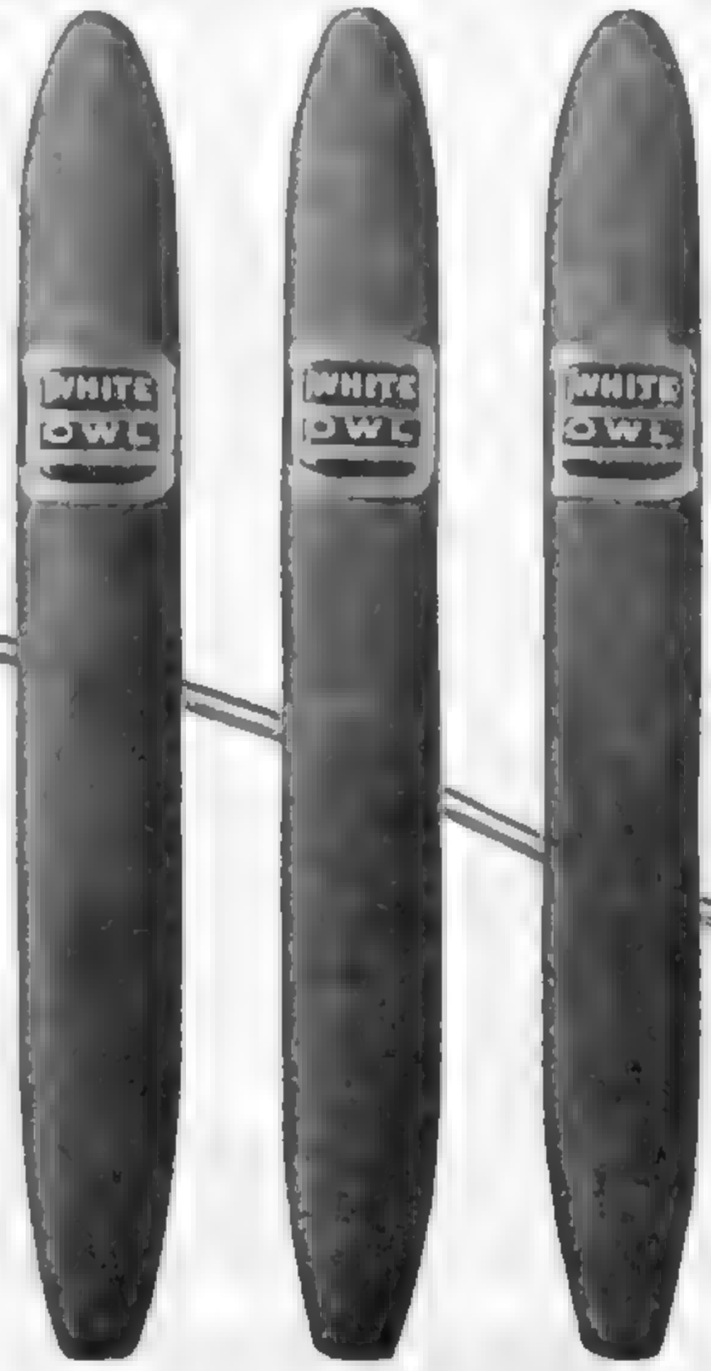
Old King Knute's very words were like liquid gold. They rolled over that flat and poured into the canyon in

(Continued on Page 26)

Have a White Owl

3 for 25¢

9c *for* One
Box of 50: $4.00



An Explanation

about today's Values in Cigars

We sincerely doubt if any 3 for 25c cigar today offers you the downright value which you will find in White Owl.

Let us explain why.

When White Owl gave promise of becoming one of the most popular cigars we deliberately planned to make it *the biggest seller in the country.*

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Result: *White Owl is today the largest-selling cigar in nearly every city of importance in the country.*

General Cigar Co., Inc.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 24)

a cataract. From time to time he looked worshipfully at Aurelia Sprowl, and she favored him with one of her deep, indulgent smiles. He muttered to me once, when he saw a chance, that she was one woman in a million, and then right away he was back at his job of stunning poor old Sprowl with great clods of optimism.

"These are very old mountains, as I look at them," he said; "worn away by the action of glaciers or something—I won't go into the geology of it, that would only confuse you; but the gold is not over a hundred feet down at most. Why, Mr. Sprowl, I am as sure of striking ore here as I am that this stone will fall to the ground!"

He dropped a prune stone out of his hand, and it's a fact, it did actually fall to the ground. There's no getting away from that. It did duplicate the performance of Sir Isaac Newton's apple, and on that short notice too.

Old Dan took fire, just as if complete proofs had been brought in, and said in a quaking voice: "I've always said it, and I stand by my guns. There's a dollar here."

"A dollar?" yells old King Knute. "Mr. Sprowl, there's millions—millions!"

"You can't tell me anything!" Dan roared. He creaked and swayed in his chair, and snapped his thumb joints and tweaked a hair out of his nose. "I know what I've got jest as well as I want to. Where I made my mistake, I put down too many holes instead of going on down in one hole. I went gophering."

"It's one of the greatest gold propositions in the world, bar none," Clint said; and do you know, poor old Dan was checked. He began to get calmer and feel the cool hand of right reason on his brow. Optimists soon burn each other out.

"I don't know that I would go that far," he said. "Of course, it's a comfortable thing."

Tawgy wouldn't listen to words as mild as that. He pounded the table and yodeled: "You take the Golden Girl alone! I have given her a careful going over, and I say the main body of the ore is lower—much lower." He paused for breath, and added mysteriously: "A fault has occurred. The vein is broken, slid off or got turned under. But it's there, and it's got to be found."

That unlucky old seaman had lost every cent he had in the world to the tune of those same words, and now he repeated, "Yes, certainly."

"The point is," said Clint, "we have got to go—on—down. It's all in those three words."

He held up three fingers.

"Yes, that's it. Go—on—down!" roared Sprowl. "I realize it now. That's what the government expert said."

"He did?"

"Yes, or as good as said so. He said it wasn't on the surface, that was certain."

There was a little cold water for Tawgy, but his face didn't lose any of its radiance.

"Of course it isn't on the surface," he said boisterously. "Nothing of any importance ever is on the surface. Look at the Black Prince! Look at Cripple Creek! Not so much as a thread of gold at two hundred and fifty feet! Not a glimmer! But those men went on down—a thousand feet, fifteen hundred feet, two thousand feet—and there it was, by jingo, like Solomon in his glory."

He got hung up there, because Aurelia had come round back of the old fellow with a bottle of amber-colored fluid in her hands.

"Go right on," Old Sprowl said. "My arms get a little numb towards night, and Aury soothes 'em down in rattlesnake oil. She's got the strength of a man in her fingers."

The old man sighed and lifted his eyes. They rested on a crude oil painting, from which he had never parted, of a full-rigged ship in the bloom of the northeast trades, her bluff bow creaming seas of peacock blue. A moon made out of a piece of mother-of-pearl was sailing high in that romantic heaven and shedding such a blaze of white light that the ship's running lights of red and green were mere sparks.

"She was a good ship," he muttered. "I mind coming aboard and yelling 'Settle away!' to that first crew, and the supercargo coming down to us and saying 'Gentlemen, the sun is over the foreyard,' and opening the sextant boxes. Always the gentleman, Mr. Trufant. A far cry from that to this, Mr. Clint. There's no seamanship here."

Clint had spread out the blue prints and was poring over them; but he couldn't concentrate, and his talk got aimless as the devil. He was fascinated by the calm vigor that big girl displayed in kneading the old man's arm. Her cheek began to glow scarlet with exertion. A strand of hair touched her cheek. She blew it away. To do that she had to pout her lips, and that pout melted in a smile that passed right through Tawgy's pores and hooked his heart.

XII

THIS love affair of Clint's I did nothing just at first to forward. His affairs were mixed enough without his taking on that added contract. He was great-hearted enough for anything, and I idolized him. My status as partner was only a genial whim of his, but I spent my days wrestling with the problem of how to justify myself to him as such. I worked through those blazing yellow days like a fiend, and at night came home breathing optimism. I got thin and corded on that vegetable diet—muscular too.

"You really are going to have a respectable physique one of these days," May told me quietly one night when I was washing up. "Those deltoids are not to be sneezed at right now."

"I'll be quite a little prodigy when I grow up, I suppose," I gritted, my head plunged in the basin. I came out glittering, and flung at her: "I never did suppose there would be any fluttering in the dovecotes over my physical appearance."

"Didn't you?" May said. "Then you're the first man born of woman to be so modest."

Nasty little cross-grained imps were jumping all through our conversation those days, and I can't account for it. Every waking thought I had was directed to that girl. I wouldn't have hurt her for worlds, and yet I couldn't bring myself to be decent to her except by fits and starts. I suppose the supernormal state of our relations would account for that. It certainly took all the resolution our youthful spirits could muster up to preserve the status quo. I felt in those days, too, the full force of that Latin motto May got Syd to translate for her one night after she had washed the dishes and sent Aurelia for a walk with Tawgy.

"I copied it from that plaque over Mr. Swasey's desk," she said, "while I was working for him. *Fata volentem ducunt, nolentem trahunt.* Translate it, Syd."

"The Fates lead the willing and drag the unwilling," Syd said promptly.

"Really? And I studied Latin, too, only four short years ago! Isn't it fierce how it goes *from* one? Well, there never was a truer word," she sighed.

Syd and I were stuck for repartee, and Syd got up and dusted off his knees and walked away. My society fell on him like a blight, and I judge he had begun to get up his case against me already. I suppose I ought to have thrust him neck and crop out of camp, but I didn't do it. I had too great contempt for him.

"Sweet character!" I breathed.

"He's more to be pitied than anything," May said. "He never had the proper bringing up. He was an only child, and his mother just worshiped him and waited on him by inches. Poor Syd, he really feels neglected! You mustn't forget that he isn't adapted to life in the open as you are."

"He certainly does appreciate what I'm doing for him, I'll say that," I countered. "It's touching, the veneration that man has for me."

"Why must you always rub him the wrong way then? He was telling me how you boarded his sheep car," May went on idly, "and I thought I would shriek in his face. You're the limit! But it was awfully funny, wasn't it? I suppose you really have nerve enough for anything. Tell me, did you actually mean to follow me at that time?"

"What time?"

"You know."

"To the world's end!" I averred, and May said simply: "Slush! Well, here we are, my hearty."

She rolled over in the canvas chair and tilted up that pretty shoulder against me. Still I fancied she was pleasurably stirred, and there was even a kind of challenge in her last utterance, or would have been for a man differently constituted. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that the sympathies of any well-grounded woman would be enlisted to reflect that she could draw a live man halfway across a continent by just the intimation in one vagrant kiss?

"I don't suppose you ever gave Syd a serious thought," I dropped out, and May said archly: "Didn't I, though? I thought at one time—of course that was before I went to Chicago—that Syd was the most beautiful thing that ever was. But then he did get on my nerves, and finally his goodness simply appalled me, and I told him I felt like a black sheep when I was with him."

"He couldn't understand the game of copenhagen," I ventured slyly.

"Did he tell you that?" May said, rounding on me and her jaw dropping. "Oh-h, I don't care! For once my conscience is clear."

"For once," I repeated dismally, and May didn't follow up with any protective qualifications, either. She just went on.

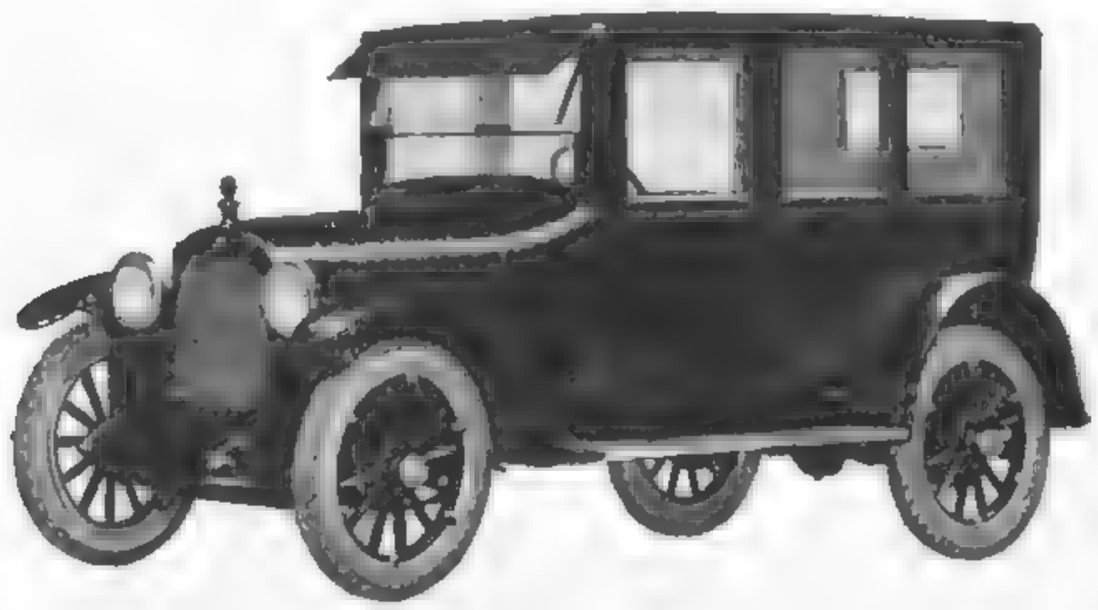
"Well, you can imagine. I knew then I wasn't the girl for him. I couldn't abide the notion of being tucked under any man's wing the way he wanted, not the best man that ever lived. I told him I had to have excitement just the same as air, and he couldn't give it to me."

"Jim was one that could follow through with that stuff then," I murmured, and to my intense delight she made use of the past tense too.

(Continued on Page 38)

Cowlitz Chimneys From the Frying Pan Trail in the Northwest Part of Rainier National Park

Hupmobile



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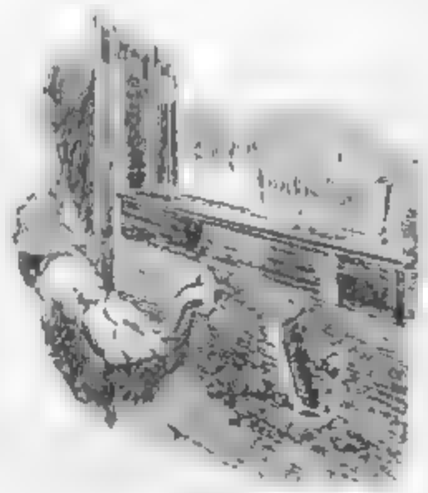


CIRCUS HORSES

By L. B. YATES

JUST because I happened to know an old circus horse called Rabbit the boss of the horses let down the bars to his inner self and talked to me.

Circus people as a rule are averse to confiding in outsiders—by which I mean, telling them anything about the more intimate things which are only spoken of in the sacred circle of the white-top family. You can, of course, go out and write about a show and chronicle your impressions of what they say and what they do; but unless they recognize you as one who belongs you never get what people are pleased to call inside stuff.

So, as I said before, old Rabbit proved a letter of introduction for me. You see, Rabbit has manufactured some circus history. He is the only one of many thousands that is credited with a comeback. Now if you have time I'll tell you something about the history of this old trouper.

Away back more years than I care to count at this stage of the game Rabbit was a sleek black beauty with a white stripe down his face and a white stocking extending about halfway up his nigh hind pastern. He had kindly eyes and an appetite for sugar. Outside of that, and from a professional standpoint, he was a natural-born comedian.

When I first saw him he was lying in the middle of a narrow street, crossways of the car track, blocking a circus parade and nearly all traffic to the right and to the left of him. In the buggy to which he was attached sat a stout countrified old lady with a poke bonnet and a print gown. She was tugging violently at the reins and beseeching Rabbit to arise. Policemen were hurrying to the rescue and citizens of the Happy Hooligan let-me-help-you type were making wild-eyed suggestions while they stood at a respectful distance. Oblivious to all these things, however, Rabbit had closed his eyes and apparently was indulging in a siesta. All efforts to make him move failed. A fat policeman made a dive for the call box and rang for the reserves. In a few minutes the clang of the wagon announced their advent. Blue-coated men rushed toward the scene with drawn clubs, and just when they were talking about sending for a derrick and lifting the equine obstructionist bodily a clown came along, made a few mystic motions in the air and Rabbit scrambled to his feet and joined the parade.

Now perhaps from the outsiders' viewpoint this was a foolish stunt. But while Rabbit was so, lying prone, a close observer might have noticed several bright young men mingling with the crowd and selling tickets for the afternoon show.

Another time when we were playing day and date with a rival circus in Texas and they were parading gayly down the main stem of the town we planted Rabbit at the intersection of two narrow streets and when the opposition parade had about half passed he got tired and lay down, cutting off the rest of their street spectacle and doing yeoman service, because by the time he deigned to move again the front section of the parade was over at the other end of the town and folks were saying to each other that it wasn't much of a show after all, but a dinky little fly-by-night affair masquerading under the name of circus.

Old Rabbit Comes Back

I GUESS in this connection old Rabbit has a good deal to answer for, but the most remarkable thing about him was his comeback. You see, he had been with the circus a great many years, and one winter when the boss hostler was looking the stock over with a view to weeding out those that had outlived their circus usefulness he came to the stall where Rabbit was standing.

Now the boss hostler of a circus is supposed to be the very last word when diagnosing the possibilities of a horse. Theory may be all right, but when it comes to equine equitation experience is the only college from which past masters graduate.

So, as I was saying, the big noise of the stable came along, looked Rabbit over with the keen eye of appraisal, noticed that he was beginning to be a little shaky about the knees and carried upon his person other evidences of time's frosty fingers, so he grabbed his blue pencil and ran it through Rabbit's name where it appeared on the roster.

"He won't never last the season out," vouchsafed that authority, addressing the little man who was called Guv'nor by the show. "I guess we'd better get rid of him. Look at his props. He's studyin' for the ministry now."

So Rabbit, with several other derelicts, was sent down to the auction to be sold for what he would bring. A farmer who lived in the neighborhood paid fifty dollars and became the owner of this intelligent but ancient animal.

I thought that was the last of Rabbit and that he would end his days peacefully between the shafts of a truck gardener's wagon; but when spring came around I happened to be down in California, and as a circus was advertised, I visited the performance. This was opened with what they used to call gathering the garlands. A troupe of some twenty black horses, with gayly attired riders, came thundering in, and galloping madly around the hippodrome track executed some graceful and intricate evolutions. Their leader was a fiery coal-black steed with a white stripe down his face and a white stocking behind. He apparently had all the vigor and vivacity of a two-year-old, and when occasion presented itself I sidled over to the equestrian director and spoke my little piece.

"Sir," said I, "there is something singularly familiar to me about that black horse that led the garland entry. I can't help thinking that I have seen him somewhere before."

"Most folks have seen that black horse before somewheres," responded the boss of the performance. "I guess he's been everywhere. That's old Rabbit. Perhaps you've heard of him. He's the original Colonel Comeback—eh, what?"

Later I discovered that a traveling showman had seen Rabbit before the farmer had set him to work, and not then knowing his previous condition of servitude had purchased him.

Even at this time of writing Rabbit is going gayly up and down the country, still one of the aggregation which my friend Colonel Ed Norwood would describe as "peerless, prancing pearls of Araby, tracing their pedigrees back to the pyramids." Which goes to show that when the colonel grabs his trusty pen in one hand and a pad of paper in the other words of one, two, four or even forty syllables have no terrors for him.

What the Public Will Have

BUT let us return, as they say; let us retrace our steps to the point of beginning. Because, after all, what's the use of breaking up a perfectly good story retailing anecdotes about old Rabbit? I really started in to tell you that when I met the boss of the ring stock he was walking up and down behind the horse tent supervising the activities of a small army of men and boys who, with buckets of lukewarm water, soap and sponges, were washing off a score or more of white and spotted horses that were lined up on the sunny side of the wagons.

It was Monday morning and the show was billed for a week's stand. The ring stock had just been taken off the cars after a long Sunday's run, and the milk-white steeds and the "Arabian" spotted horses such as Colonel Norwood loves to rave about in all kinds of printed literature were both droopy and travel-stained. The boss viewed his charges for a while and then cast an eye upward at the weather. The sun was shining, but still there was the tang of raw winter winds in the air. The big man grunted as he watched the steam rising in clouds from the animals' wet bodies.

"It's takin' a chance to wash a horse this kind of weather," he vouchsafed argumentatively. "Now I'll leave it to you—ain't it takin' a chance?"

We did agree; but if we didn't it was neither time nor place for argument; so we waited for the rest of it.

"I says to the Old Man last winter," he volunteered, "'Now,' says I, 'wouldn't it be a good idea if you was to ditch them white babies an' carry somethin' which didn't need such a outlay in the way of soap?'

"'Uh-huh,' says the boss.

"'Yes,' says I, thinkin' I had made a ten-strike, 'we would get away with a lot of it if we didn't have to take up the time of the whole outfit carryin' hot water an' runnin' to the commissary for soap. A white horse,' says I, 'is like a white shirt—it's fine when it first comes out of the laundry, but once she goes to the fritz it can knock a man harder than a mother-in-law.'

"'Ah,' says the Old Man, 'but they do look pretty when they're washed up!'

"'An' as for the whole passel of ponies that we are carryin' now,' says I, 'we could leave half of 'em at home in winter quarters. They ain't no good fer nothin' except the flash down the main drag. How'd it be just to divide 'em by two?' says I.

"'All right,' says the Old Man kind of quietlike. 'It'd be all right from the standpoint of the treasurer, who wouldn't have to pay out a whole lot of money for soap or hay or oats. The only thing against your scheme is that we are runnin' a circus, an' accordin' to my notion, that kind of an attraction is made up of white horses an' spotted ponies an' clowns an' elephants an' ladies in pink tights an' a steam calliope. I suppose a feller could get along without any of 'em, only it wouldn't be a circus. The public,' says he, 'has got a passel of fool ideas on that point, but they're firmly fixed an' I ain't a-goin' to start a argument with 'em.'"

"Your idea didn't seem to take very well," I added.

"I should say it didn't," responded the boss. "Why, do you know, before we left winter quarters the Old Man bought eight new ones from a guy down in Missouri, an' he had to take that heavy mare standin' in the corner along of 'em. Now come here an' let me show you that mare. She's just a leetle touched in her wind, but it's a long way from her heart and shouldn't bother her none. We use her now in the Wild West line-up.

"Say, there's a feller out in Wyomin' that wants to breed spotted horses. I can sell her to him when we get out there. He told me last year that if I had anythin' that I wanted to turn loose in that line when I come again he would have two or three hundred dollars waitin' for me. She's just the kind for a man that has a farm an' a good place to keep her."

"What becomes of all the spotted horses?" I interrogated, breaking in upon what promised to be a lengthy dissertation. "I remember a few years ago you had four or five tandem teams. I didn't notice them this morning."

The big man looked at me with a pitying eye. I knew before he answered that I had slipped a cog and made my ignorance manifest.

"You might's well ask me what become of the last deep snow," he returned slowly if somewhat patronizingly.

"Yes?"

"Yes, the spots on a white horse are just like that. When he's young they're sprinkled all over him. Every year he loses some of 'em, an' they grow fainter. As a rule you don't notice that they are disappearin' until he's seven or eight years old, an' then every time he coats in the spring you find he's got less spots, an' what he has got are fainter in color. By the time he's ten or twelve they've almost all disappeared. You've just got a plain white horse.

"Perhaps that chap out in Wyomin' will be successful in tryin' to breed spotted horses, but I don't have much faith in it. They're just freaks. We buy 'em wherever we come across 'em. You find 'em North, South, East or West—no particular locality."

And that gets us to the genesis of the circus horse. From time immemorial it has been the custom to call the spotted horse of the circus an A-rab. I suppose in the early days some circus impresario with a vivid imagination said that they were all imported from the stud of the sultan, or came direct from the camp of the Bedouin.

A Slur on Little Sunday

SO FAR as I know, there is not a single drop of Arab blood coursing in the veins of any circus horse, any more than that possessed by the ordinary breeds one meets in light draft or saddle service. The genuine Arab is never spotted; at least I never heard of one so colored. He is usually gray, but sometimes we find bays or chestnuts—not often blacks.

Of course, as the gray horse advances in age he grows white; but by looking at his muzzle you can easily see that he was not a white horse in the first place, because if he had been it would be flesh colored. It always remains gray. I don't think I ever saw a pure-bred Arab with a circus.

It has been said that it takes all kinds of men to make a world, although when you come to think of it there isn't so much in that ancient bromide, because if they were all good men we could very well do without the other kind. But it's different with a circus, because here you can truly say that it is by reason of his infinite variety that the horse plays such an important part in the make-up of a big tent show.

Starting with the heavy draft horses weighing perhaps close to a ton, you run the gamut until you get down to the very tiniest pony, which you sometimes see set up in a cage and billed as the very smallest horse in the world.

Digressing a little, I might say that unless your show boasts of the very tiniest of equines you haven't got a circus at all. I never met up with a show that didn't advertise the smallest horse in the world, and I never heard showmen raise the question as to which of them really possessed this wonderful midget.

I remember one time when we had Little Sunday, who was such a tiny mite that I brought another showman to see him.

"There," said I with considerable pride and emphasis—"there's the smallest pony that ever lived."

My friend regarded me a moment with a pitying smile.

"I hate to kick a hole in your illusion," he vouchsafed, "but I gotta tell the truth. He's a giant alongside a pony I got over on my show."

If you go into the horse tent you will find citizens of almost every country in the world. Standing beside the

(Continued on Page 30)

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

Oct. 1, 1921, to Jan. 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights"
By Rita Weiman, directed by
John S. Robertson

Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks"
By Peter B. Kyne

George Melford's
"The Great Impersonation"
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Cast includes
James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Experience"
With Richard Barthelmess as "Youth"
By George Hobart

William DeMille's "After the Show"
By Rita Weiman; cast includes
Jack Holt, Lila Lee and Charles Ogle

Ethel Clayton in William D. Taylor's
Production "Beyond"
By Henry Arthur Jones.

William S. Hart in
"Three Word Brand"
A William S. Hart Production.

George Loane Tucker's
"Ladies Must Live"
With Betty Compson
By Alice Duer Miller

"The Bonnie Brier Bush"
By Ian MacLaren
A Donald Crisp Production

George Melford's Production
"The Sheik"
With Agnes Ayres and
Rudolph Valentino
From the novel by
Edith M. Hull.

Jack Holt in "The Call of the North"
Adapted from "Conjuror's House"
By Stewart Edward White

Thomas Meighan
"A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and
the novel "Enchanted Hearts"
By Darragh Aldrich

Ethel Clayton in
"Exit—the Vamp"
By Clara Beranger

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson
and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything!"
By Lorna Moon.

Gloria Swanson in
"Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
By Alice and Claude Askew

A William DeMille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
With Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore
Roberts and Helen Ferguson
From the novel and play by Zona Gale.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

"Come on Dad-here's your hat!"

The boys know how to arrange a pleasant evening.

So do the girls. These young folks can teach their parents how well Paramount Pictures stand.

Arrange a family party tonight.

Check up which theatre has a Paramount Picture and go.

Any theatre that shows Paramount Pictures has the best entertainers in the world working for it.

Let the whole organization of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation provide your show tonight.

That's by far the biggest and most successful company in the motion picture industry, and it's the company responsible for every Paramount Picture.

There's no need to tell you what it means when 11,200 theatres show a certain brand of photoplay right along.

No need to tell you that nothing but bully times for audiences all the time, everywhere, would produce such regular enthusiastic support.

It's the sound old story of you and everybody else knowing what you want and going after it *by name*—Paramount.

A doubly interesting story now, too, because there are more great Paramount Pictures due this Fall and Winter than ever before.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Jim Henry's Column

I Hate Formality

An art or idea or habit which becomes formal ceases to be vital. Formality is a pause in the march of progress. When inspirations petrify into a credo, it's time for a new shot of inspiration.

But it's no use to continue these abstract observations with that illustration at the foot of my column staring you in the face. What I am driving at, of course, is the tragic mistake so many men have made in assuming that science could not improve on the soap which made beards popular in past generations.

I suppose the trouble is that most men shave in private and it doesn't embarrass them to employ old-fashioned methods. You don't find many of us traveling men using anything but Mennen's in Pullman dressing rooms.

Now, here are the conditions as I see them. You selected the best soap you could find when you started shaving, and took it for granted that a certain amount of suffering was unavoidable. After a while you even felt a sort of saddened pride in the way your beard refused to be softened by the soap. "My beard is like steel wire," you would explain. Or else you blamed it on the razor.

And all the time, here am I in the offing roaring ceaselessly to the effect that Mennen's is infinitely superior to old-fashioned soap. Evidently, you don't believe me. And yet any druggist will tell you that I am getting away with it. A lot of your friends use Mennen's and seem to like it. Isn't the weight of the evidence in my favor? Isn't Mennen's worthy of a trial? My demonstrator tube costs only 10 cents by mail. It may introduce you to the wonderful and unbelievable experience of a bland, painless, enjoyable shave. Be progressive and send for it.

and afterward—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 28)

rosin-back, which is the professional name for the milk-white steed the beautiful lady in the pink tights rides in the center ring, will be a pilgrim from Belgium or a trick horse that first saw the light of day in sunny France. Almost every nationality under the sun, so far as the horses are concerned, is represented in the activities of a big circus, because many of them are simply useful for their own special stunts.

The manège—or high-school horses—represents a type classed by outsiders as saddle horses. The bareback is usually of a gray Percheron type and ranges in weight from thirteen hundred to sixteen hundred pounds. Of necessity they must carry beef, because a flat broad back is one of the essentials to the première equestrienne as she pirouettes and somersaults in her act.

Then you must have thoroughbreds for the hippodrome races. Perhaps you think it is easy to drive a chariot team around a ring full of ruts and all the flotsam and jetsam of the average lot, and perhaps you also have an idea that it isn't a dangerous stunt. Well, I am here to tell you that riding or driving in the hippodrome races has 90 per cent of the other spectacular feats backed off the map. If you don't believe it try it once. It's a good deal like taking a parachute jump—your heart hits you in the chin when you cut loose. Very few come back for a second helping.

"How did I get this troupe together?" queried Adolph Hess, the famous European trainer, when he was asked regarding the thirty-six-horse troupe he had recently brought over from Hungary.

"It is hard to answer that question, because I got them everywhere. Let us say the circus I was with was playing some town in Italy. Some man comes to me and says, 'Hess, I know good gray horse.' All right—I go look at him. Ten, twelve, twenty, forty miles out in the country. When I get there I see right away he won't do. He is nothing. I have my trip, spend my money for nothing. Perhaps that happens twenty times before I get a horse. There are very few real horsemen in the world, you know."

Picking the Right Horse

"Well, let us say I find a horse. He has the size and color, perhaps, but he must have more. Then I look at his legs, his head, his eyes, the last being most important. You see, if a horse does not have good legs it is useless to train him, because he will not stand up under it. Educating a horse brings out any shortcomings he may have so far as bodily infirmities are concerned. If you start with one that has weak hocks, let us say, you may get him half trained only to find that he has developed spavins or curbs, and then he goes lame of course and is useless.

"His body must not be too heavy for his legs; but for all that, he must be strong, close coupled and muscular. My horses, as you will see, are all small—not over fourteen hands and two inches high. Still they are strong and active. A heavy horse, even if you do educate him, cannot last long. He wears himself out with his weight.

"Well, now let us suppose that the horse you are shown has good body and legs. That is all right, but it is not sufficient by any means. He must have a head and an eye. His head must denote intelligence, courage and docility; and you will know these almost the moment you look at a horse, because you will see his fine broad flat forehead and the graceful lines of his head. Then if you get with that conformation a full kindly eye you at least have material to go to work on.

"But I would not go so far as to say that a good intelligent head, a fine expressive eye, backed by good body and leg, are an assurance that your prospective pupil will eventually become a star. There are what you might call equine defectives, just as you find the same condition prevailing among humans. They look normal, act in the conventional way; but when you come to put them to the test you find something lacking, and no man knows just exactly how a new purchase will develop until he finds out by an actual test.

"Whenever I find a horse I like, and if it is possible, I try to get his owner to leave him with me two or three days before the purchase price is paid or the deal consummated. I can form a fair idea then of just how he will turn out; but one could not say that a test of this kind would be absolute. Some horses are quicker to learn than others. They are just like human individuals would be. So even in that respect there is no set rule. I might make a horse absolutely perfect in a year, and I might not succeed in training him to the point where he could be exhibited in public in ten. But I have one rule absolute, and that is that if after working a horse twice a day for a month he does not show any evidence of progress I immediately get rid of him. I don't care how beautiful he is or how much he cost me, I dispose of him to the first man who offers anything in reason for him.

"You will say that this business is a good deal like gambling. Well, it is. If it were not for that the country would be full of trained horses, or perhaps it would be better to say half-trained troupes educated by men with very little understanding of the game. But the risk involved in my profession debars the average trainer from taking chances.

"If you were to ask me how many horses I tried out before I got the International Troupe together I could not exactly answer you, because I kept no record. But I should say a low estimate would be one hundred. And figuring on the value of a troupe such as mine, you must take that into consideration, together with the time it takes to complete their education, the cost of keeping them, and grooms and helpers which are necessary in producing an act of this kind."

The Equine Memory

"I never kept track of the outlay involved, because, as you will readily understand, it is rather complicated. The first cost of a horse is the least. Anyone with an idea of business will naturally realize that we purchase them as cheap as we can. We hardly ever pay a fancy price for a green horse. I think the highest price I ever saw paid for an untrained horse was something like seven hundred dollars in your money, but he was the most beautiful animal I ever saw. Strange to say, he never appeared in public. They couldn't train him. He was the kind I spoke of in the first place, an equine defective.

"There is no set price or average price. Neither is there any special locality where trained horses are to be found. We pick them up just as best we can, and, as I say, my troupe are natives of half the principalities in Europe. When I buy a horse I generally call him after the duchy or country in which I purchased him.

"The value of a troupe trained to the minute and considered a star attraction is also problematical. You can't just exactly get a line on it, except in this way: Supposing a man has a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. Well, he invests it at the best rate of interest, say 6 per cent. If everything goes right and payments are made promptly his income is six thousand dollars a year. From that standpoint you might say they were worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars, as of course you know that my horses make a great deal more than six thousand a year. But, you see, the money invested does not grow old and wear out. Horses do. And you can put your bonds or mortgages in a safe, lock them up and go away and leave them. But in the wintertime, when the circus is in winter quarters, you can't put your horses away in cotton batting and moth balls. They have got to be fed, watered and exercised just the same.

"It is also dangerous to let your horses stay idle and not work them during the off season. My system is to work mine at least once every day. I find that they remember some acts and forget others. A horse at best has a singular memory. Everybody knows that the majority of horses, if brought to a certain place once and stabled there, if only for a day, will invariably want to stop there when they again come to the same spot, although many months may have elapsed between the visits.

"Then on the other hand they forget things which you might expect them to remember. Some acts which would seem to be difficult from the human standpoint are learned easily by my equine friends and, conversely, some of the apparently simplest things require the utmost time, skill and patience before one can congratulate himself on having a perfect pupil.

"There is no special breed or type, except that we endeavor if possible to obtain horses with a strong dash of thoroughbred. This for obvious reasons. They are gamer, hardier and more intelligent. Once taught, their breeding, I think, helps them to remember better than the ordinary plug. Finer timber, one might say.

"Of course the value of a trained troupe depends a great deal upon the trainer who broke them. And by this I mean that you might take horses trained by one man and find that he was the only one who could make them do their act. In other cases you might find a troupe broken by a past master in the art which could be worked by almost anyone.

"Naturally, you always take the risk of one dying on your hands. I had a very serious loss myself the other day, when one of my chestnut cobs died. His type is not so hard to get in Europe, but there is a remarkable scarcity of such horses in this country. I really do not know yet how I am going to replace him.

"I believe educating horses is an inborn gift, just as a man may be a natural mechanical genius. I have seen men who could take a machine apart, put it together again and start the wheels in motion without really knowing how they did so, or without having studied machinery in a technical way. It is the same with one who plays the piano by ear, perhaps. He couldn't read a line of sheet music, but when he sits before an instrument his fingers find the keys and bring forth melody unconscious of the mental machinery which has bestowed upon him this divine gift.

"It is so with training horses. I could not sit down and tell anyone in detail how I do it or what my methods are. All I know is that I am dealing with a very sensitive and highly temperamental pupil. I do know that I must get his confidence first. He must not be afraid of me, because otherwise he would always be trying to get away from me when I approached him. So I must first see that his mind is at rest and teach him that when I come around with my long whip I do not carry it for the purpose of chastising him but of directing him. Once I make him my friend it comes down to a question of intelligence and, as I before hinted, horses are like a lot of boys in school. The teacher will put a sum on the blackboard, and a few of them will have the answer written down before she has finished setting out the problem, while others will be puzzling their brains half the afternoon for the correct solution.

"Speaking in a general way, I would say that it takes about eighteen months to get such a troupe as I have in their present state of perfection. Then if after all your trouble and expense you should happen to lose one or two of them you needs must start over. That's the heartbreaking side of the business. Of course, on the other hand and like everything else, there are big rewards for the successful ones."

The Big Men of the Business

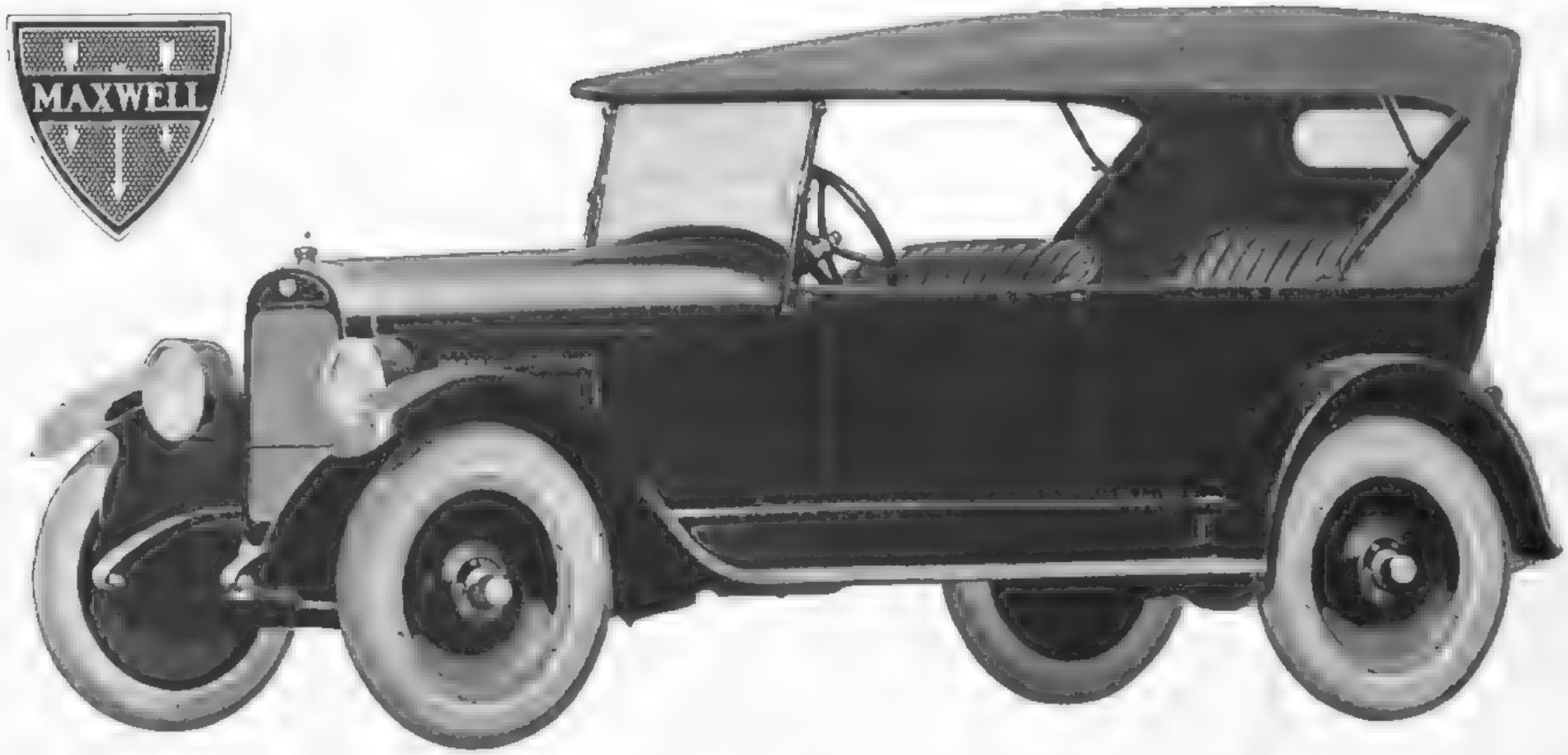
A type of rider strictly a product of the American school is John Agee, equestrian director of the big show. Unlike a great many others of the profession, Agee does not come of riding people. His father was owner of the Black Diamond Steamboat Line on the Mississippi, and died when John was fourteen years old. The elder Agee was, when living, a great friend of the late Al Ringling, so Mr. Ringling took the boy under his wing and brought him up.

Agee made his début in the circus world by riding the little pony that always beats the big horse in the hippodrome race, and a few years later the famous John O'Brian—who, by the way, is admitted by the great majority of circus people to have been the most wonderful horse trainer that ever lived—joined the show.

Little Agee became a pupil of the old master, and in time was elected to the chair of equine equitation himself. Most of you have seen John when he comes dashing madly into the tent on a coal-black mare. She is full of fire and animation, and those of us who are acquainted with her history know that she was bought from an old farmer down in Missouri from between the shafts of a ramshackle buggy. Rhoda Royal, who had a keen eye for a likely one, saw her and she joined out. It took almost two years to perfect her education. She now dances the tango in front of the reserved seats, swaying gracefully from side to side. So they christened her Dolly Varden and the Ringling Brothers purchased her.

As a trick rider and in open competition John Agee won the international championship trophy against all comers three times

(Continued on Page 32)



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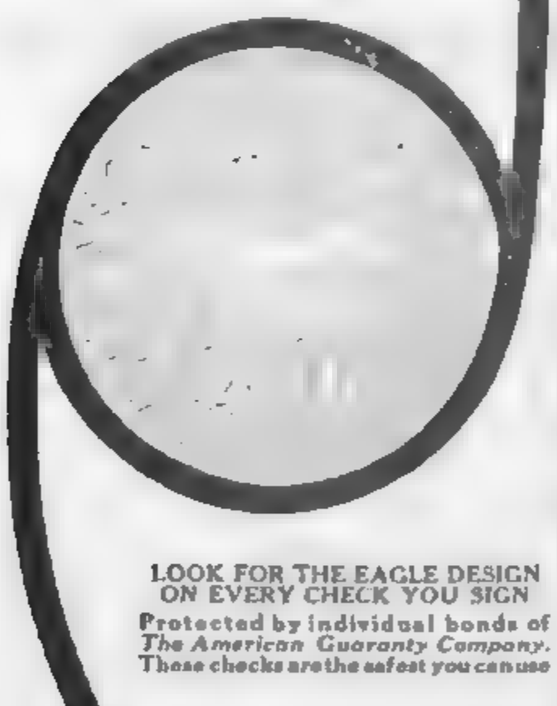

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(Continued from Page 30)

in succession, and it was he who directed the Brewery Act when it was imported to this country from the Circus Shuman.

The horses of this troupe were all stallions and extremely vicious. They had killed three or four men in Europe, but Agee almost immediately had them docile and under perfect control. Speaking of his success with these wonderful but dangerous horses, he said:

"When the horses came over, and after I had an opportunity of getting acquainted with them, I found out that they were all bad. That is to say, they would take any opportunity afforded them to attack their trainer. So I decided that if I was going to work the act successfully I would have to secure their confidence and affection.

"I commenced by starting early in the morning and having the horses brought out singly. Then I would dismiss the groom and bolt the door of the training barn so that I might be free from any interruption. I always brought a carrot or some other green succulent dainty with me. Then I would sit down on the ring bank and simply talk to my pupil.

"So far as I could judge, these horses had lost all confidence in human educators. So at first I did not try to put them through any of their regular stunts. I would talk to them and try to coax them to come up to me and receive a carrot or whatever I happened to have. Then I would cross over to the other side of the ring, sit down as before, but always keeping up my line of conversation.

"I never carried a whip or any other weapon, and when they began to come to me without much persuasion I never tried to take hold of them or detain them—just let them wander around and go and come as they would; a pretty tedious operation.

"I imagine that over there they had had several different trainers, who all probably employed different methods, and they were really at a loss to know who was their master. There are a thousand different ways of working a horse, and you can lay down ever so many rules; but when all is said and done the universal one is kindness.

"After a while I allowed them to come into the ring together. The moment I called to them they came flocking around me like children who had been invited to partake of a sack of candy.

"The feats they performed were very difficult ones. If you remember, a hogshead with the ends knocked out was placed sideways on an ordinary wagon. The horses jumped through this.

"It would be hard to name offhand the best horse I ever saw," continued Mr. Agee. "For instance, John O'Brian trained Gold Dust to canter backward. Then there was Rinaldo, owned by Rhoda Royal, who danced the two-step, changing his feet every stride—and Silver King and Black Beauty. Say, talk about sensations! When I rode her in on the hippodrome track she had the tent all to herself. She did the high trot, and I think was the most beautiful and graceful horse I ever saw. I never cared after we lost her."

The little rider's voice broke and he was silent for a space of time.

"Yes, sir, she was the star of stars, and was right at her best when she went away. We were in winter quarters at Baraboo, Wisconsin, and somehow or another the glanders got into the horses when we were on the road the previous summer. We took every precaution but it was no use. The state veterinarian condemned all our ring stock, and one winter morning they were led out behind the hill and that was the last of them. Gosh, it was awful! Outside folks don't know how we troupers love our horses. They are the best friends we have. Many times when I am coming in for the act I think of dear little Black Beauty, and then—oh, well, you know how it is."

And, as I am writing, a friend who has always been a staunch believer in the circus, and who might be called a thirty-third-degree fan, has handed me a letter from a little boy aged eight years who lives out in Denver. Let us see what he says and what his attitude is towards the horse-riding people:

Dere Uncle: I amm alright. How are you? I am learning to play the vilin but Charlies busted it the other day and I am not playing my vilin now.

But the inportant thing is, how are the ponies? Don't forget to write me about the ponies when you write. It is nine oclock and I am going to bed now. So long.

The epistle is unsigned, but it might be that the little boy will get hold of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and if he does we want to assure him that the ponies are "alright" and that they are more lovable than ever. And further, we would state that later along in the summer perhaps he will notice that the walls of the city, together with the highways and byways of the adjacent country, are decorated with marvelous masterpieces depicting strange and savage beasts of jungle and plain, not to mention persuasive portrayals of prancing chargers and bewitching blond beauties.

But, of course, a boy who imagines that the one important thing of life is "How are the ponies?" will never discover the location of the circus lot; and even if he did would fall asleep the minute he got inside the big tent and never see any of the compelling wonders which Colonel Norwood claims to exploit.

THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 21)

proved to be largely the reverse. An individual creditor will invariably, if his attitude is governed by his own interests, do all he can to aid a debtor in meeting his obligations. But a nation or people will not necessarily do this at all, for other considerations appear more important and impelling than enlightened self-interest. In short, nations are governed primarily by the emotions, the passions and the prejudices of their peoples. The great statesman who occasionally appears in history can sometimes guide a people away from their passions and prejudices to some extent into the paths of common sense; but he must be very great in order to do this. In these parlous times chiefly little statesmen and more or less adroit politicians appear to hold the center of the stage. These men build on the passions and prejudices of the people; they do not guide them.

In the light of these facts the attitude of France towards Germany is natural enough. It could not be expected that the French would be humanly able to take the enlightened self-interest attitude toward Germany that Great Britain, Italy or America might. Nor could it be expected that the French would recognize their self-interest as being anything but a program to keep Germany weak and dismembered. To begin with, the French have the inborn prejudice against the Germans growing out of the Franco-Prussian War of fifty years ago, this prejudice having been kept alive through the succeeding generations because of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. On top of this long-time prejudice are now heaped the results of the World War, fought on French soil. The wanton destruction and devastation are a daily picture to the Frenchman that is bound to keep his passions against the German aflame. The American, thousands of miles from the scene of the war, may not fully understand this feeling of the French; but let him spend a week in the devastated regions of Northern France, and he will understand it.

The Frenchman is a practical person, and in the last analysis his common sense will very often dominate his emotions and prejudices; especially when it comes to questions of money or property. This is shown by the admirable way in which the French have fought further currency inflation during the past year. But he has not yet been able to see that Germany must live and thrive if she is to pay what she owes him. He wants to have his cake and eat it too; and up to this year, at least, the average Frenchman has been more interested in plans to curtail Germany's future than to insure the collection of the reparations.

This is, of course, the basis of the whole French political attitude since the armistice. A French economist put the situation very succinctly to me in Paris this last summer. Said he: "We have clipped Germany's wings, it is true. But the Germans are a well-educated, industrious and ambitious people; they are rapid breeders and their sixty millions of to-day will be eighty or ninety millions twenty or thirty years hence. This growing population must spread. They will spread into Russia if allowed to, and by their superior knowledge of Russian conditions, ingenuity and enterprise will ultimately dominate all European Russia. They will dominate Austria if we let them; and as they show promise of becoming a strong, healthy nation again Italy will naturally gravitate to their side."

The truth is that the French are living in a nightmare of fear of a future powerful Germany, which, if allowed to revive, will surely, they think, seek revenge for its present punishment, and bring on a new war in Europe. Consequently, their entire policy has been one of German repression. They have been the chief backers of the new Poland since the armistice, and are still hoping that something worth while will come out of their backing of this new bankrupt nation. They have been sinking some money in this Polish hole, and will probably sink more. They fear any recovery of Russia under German auspices.

This attitude of the French towards the new Germany naturally has its reaction in Germany itself. The Germans have no good word to say of the French. The French are making them suffer; the French forced the bitterest terms of the peace treaty; the French forced, with their armies, the signing of the ultimatum. The French are maintaining the Armies of Occupation in the Rhine country at tremendous expense to the Germans, and the French have uniformly backed up the Poles in the Upper Silesian controversy. Consequently, whatever military spirit is kept alive in Germany is an anti-French spirit.

All this is very natural, and it is foolish to inveigh against the French for their attitude. Under similar circumstances almost any people would reason just as the French do; certainly the Germans would. But notwithstanding the undeniably natural reasons for this attitude on the part of the French, it is my firm conviction that slowly but surely they will grow away from these ideas as time goes on. The force of circumstances will bring this change about. In fact, the thoughtful French financier and politician, when he is not talking for publication, states that he is becoming pretty thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he must gradually come round to the view that is growing so rapidly in England and Italy: Germany must be allowed to live; she must be allowed to grow; she must be made able to meet her obligations.

Of course we are too close to the end of the war as yet for any of us to feel or act without at least some prejudice. This is as true of the German as of the Briton or Frenchman. Most Germans now speak in friendly terms of the Briton or American, but with some reservations. Many Germans reminded me this summer that the United States had appropriated about eight hundred million dollars' worth of their shipping during the war and were keeping this property, although we had asserted so often that we wanted no rewards, no indemnity, no reparations.

"Your President not only lost his Fourteen Points overboard en route to Paris," remarked a German banker to me, "but forgot to return our ships as promised. Eight hundred million dollars of property may seem a small matter compared with what the Allies took away from us, but at the present rate of exchange this is about eighty billion marks, and if we had it it would be immediately available for big credits." But there is certainly no important military feeling against either British or Americans; all that is concentrated against France.

My conviction, after a careful study of the problem, that France will gradually come round to the point of view that Germany must be allowed to live and grow, is based on what appears to me to be the inevitable trend of events. The British nation is leading the way out of the wilderness. The Briton did not suffer in the war to the same extent the Frenchman did; his loss in man power was appalling, it is true, but his country was not devastated and there are no constant reminders in England of the vandalism and wanton destruction which are to be seen all over Northern France. Besides, the Englishman is more stolid than the Frenchman; less sentimental, more commercial. He does not cherish resentment for long; he cannot

(Continued on Page 34)

This "Brilliant Array of Notable Statesmen and Journalists"

covering the Conference on Armaments and Far East Problems is the most authoritative because its members are writing of people, problems, and events they know best

HOUSE

A gathering of such international importance and complexity as the Washington Conference is always a great chaos of issues, personalities, speculations and controversies. Only those with special knowledge and previous experience in the questions involved can see clearly through to the main facts and their real significance. The staff of the Public Ledger News Service is exceptionally equipped for this great responsibility.

WU TING FANG

On the National Viewpoints

OKUMA

Continually in Washington during the Conference, **Colonel E. M. House,** American delegate to the Versailles Peace Conference, whose knowledge of European affairs is equalled by that of no other American. Cabling from Japan the reaction of that vitally concerned nation, **Marquis Okuma,** former Premier, one of the great political figures of the Island Empire and its leading exponent of democracy. Cabling from China the former Chinese Minister to the United States, **Wu Ting Fang,** now a member of the Canton government. **Philippe Millet,** nationally known in France as a political expert and journalist, and special correspondent for the "Petit Parisien" at the Conference.

BARRY

FLEISHER

Reporting the Conference daily

Frederick William Wile, head of the Public Ledger Washington Bureau, with many great journalistic achievements at home and in Europe to his credit. **Robert Barry,** who as Senate correspondent predicted in the Public Ledger more than two years beforehand the ultimate rejection by that body of the League Covenant. **Raymond G. Carroll,** famous reporter and war correspondent, writing of the personalities playing the leading rôles. **Constance Drexel,** reporting the Conference from the viewpoint of a woman with a thorough appreciation of the vital interest all women have in its results.

WILE

CARROLL

On the ground in the Far East

China and Japan. **B. W. Fleisher,** chief of the Public Ledger Far Eastern Service, editor and proprietor of the Japan Advertiser, the leading foreign daily in the Far East. **Frank Hedges** in Pekin and **Glenn Babb** in Tokio, both of whose preliminary dispatches during past months have been highly illuminating, continuing accurately to reflect the attitude of the Chinese and Japanese governments towards the Conference proceedings.

MISS DREXEL

BABB

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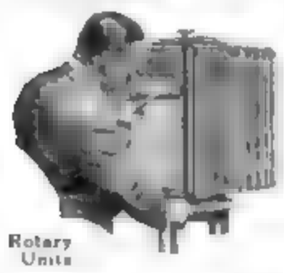

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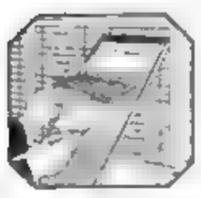


Give *absolute control* of any system. Every card can be exposed in a quarter the usual time. Alphabetic or numeric arrangement. New cards inserted between others or readily removed. **One clerk with Kardex can do the work of two.**

Records, in Kardex, give facts and figures instantly—at a glance—making possible quick and accurate decisions. They indicate trends and tendencies, warn of low stocks, bad credits, etc.

Kardex Cabinets are furnished with [illegible] for 1000 or 1,000,000 cards. Each card is [illegible] pocket with [illegible] pencil, [illegible] Cards can be used [illegible] from pocket. No chance of misfiling. (A special Kardex feature.) Use your old cards, or new ones.

Steel Cabinet Units
500 Cards or 1,000,000 Capacity

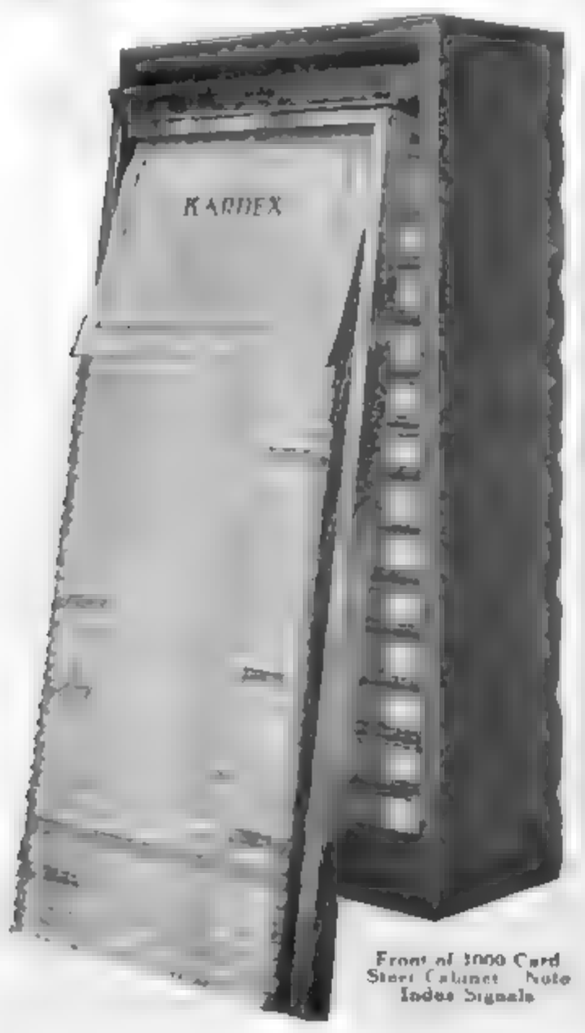
Kardex Cabinet Units are fire-resisting, dust proof, meddle-proof. Built for cards of practically every standard size from 5" x 3" to 11" x 9".

Write for Kardex [illegible] describing the latest up-to-date [illegible] Ask especially for Book on "Budget Control" and [illegible] 10 Day Trial Offer of Desk Unit, one for retailers, one for manufacturers.

AMERICAN KARDEX COMPANY

210 Kardex Bldg. Tonawanda, N.Y.

Visit displays at Kardex Bldg., 10 E. 44th St., New York City, 233 Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, 213 Tremont Bldg., Boston, 461 Market St., San Francisco, 60 Front St. W., Toronto, 3 Holborn Viaduct, London, 10 r. Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris. Branches in 42 other cities.



Front of 3000 Card Steel Cabinet. Note Index Signals

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be happy in keeping hate alive. Consequently, his attitude toward Germany ever since the signing of the peace treaty has gradually softened; he is for leniency and practical compromise wherever possible; he insists on the carrying out of the reparation terms more for the sake of Belgium and France than for his own sake. If it were up to Britain alone it is unlikely that Germany would ever be made to pay a great deal of the sum demanded.

Of course there is no particular virtue or generosity involved in this British attitude. Great Britain came out of this war in a much more fortunate position than France or any other important country. Before the war Germany was Britain's chief naval rival; now Germany has no navy. Before the war Germany was developing colonies all over the world; now Germany has lost her colonies, and the best of them are practically under British domination. Britain has also enormously strengthened her position in the Near East; she dominates Mesopotamia, has greatly strengthened her control over Egypt, and removed all present dangers to her hold on India. In view of all this she can afford to be magnanimous. With the disarmament of Germany the neutrality of Belgium is assured; the dismantling of Helgoland and removal of all German naval bases give her undisputed control of the North Sea. Come what may in the future, Great Britain is in a far better position to defend herself than ever before, so far as dangers from Germany are concerned.

Granted that the motives of Great Britain may be characterized as selfish, at the same time her attitude is of the utmost value in bringing about real reconstruction in Europe. The practical Englishman sees this, and recently financial opinion and interest in London have begun to veer pretty strongly in favor of Germany. England is feeling German competition, it is true, and the increasing amounts of cheap German goods that are flowing into the British Isles are causing her some concern. But in a way this is grist to her mill, for she is restoring the old commercial relations and anticipates that in a few years her commerce with Germany will be an asset of very great importance. Naturally, British capital expects to go into the new Germany in large volume in time; and England further expects that with the revival of Russia a few years hence, German and British business interests will develop in harmony.

Allied Attitudes Toward Germany

Italy's attitude toward Germany is rapidly changing, and as Italy recovers from her present difficult internal condition and makes progress toward greater safety in her finances we shall find her taking a very practical and active interest in building up more cordial relations with a new and rejuvenated Germany. She is not doing any very practical work along this line as yet, but her leaders are studying the future with great care and interest. Italy's ancient military and political enemy, Austria, is now permanently weakened and will probably never again become a cause of discord between Germany and herself. Italy is surely following Great Britain's lead in softening her attitude toward the German people.

Though the motives of these two nations are undoubtedly selfish, as most human motives are, yet their attitude is becoming a factor of moment in formulating the future of Europe as a whole. They are making it difficult for France to carry very far her desire to keep Germany weak and dismembered. They are slowly bringing France around to the view that only through the recovery of Germany can the reparations ever be paid, or can the Continent be brought back to a state of stability. France cannot travel alone in a persistent program of German repression: the job is too big. Her only sure ally in Europe in a continued policy of this kind is Poland; and Poland is, and will continue to be for a long time to come, a liability and not an asset.

Any close study of the fundamentals in Europe shows one very vividly how things are evolving. The Germans are staking their last cards on these inevitable changes, and the more thoughtful of the French are recognizing the drift of things and the impossibility of stemming this tide toward solving the big European political dangers. But it is only a beginning, and a great deal of ground must still be traveled before we can confidently say that Europe is on the road to sure stability.

A large part of the present distrust of France for Germany, of Germany for France, and of all European countries for one another, is of course based on the military spirit. The armed truce which existed between Germany and France for forty-three years prior to the World War caused militarism to remain part of the lives of the peoples of all Europe. Talks of disarmament prevailed, but were always academic: no progress was made in any country toward real peace conditions. Whereas in America after the Civil War, militarism immediately died out and we all went back to lives of peace and amity, Continental Europe continued to build and maintain her military machines on a more gigantic scale than ever. These war machines were not built up because the common man in Europe loves to fight his neighbor; they were built up and maintained to keep the peace. This may not always have been the purpose of the rulers—it certainly was not in the case of the Kaiser—but it was the reason which lived in the minds of the masses and induced them to incur the heavy tax burdens, the discipline and military training that were required. It was the force of circumstances which maintained great machines of destruction during all those years and kept the military idea dominant in Europe. Even the Kaiser could never have built up and maintained his remarkable system of military discipline in Germany if his battle cry had not always been the defense of the Fatherland. Modern Germans would never have rallied to Napoleon's program of subjugating the civilized world by force, any more than the modern French people would.

Europe Going Backward

And just as the force of circumstances built up and maintained the military system in Europe for so long, the force of circumstances is now bringing about the opportunity and necessity for abandoning the military system. Disarmament or reduction of armaments was discussed persistently during the war; it was agreed on all hands that such a world catastrophe must never be allowed to occur again. Statesmen in every country agreed that this war must be the last great war. Leagues to enforce peace were formed and received notable support—in words. Especially while the issue of the war was in doubt did those in high places proclaim their belief in disarmament at the close of the war. President Wilson was the great protagonist of this new doctrine, and, as we all know, when he sailed for Europe the masses in every country pictured him as their deliverer.

But human beings and not angels determine human destinies, and like some of the Fourteen Points, the idea of disarmament was pushed into the background at the peace conference as being chimerical or unpractical. The principle was applied only in the cases of the defeated nations—Germany, Austria and Bulgaria. Now I am not a severe critic of the findings of the peace conference as a whole and I have no sympathy with those fireside critics who write books and editorials about the betrayal of the people by the Big Four at Paris. The Big Four were simply human beings, dealing with human elements, and did the best they could. They were not big enough for their job, perhaps; that was a misfortune to them and to the world, but it was not their fault.

Now, however, a more vital factor is at work for bringing about a reduction of armaments than mere sentiment or wishes on the part of a large body of people. During the four years of war the military burden was carried by the great nations with success. Credit was rapidly consumed, great financial liabilities were incurred, but nevertheless every large nation of the Allied group except Russia emerged solvent. This would not have been the case, perhaps, if the United States had not intervened and advanced billions during the last year of hostilities to the cause of the Allies. But developments during the past three years have vastly changed the financial aspect of Europe; the liquidation of the war and the restoration to a condition of stability have proved, when added to the armament burden, too heavy a load for Europe to bear. I have already given figures showing how, since the armistice, right in the face of improving economic conditions, every country in Europe has gone backward in its finances and credit; how their currency systems have become submerged in a sea of paper and their floating debts have become topheavy and unmanageable. Europe has finally reached a parting of the way. Capitalists and financiers the world over are realizing that if deficits continue to mount up, and if governments can function only by going still deeper into debt, it is simply throwing good money after bad to attempt to help them.

Every country in Europe has been struggling with the taxation problem since the end of the war. Taxes have nearly everywhere been increased to the limit, and yet the income of every nation is still far below the outgo. The steady depreciation of currencies and consequent rises in costs have made it increasingly difficult for most nations to make any progress in the direction of balancing their budgets. Instead of governmental costs falling, they have risen in many cases. There are only two ways in which to balance an account—either bring up the income or bring down the outgo. Income cannot be brought up in Europe unless production is greatly increased, as the tax burden under the present volume of production is about at the limit; and outgo cannot be greatly reduced as long as abnormal military expenditures continue to be incurred.

Germany, of course, has no disarmament problem at the present time; she cannot have any. But she has her military costs in the shape of the maintenance of the Armies of Occupation, and these costs make a very great difference in her efforts to match income and outgo. The principle of disarmament, nevertheless, has been established in Germany, and she will be bound to remain disarmed, in my opinion, only if the remainder of the large countries of Europe carry out a program of radical reduction of armaments themselves. Without the adoption of this policy in the very near future, financial chaos will further increase in Europe and the possibility of recovery will be still more remote.

This is the view that thoughtful people are coming round to more and more in all parts of Europe. They are realizing that with a radical limitation-of-armament program, not only will avenues be opened to more intensive and efficient production of wealth; not only will the problems of interchange of commerce between nations be simplified; not only will the spirit of vengeance, of fear and of revenge become less vital; but a long step will be taken in the direction of restoring confidence in the future of Europe as a whole.

New Capital Needed

I know that thoughtful financiers and business men all take this view. Great Britain, notwithstanding her present heavy financial problems, internal and external, is looking forward to the practical possibilities of doing much in the future rehabilitation of Europe. American capital, also, is certain to go far more extensively into Europe during the coming years than the average man has any idea of -provided that the stability of European governments becomes assured. Now it is a foregone conclusion with every economic student of Europe that normal conditions cannot be restored without the influx of new capital; without the stabilization of the exchanges. To stabilize exchange every country on the Continent must steadily increase its exports; but exports cannot be greatly increased unless a larger production can be financed; large financing cannot be carried out unless credits can be obtained; and large credits cannot be secured from America, Great Britain or elsewhere unless the Continental countries make greater progress toward balancing their budgets and thus begin to restore financial stability.

I have already stated that in my opinion Germany is the key to the whole problem. She is the key partly because she is the country from which must come the revenues which will go a long way to place other countries, like France and Italy, on their financial feet. She need not be forgiven the reparation payments, nor any really essential part of them, but she should be aided and encouraged sufficiently to carry them without being permanently crippled. This does not mean that foreign capital and credits should be expected to go into Germany or be loaned to Germany while she is in her present grotesque financial position. If Germany expects to

(Continued on Page 37)

Important

Chart recommendations where printed in red specify a change of grade in winter. This change where indicated is of *Vital Importa*

Do you Change in Winter?

Why many cars require lighter oil of greater fluidity in cold weather

MANY cold weather engine troubles can be traced to one fact:

In some cars the oil that may give excellent results in warm weather is not suitable for winter lubrication. The oil congeals and fails to reach all friction points.

Whether your car is one that requires in winter a lighter oil of greater fluidity depends upon the engine design. The factors that determine this are:

The type of lubricating system, the location of the oil pump, the size and mesh of the oil screen, and the size and exposure of the oil piping.

Failure to use the correct oil in winter may result in unnecessary wear through insufficient lubrication. Due to the type of oil pump or its location above the oil level, it is often impossible to properly distribute the heavier congealed oils for some minutes after the engine is started, or until the oil has "thawed out" from the heat of the engine.

Worn wrist pins, worn bearings and engine knocks, necessitating a thorough spring overhauling, are frequently the result of improper winter lubrication, and may easily be avoided.

Undue strain on the battery and starter troubles result from using incorrect oils in winter.

Engines differ widely. Whether your engine requires a lighter oil of greater fluidity in winter can only be determined by experienced engineers familiar with its design and construction.

The Chart at the right represents the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company as determined by its Board of Automotive Engineers. If a different grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils is recommended for winter lubrication of your car, we advise its use during the entire period when freezing temperature may be expected.

It is not enough to use an oil that will flow at low temperatures. Many oils will do this. But the oil for winter use must be of the highest quality and correct in body and character. Nothing short of this will give you correct lubrication.

In changing oils do not flush the crankcase with kerosene. A portion of the kerosene will remain in the splash troughs and other pockets, and partially destroy the value of the new oil. If necessary, flush out the engine with a quart of new oil.

Buy in original containers. Do not say "Give me a quart of oil." For Ford cars, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" should be used both Summer and Winter. It meets exactly the winter requirements of Ford engines.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Domestic Branches:

New York (*Main Office*) Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh
Indianapolis Minneapolis Buffalo Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Kan.

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921	1920	1919	1918	1917
Apperson (Light All Other Models	A A B	A A B	A		
Buick	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet (Model 490	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	A	A
Essex	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson All Other Models	A A	A A	A A	A A	A A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A
Jordan	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (Gold	A	A	A	A	A
La Fayette (Light	A	A	A	A	A
Lexington (Model 60	A	A	A	A	A
Liberty	A	A	A	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (Model 6	A	A	A	A	A
Moon (Model 6-54	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A
Nordic	A	A	A	A	A
Norma	A	A	A	A	A
Packard	A	A	A	A	A
Paterson	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless (Model 6-66 All Other Models	A A	A A	A A	A A	A A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A
Premier (Model 6-75 All Other Models	A A	A A	A A	A A	A A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A
Rickenbacker	A	A	A	A	A
Roamer	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker (Model 17 All Other Models	A A	A A	A A	A A	A A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A
White (6-cyl	A	A	A	A	A
All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight (Model 20	A	A	A	A	A
Winton	A	A	A	A	A

Prominent Makes of Engines

Beaver (Model U-15-16	A	A	A	A	A			
Buda (Model WU-4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental (Model R2	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G.B. & S. (Model AA)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hinckley (Models JL-S-V & VA	1	1	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Northway (Model 10 All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Waukesha (Models 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

The real old-fashioned flavor in beans

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Our forebears knew well enough how to choose good food. They dined in state every day, and no matter how modest the family means, dinner was a leisurely affair. Though the food was plain and substantial, each dish was a miracle of fine flavor. They instinctively knew that flavor was the best guide in the selection of wholesome nourishment.

Pork and beans were ever a favorite

One favorite which appeared on the table very often was beans cooked with sides of home-cured pork.

Beech-Nut Pork and Beans are a perfection of this old recipe. Just the mealy tenderness of full-grown beans combined with selected pork. After all, the great secret of old-fashioned cookery was the talent for bringing out *natural* flavor.

Now you, too, can enjoy pork and beans which have this delicious natural flavor. For Beech-Nut Pork and Beans have the inimitable bean taste which bean lovers want. The addition of the delicate Beech-Nut sauce made from fresh ripe tomatoes is just the proper seasoning to enhance the pork-and-bean flavor which is so popular.

Beech-Nut Chili Sauce or Catsup may be served with Beech-Nut Pork and Beans for those who like additional seasoning.

Economical enough to be served often

Seldom—in foods—do you find highest quality and delicious flavor combined with low price. The price of Beech-Nut Pork and Beans is so moderate that you can enjoy them with their old-fashioned goodness as often as you like. Your grocer has them or can get them for you.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

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BEECH-NUT
"Foods of Finest Flavor"

Bacon
Peanut Butter
Pork and Beans
Tomato Catsup
Chili Sauce
Ginger Ale
Oscar's Sauce
Macaroni
Spaghetti
Cider Vinegar
Prepared Mustard
Jams, Jellies, Marmalades and Preserves

Confections

Mints
Chewing Gum

Beech-Nut Pork and Beans

(Continued from Page 34)

accomplish anything with outside countries and capitalists she must make sacrifices; she must before very long take radical measures to deflate or stabilize her currency, to increase her internal revenues and to come somewhere near balancing her budget. She is now at work rapidly increasing her production within circumscribed limits; but with the menace of her currency inflation and top-heavy governmental finances she cannot hope to make any real progress in restoring credit or securing foreign assistance. She is like the frog struggling to climb out of the well, which hops up one foot only to slip back two. Germany has made big strides this year in production and is making progress in restoring her foreign trade; but these accomplishments have been more than offset by the continued currency inflation and the steady weakening of her finances.

The present German Government has been growing in security and strength during the past year; it can afford to take bolder steps with its people than it ever could before. This is shown by the fact that very radical increases in taxation are now under way. Such proposals as those now under discussion might have toppled the government over a year ago; besides which, even if they had been put in force, the yield would not have been great, in view of the lower production of that time. But even greatly increased taxes cannot avail for long, unless Germany reforms and stabilizes her currency. Taxes are payable in marks, values are measured in marks, expenses are payable in marks. If costs double in marks within a given year taxes must double or more than double, or else there is no gain whatever. And as the marks recede in buying power the tendency is more and more among those who really can pay taxes to get their wealth into foreign currency, nontaxable assets and unproductive but tangible property. Germans of all classes, high and low, have been steadily buying dollars and sterling for two years past. In Germany last summer hotel waiters, porters and even taxi drivers told me they were regularly converting their tips into Swiss, Dutch, English or American money and saving in that way.

Deflation Imperative

I discussed this problem of currency deflation with many German bankers last summer. Practically all agreed that it was inevitable, although one man, very close to the government, expressed the opinion that if Germany could secure one or two billion dollars of long-term foreign credits within the coming year she would be able so to increase her revenues as to balance her budgets next year, and then gradually absorb the inflation and stabilize the mark on a new par value of about ten cents. But most people took the more practical view that, inasmuch as it would be impossible to secure any amount of foreign credits with German finances as they are, arbitrary deflation of the currency will soon be inevitable. Otherwise, the time will not be far distant when the German mark will have little more value than had the assignats of the French Revolution or than the Polish marks have now. At this writing it takes about forty Polish marks to equal one German mark, and about four thousand to equal one American dollar.

Just what process of currency deflation would be practical in Germany at this time I would not undertake to say. But if some sort of stabilization plan could be made effective whereby inflation would be stopped and the violent speculation eliminated, a long step would be taken in the right direction. The German people would suffer a shock in having a lot of fictitious values wiped out, but both prices and wages would adjust themselves to the new conditions in time, and the masses would not suffer after the first unsettlement. Gamblers, speculators and investors would suffer, of course, just as they have all suffered in this country during the past eighteen months of deflation. In brief, the fictitious wealth acquired through the inflation period would be sponged off the slate, that's all.

But what is of more importance, if such a housecleaning could take place, is that Germany's economic future would go forward with a bound. Foreign capital would then flow in; credits would be available and wealth production would certainly be increased. Under such conditions the problem of handling the reparation payments would be greatly simplified. This past summer, in order to pay over the equivalent in cash of one billion gold marks to the Reparation Commission, Germany was forced to depreciate her own currency to an enormous extent. When Germany began to make these payments last May it took only about sixteen paper marks to equal one gold mark, but by the time the payments were completed at the end of August it took about twenty-four paper marks to equal one gold mark. With a continuance of present conditions, six months hence it may take fifty paper marks to equal one gold mark.

The impossibility of Germany's making these payments with present conditions continuing should be apparent to everybody. I have held right along that the German people are fully able to increase their wealth production to a point where they can carry the reparation burden without difficulty, but the fact should be emphasized that this can be done only if Germany can carry through a program of deflation in the very near future.

Of course the attitude of the German at the present time is one of pessimism and discouragement. He says: "What's the use? France has her heel on our neck; she is trying to take all of Upper Silesia away from us; she is insisting on having the Armies of Occupation maintained at enormous and unnecessary expense to us; she does not withdraw the sanctions, although we have complied with the ultimatum; she pours money into Poland to bolster up that country, for fear that we will overrun it. She insists that we pay, yet she does everything she can to make it impossible for us to pay."

I do not think that the possession of the good Upper Silesian coal fields is as important to Germany as she claims, but what is important is a final settlement of this matter. Though Germany has been shorn of much of her good coal and ore she can get along, and certainly under present conditions she can import coal as well as any other raw materials Poland possesses, at very low cost to herself. So long as Poland remains the weak bankrupt country that she is, Germany has no exchange wall to worry about in that direction.

But there is much truth in her assertion that the attitude of France makes it hard for her to recover and pay her bill. And if it were not for my firm belief that this attitude, through the force of circumstances, will inevitably be qualified, I should not be so hopeful about the future of Europe. The point of view that is growing stronger every day in England, and I think is being reluctantly approached in France, is that the only possible course to follow is to aid German recuperation, provided she aids herself through a drastic reformation of her own finances.

Armaments Must be Reduced

Thus, more than at any time before, the remaking of Europe now hinges on what developments take place in the near future and what attitude towards Germany is adopted as a permanent program. France must, and I believe will, be convinced by the logic of events that her fear of a future revengeful Germany will in time become a figment of the imagination. Germany is so hemmed in by treaty obligations, she has had her military wings so completely clipped, and she will continue to occupy for years to come a position of such complete isolation in military affairs as against the rest of the world, that a dormant military spirit will have no chance to expand and grow. The only thing that keeps it at all alive in Germany to-day is the natural sting of defeat and the spectacle of France lording it over her. But this will pass, let us hope.

As a matter of fact the deeper one studies the German internal situation and the attitude of the German masses the more one is convinced that militarism on a large scale is probably a thing of the past in Germany. Given favorable circumstances, such as a gradual elimination of military propaganda in France and other places, the German people as they recover in their economic condition will think less and less of war and revenge, and more of the human things of life. Although trained through the last generations as a military people, with the iron discipline developed by Bismarck, they are probably at heart and as individuals as peace-loving as the French or Dutch.

The notion that a revived and prosperous Germany, with the military factor eliminated, would prove harmful and not beneficial to the surrounding nations, is false in the extreme. Germany will grow; that is unquestionable. She will, in time, overflow to some extent into Russia; her financiers and business men are likely to become very important factors in the resuscitation of that unfortunate land. Her people will certainly, regardless of political separation, be the dominating financial and business element in the revival of Austria. These things are to be expected, but they need not cause misgivings if militarism is curtailed or does not raise its head again in Germany.

The only possibility of a revival of militarism in Germany in the future depends very directly on what the other nations do in the matter of limitation of armaments during the next few years. If a start is made—which seems inevitable in view of the finances of all the other countries—in the definite limitation of armaments in the near future, it will be the best news that has come to the world in many a long day. It will start the ball rolling, even if slowly, in the direction of peace and a new prosperity, not only for Europe but for all the world. Limitation of armaments in Europe, as I have already said, means not only a cutting of expenses and a stabilization of governments, but it means a revival of credit—the most urgent practical thing at the present time.

Favorable Possibilities

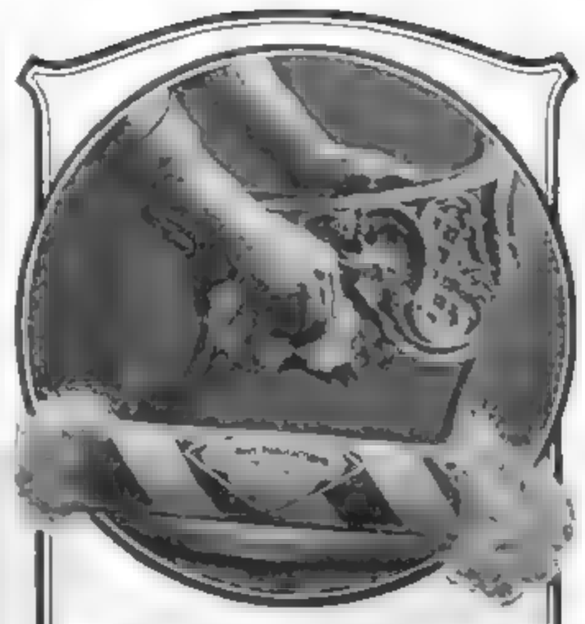
The biggest reason why American capital now hesitates to go into France, Belgium or Italy is that budgets are not being balanced, expenses of government are not being reduced and the military burden is still crushing the life out of the people of those countries. If this situation can be changed; if Europe can be made a safe field for the investment of American capital in the years to come, the problem of equalizing exchange, of restoring a high scale of production and of raising the general standard of living of all Europe will be well on the way to solution. Under present conditions, however, the average American investor is more interested in taking risks in bankrupt Mexico or in the backward countries of South America than in Europe; and the Englishman, at the Continent's very door, gives preference to investments in China and Japan, if he has anything to spare from his own colonies.

A recovered Germany, with her financial nightmare removed and with her military fangs permanently drawn, would absolutely assure the settlement of all reparation and other war claims. In five years' time German revenues and profits from production would well overtop the interest and sinking-fund requirements on the reparation bonds; the bonds would be negotiable, and thus the financial problems of France, Italy and the other important nations would be vastly simplified. But in order to expand her wealth production in this way Germany must grow; she must take her place in commerce and trade with the rest of the world and have equal opportunity to profit by the building up of Russia and Central Europe with other countries.

A British student of German financial conditions expressed the opinion to me this summer that Germany can pay from five hundred to six hundred million dollars a year in the form of reparations, but little more. But assume that Germany is allowed to come back; that she stabilizes her finances, balances her budget and secures the urgent foreign credits she needs. Added to this, assume that in the course of a few years she becomes strong enough financially to take active and important part in the restoration of Russia and of other countries in the Near East. In the meanwhile her producing population will have been steadily increasing. Perhaps ten years hence it will be no burden at all for her to carry the reparation obligations.

I am aware that some of these suggestions will be criticized as visionary; and many will say they are too optimistic. But whether overstated or not in their possible working out, the necessity for disarmament or curtailment of armaments in Europe is so insistent that it cannot be minimized. And hand in hand with this, the deflation or stabilization of German finances is a necessary precursor of any healthy or permanent recovery in that country.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Moody. The fourth will appear in an early issue.



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Department P

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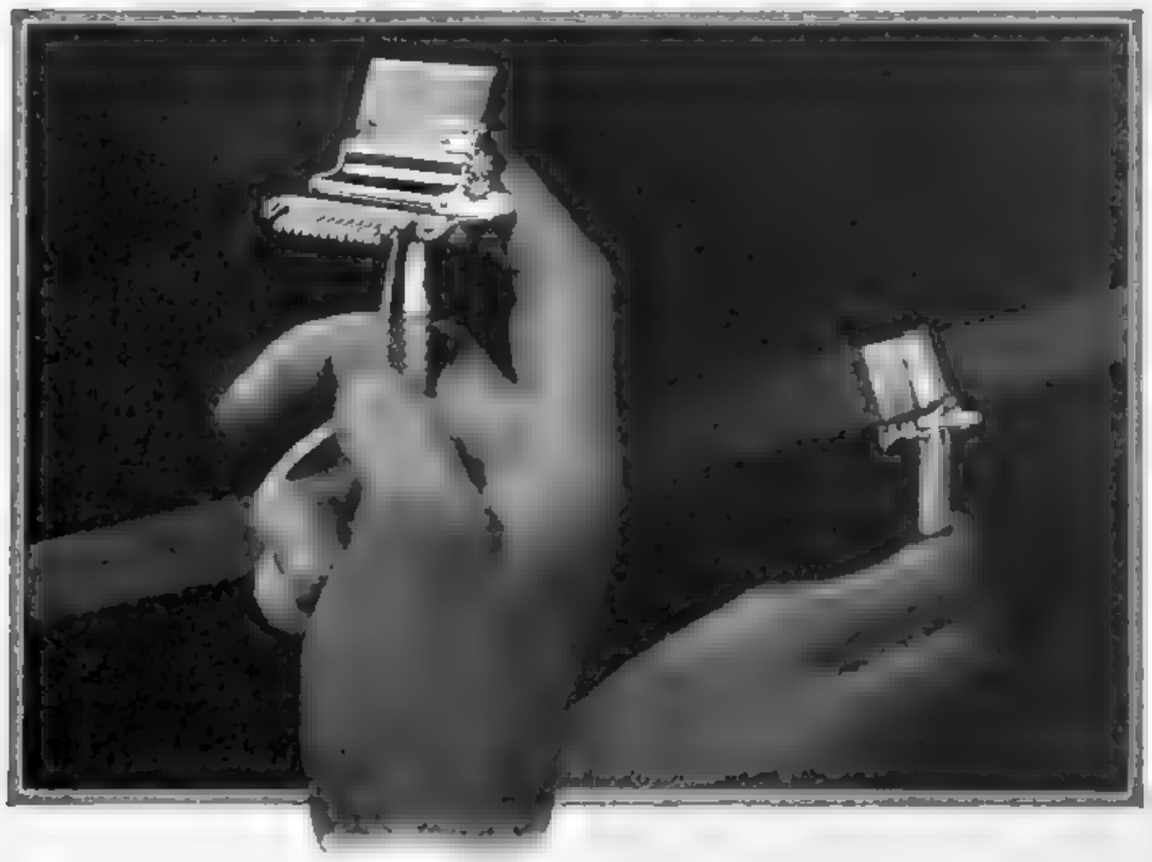

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THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

(Continued from Page 26)

"Jim was more the adventurer type," she said thoughtfully. "You'd like him. You two would have lots in common. Not a ladies' man, you know. He used to say himself he couldn't shine in a crowd if he tried. But he certainly was irresistible when he could get a girl off by her lonesome—you know, in a thinking mood."

"Long on sweet-doing-nothing, I suppose," I grated, and May leaned back lazily and scanned me for traces of satire.

"Plenty of tang, if you want to know," she said then.

She gave me a boding, homesick look, and right away I saw that I was only ramming my head into a barrel of jam on that tack, and I drew away. I couldn't think of one solitary thing to say, either. There was a kind of charmed blue stillness pouring past our ears, and those southern stars were flaming like torches over the flank of Triangle Mountain. Somnolence was in the air. That dead cornfield back of the kitchen shack kept whispering some tragic secret, and by and by a puff of aromatic wind got into my nostrils.

I stood there dreaming, and only half woke up when May pushed into my hand half of a split cow horn which had been used as a cradle for washing gold in the old days when they were panning the sands down below.

"Dip it in the oya for me, please," she said.

Gad, I had been simply enchanted by the disposition of the pale folds of that muslin dress of hers! I had turned her into something glowing and voiceless, a charming white phantom. It took the fleeting touch of her finger ends to renew the seductive fullness of her bodily appeal.

I went over to the oya—a big earthen jar swathed in wet burlap, hanging from a wooden peg outside the kitchen door—and I stood there looking in and listening a second or so. The old seaman's eyes glittered in their cavernous sockets. He pawed his beard and swayed from side to side. Knute's forcible interpretation of the beauties of his estate was a rare tonic to him, rain on his thirsty soul.

That lucky Swede, my partner, swept his blue prints back and forth and jabbed his finger at vital places in the claims. He called them familiarly by name in Spanish—the Harsh One, the Hard One, the Hidden One, the Lost One. They expressed in their very names the difficult lives of men who had wrestled with them until now they were so many distinct and grievous personalities.

Old Knute was voluble all right, and he had thunderous convictions, too, stowed away like solar energies in that serviceable barrel of a body.

"What are they talking about?" May whispered when I stood over her again.

"Gold."

"Gold, gold, gold, gold! Heavy to get and light to hold," she murmured, holding out her hand for the horn. She drank a little, but I seized the horn before she could empty it and drained it off. It went to my head, and I felt positively giddy when she touched me on the arm and said, "Come with me."

She wanted to go down into the canyon—the Canyon of the Fools.

I moved beside her, and I felt carried beyond myself, whirled away, body and soul, in that giant symphony the Organ seemed to be muttering up there on its stone saddleback. You must have experienced, yourself, this mute gathering of forces below the threshold of the brain.

It was black down there, black as a splatter of magician's ink; so black under those cottonwoods that the buzzards couldn't be seen sitting upright in their niches; so still that I heard my fool brain tick in the pauses of our conversation.

Those two tunnels driven in side by side at the base of the great porphyry dike running east and west there stared me out of countenance, I know that. Not a sound but the music of the spheres, either. Here and there on those bloated crags I could see rude cairns, discovery monuments topped by tin cans nailed on upside down, witness trees in weirdly twisted shapes.

Suddenly May gave a lonely little shiver, and shrank back against me hard.

"Bobolink, are you there? I'm plumb afraid, old-timer," she wailed. "I thought I had lost myself in some fearful dream. Are we actually here?"

"Thank God, yes," I murmured, but it was probably half nervous impulse to seize hold of the real and confirm it that resulted in my putting my arms right round her in a kind of clumsy reassurance. It wasn't well timed, though; not well executed, either. She thrust against me hard, slipped away from me with one decisive little turn. There wasn't any loss of friendship, I should say, because at once I heard her rapid little voice telling me that there was something about this whole place that fairly took her breath away, it was so silent and unreal.

"I feel as if a breath might blow it all away," she said.

"Like a phantom," I rejoined. I went on in a rush of candor and told her that before I met her I used to think the whole world was a phantom—no blood, no body—a sort of splendid illusion rising into the skies, and all its branches, like the banyan tree's, bending down and taking root again in hell.

"I don't see it that way now," I said softly.

I felt as if I had said something then, and May did, too, because she said at once, "You ought not to say things like that to me."

"Why not?"

May answered with extreme faintness: "I hardly know. They seem too intimate."

It was just as if Jim Harper had risen in my path like a sinister shadow at a time when I was in the mood to feel certain that he was hardly better than a legend. My search for Jim had one of the characteristics of my search for gold in its early phases. I couldn't forcibly imagine his turning up at all. I simply couldn't visualize it, and yet the talk swung round to him like the black end of the needle to the magnetic north. There was an attractive force to that precious intangible, and I sometimes desperately thought that my chances would improve if we could somehow smoke him out into the open.

"Bobolink," May whispered, "what if Jim were never to come back?"

"Well, what then?" I breathed, and I tingled from head to foot.

"It's the not knowing," she breathed. "It just about kills me. I sent him here—I can't get around that. If it hadn't been for my urging he would never have come."

I was getting restive, but May had opened that vein, and she did bleed it freely. Jim would suffer the tortures of the damned before he would see a hair of her head harmed. That was one thing about Jim. People could criticize him and heap all manner of abuse on him, there was one thing he wasn't lacking in, and that was courage.

"I know he's not perfect. I don't ask for perfection, but I do think a girl has a right to know that the man of her choice won't hold back in the pinches, and I know that Jim would never abandon me of his own free will and accord," she went on. "Do you know, I can't help feeling that his spirit does hover here somehow. It's—it's uncanny, Bobolink.

"Every time I turn I think he's at my elbow. I've heard his voice a dozen times, and I've been waked up three nights running by hearing his voice calling my name in a whisper. It's terrible. Do you believe in telepathy?"

I told her shortly that I didn't.

"Is that so? I asked Harry Rolfe, and he said he positively did."

Rolfe! That Australian wasn't one of my intangibles. I thought I knew how to deal with him, and I told May frankly I did wish, while we were here together, she would be a little more careful how she admitted that man into her confidence. She gave one of those exasperating little laughs that mean everything and anything.

"Why?"

"You don't know who your neighbor is in a place like this," I said.

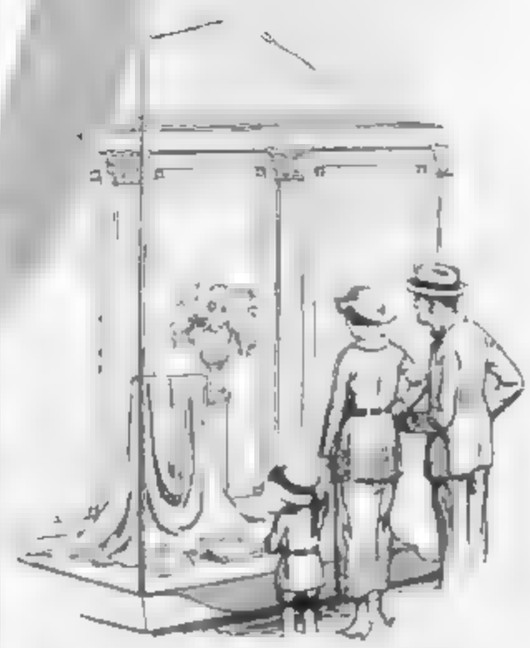
"That's nonsense. Harry Rolfe! My neighbor! Why, he's as open as the day! I trust him as I do myself. That is a good joke. I'll have to tell him he's a suspect."

"You tell him that and you've seen the last of me," I said savagely.

"Don't! You'll have me in tears," May said with tender mockery.

She very nearly did have me in tears, it's a fact. I had a lump in my throat to see how far we had drifted apart, and I couldn't go on with my argument. I simply bowed

(Continued on Page 40)



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(3)

(Continued from Page 38)

my head and groped round and got hold of her hand and wrung it silently.

That contact did more than anything else to loosen us up again, and she whispered: "You poor Bobolink! Quit using your brain for a hammer. It's too soft."

May was always careful to conciliate me after one of our snappy interchanges. She believed in cleaning up rag ends.

"You dear old cave man, where's your club?" she cried deliciously, and I saw everything that was implied, of course. "I really do feel like a cave woman too," she said, "with all these caves staring me in the face."

She actually put up those impulsive hands and let down that mass of blue-black hair and switched it over her shoulders with that wild little self-forgetful laugh of hers. May was never one to mope.

I tell you no healthy girl can worry too much about an absent lover of Jim's stamp when there is a man in her neighborhood who can give her the right emotional reactions. And don't you think, anyway, the wilderness inevitably compels to the candor of natural relations? I do. People are thrown together there and staggered by their own littleness in the face of those brooding immensities, and that draws them together. They can't escape each other, either.

I know I felt as if May and I had got to the world's end, and as if I had come up with her after a long chase. That cave-man stuff squared with my ambitions to a T.

"Which is our cave?" she inquired, and she answered her own question, "There, that one, with the firefly in it."

The firefly! I hadn't seen any firefly in those parts, but it was true a gleam of light had seemed to shine for an instant in one of those saurian mouths. As a matter of fact, May had pitched on the side entrance to the Queen Louise, a property owned by New York men. Uncle Peter Danforth was keeper of the Queen Louise, and had been any time this seven years while her stock was selling in the East. The lady stood two hundred feet deep in her stocking feet, according to Uncle Peter, and that big lateral tunnel, or adit, he had fitted out with wooden shelves and used as a refrigerator.

The refrigerator! It had cost those Eastern investors a hundred thousand dollars already to provide a place for him to keep butter and eggs in, he was fond of averring with a toothless smile. Even temperature all the year round—I couldn't help thinking of those people who were cherishing the illusions that rear their heads out of the glittering surfaces of certificates of stock. Wouldn't it surprise and dishearten them if they could suddenly be set down in the very scene of these fabulous operations? What would they say to this mournful canyon, to these crags covered with cactus in wild shapes, these jumbled bowlders, these forlorn and haggard men and women moving here like shapes of sorrow, hoping against hope, and only bringing down their hairs with bitterness to the grave?

"Wait here. I'll see if anybody's home," I said to May, and I jumped into the refrigerator at a venture.

I heard May's little cry of dismay come tailing in after me as that jet blackness swallowed me up, but I wouldn't draw back then for any money. I couldn't think what that firefly might be. It bespoke a presence there, and I had reached the conclusion that Jim Harper himself was lurking in that labyrinth.

That would account for those queer shivers May's psychology was sending through her—telepathy too. Well, I got confirmation of my suspicions in a second, because I heard the lisp of a step retreating there, going ahead of me ever so softly with a slight grating noise.

When I stopped it stopped, too, and when I went forward it fled from me again. I put up my arms in front of me. My heart was going like mad, and then for the first time I smelled smoke—tobacco smoke and perfume blended.

I stopped short, dizzied, stretched out my arms to the jagged walls of that tunnel. I couldn't reach them. How far I fell short I had no means of judging, but from that instant I felt as if every support had been stripped from me, as if I was floating, disembodied, floating on the bosom of a mad delusion—featureless, formless. I didn't dare go either forward or back. I reeled on the edge of a subterranean abyss, then made a panic lunge and collided with a yielding body.

It did yield surpriaingly. So surprising was the mere fact of my encircling it there in that fashion that it must have taken me five or six seconds to sense that it had pith and proportion; that, in short, I had pinioned a woman's bare arms to her panting sides. I felt then as if I had been hooked. I could feel the fiery barb in my flesh, and I felt as if I was being drawn up from a great depth like an eyeless fish from a fathomless bottom, doomed to explode as soon as I reached the surface by reason of that expansive power within me that was calculated to resist great pressures.

I affirm to you that I was highly resistant, yes; but nothing mortal could resist that whisper in Spanish, accompanied by a light breath on my cheek, the echo of that former dream: "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me! Love me, kiss me!"

Incarnación! She pitched me those words without the tune. Stripped of the air that touches them with a kind of veiling poetry, syllabled mysteriously in the dark, they came to me as the crow flies. Freighted, too, with the fierce seductiveness, the wild livingness of earth itself, shouldn't you infer from all the circumstances? Inky made the very word "refrigerator" a mockery.

I bent my head and collided with those sweet lips. May's firefly! What lips! Implacable and insatiable! They had the same detaining genius her eyes had—they clung. The placement was perfect. I felt as if I had filtered through the wall that separates the two worlds of the seen and the unseen, and I acted accordingly. On any other assumption my position would have been thoroughly false, and Syd would have been the first to acknowledge it.

"After this the deluge," I remember thinking, and I did feel as if I had put my hand to the plow and as if there could be no turning back. Sorceress that she was, I thought she was going to draw the living soul out of my body, as the poet dramatically says, and I did ultimately break contact just in time to thwart her. An ugly thrill passed through me too. I scented ambush. What evil genius had precipitated me into that woman's waiting arms for a second time, and this time at a moment when I had all but forsworn her—when I had forsworn her altogether, if it comes to that?

Evidently the demons of the desert meant to hold me to my contract.

"What are you doing here?" I whispered.

"My house is yours," she whispered back.

She had a sense of humor which is deadly in a woman. She wasn't visible, and yet I could fairly see the eloquence of that long body, the lazy archness of those brows, the fawning tyranny of those eyes. I was on the verge of begging her—on my knees if it should come to that—to make velvet paws for once; and yet—it's strange, humiliating, if you choose—when she half turned in my arms that faint embrace of mine quickened, contracted, imprisoned. I can't account for it, unless by saying I had clutched at her as a drowning man clutches at a straw, a man in a maelstrom.

"Inky!" I stammered.

"You had forgotten me," she said simply—"you who think women are nothing but pictures in the heart."

Pictures! Visions! Things floating, ethereal, detachable at will! Had I thought that? If so, I know better now. A glance cannot be given and then silently retracted. The very air has paths, takes indelible impressions. There are moments lived that not all the omnivorous sink holes of time can swallow up.

"I had not forgotten you," I said, "but it is true that I must go now."

"Ah, your rib is waiting," Inky purred.

"My rib, my conscience, no," I faltered.

I reached out again to finger the sides of that jagged tunnel. It was like a frightening nightmare. My rib! *Mi costilla!* That's a genial Spanish way of alluding to your wife, reminding the offending Eve that she is, when all is said and done, only a small part of Adam's osseous structure, a fanciful overelaboration of one of his two hundred and six bones.

"You are living in a fool's paradise," Inky whispered hotly. "I know her, my Roberto. She is all ice, that woman. She will not be moved. She is waiting for another man. Shall I tell you where that man is, *amigo?*"

"That man? You know where he is?"

"Shall I tell?"

"Is he—in danger?"

"Only from himself."

I hesitated, and words froze on my lips. I couldn't conceal from myself the fact, ominous if you like, that I didn't want to know where Jim was. If he was in danger it was only from himself. I hadn't even the moral tenacity to wish to penetrate that cryptic utterance. I was content to swallow it whole. If he wanted her he must come and take her.

"I care nothing for that man," I said hoarsely. "Don't name him to me!"

"I am silent—to please you," Inky breathed in my ear. "In the meantime, why do you court death here?"

"Death?"

"Veritably! A shirt incarnadined! Here, in the Canyon of the Fools! My poor Roberto, you are nail and flesh with death. Do you think the tiger is not on your trail already?"

"The tiger?" I repeated lamely.

"Who else? Terrazas! You cannot deceive him with all your drilling in the Neck-or-Nothing. Why are you here, he asks me; and what am I to tell him? He accuses you of wearing a shirt of eleven patterns. Has he not seen me folded in these arms? Draw them tight, Roberto. Ah-h-h! He is jealous, and what his eyes show him he remembers. Come with me now, out of this Canyon of Fools—to-night. There are safe trails. I will show you. Come! It is time to cast short hairs into the sea."

"What does he know? What can he know?" I countered feebly.

"He suspects, and suspicion alone will make a good egg rotten, *amigo*. Come!"

"No!" I cried.

I felt the danger, the pulse of intrigue at my finger tips beating riotously, and I was determined to be quit of that importunate woman for all time. And yet I was disingenuous enough to say, when I heard her dismayed breath, caught in the dark close to me—she had felt me withdrawing from her arms—"*Hasta mañana!*"

Until to-morrow! There was my old instinct for procrastination coming into play. It simply wasn't in me to chop anything off short that promised romantic developments.

I groped my way blindly out of the refrigerator, shuddering at my escape from that danger, and at the same time abhorring myself for my craven failure to embrace it. I excused myself by saying that I had too many irons in the fire.

I staggered out into the blessed starshine, and there I saw my valiant May standing, poised, expectant, the slim figure taut, as if meditating flight, and I wondered if the foul fiend had actually daubed me over with the hues proper to my treachery. I stood before her, and I felt as if whatever I might say would appear cruel and heavy-handed, ironical with its double meaning. Those few moments had warped me, twisted me out of all semblance.

When she asked me in awed tones "Wherever have you been? I thought you had fallen through," I could only say harshly and mysteriously, "Through the wall! Through the wall!"

XIII

UNTIL to-morrow, I had said; and do you know, I didn't go back to her on that to-morrow. I scarcely know how to account for that dereliction, because, after all, it was dereliction. I had struck a bargain, nefarious though it might be. Intrigue was of the essence of it, and for once in my life I did voluntarily shirk intrigue—there's no disguising that. I told myself that I had everything to hope and nothing to fear from holding on; but I couldn't convince myself. I called to mind more than once that dictum of the canny Latins that woman is made for man's confusion: *Mulier est hominis confusio.*

Be that as it may, I gave the refrigerator a wide berth on my way to that Neck-or-Nothing claim, where Clint and I were grappling with the elusive specter of free gold, or fool's gold, whichever it might turn out to be. I broke with the past, and yet, in spite of that elaborate precaution, I felt a kind of distillation of that Spanish mænad in the air I breathed, in the fierce sunshine, in the aromatic wind, in the haunting music of the Organ. She came sliding towards me through the very joints in the stone we were drilling. And the fact of that invisible companionship, with its fatal consequences, stalked abroad somehow. I had that hideous sensation of looking two ways, and of being known for a man who looked two ways and took his comfort where he could find it.

I was a marked man, and I knew it by the way Asalea Blendon had of referring to

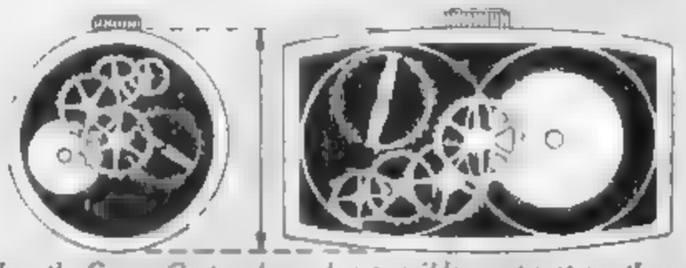
(Continued on Page 42)

Announcing The GRUEN Cartouche*

TRADE MARK

the logical wrist watch shape

* Cartouche: An ancient Egyptian tablet of oblong shape bearing the insignia of royalty



How the Gruen Cartouche makes possible greater strength and accuracy by providing almost double the movement space

THE above diagram explains the growing popularity of the Gruen *Cartouche* Wrist Watch.

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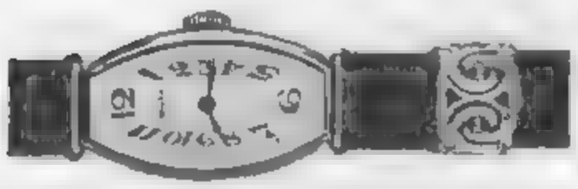
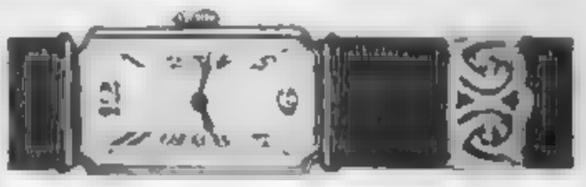
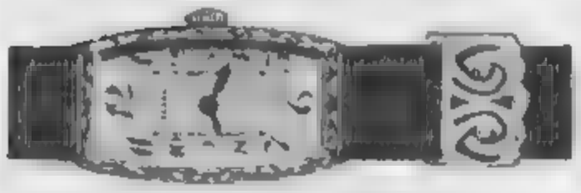


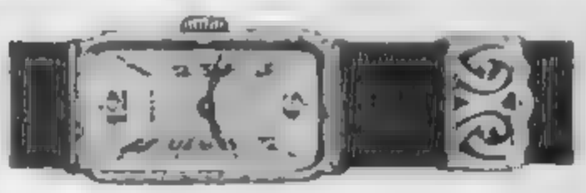
No. 111. 14 kt. solid green gold $85.00



No. 116. 14 kt. solid green gold $85.00

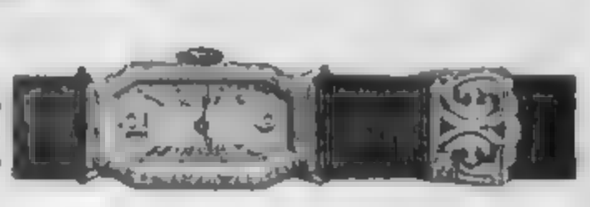


No. 112. 14 kt. solid green gold, engraved.... $90.00
No. 112. Sterling silver, engraved $55.00

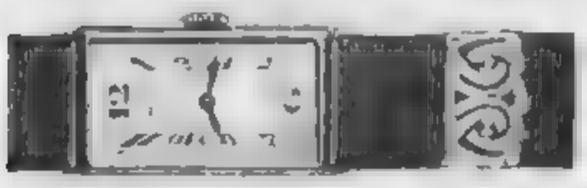


No. 117. 14 kt. solid green gold, engraved.....$90.00

No. 113. 14 kt. solid green gold $85.00
No. 113. Sterling silver $50.00

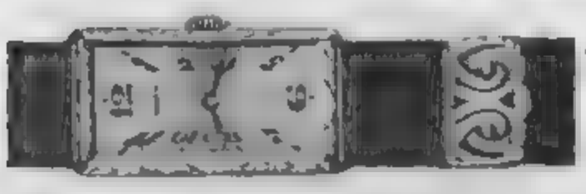


No. 118. 14 kt. solid green gold, chased.....$225.00
No. 118. 18 kt. solid white gold, chased.....$235.00



No. 114. 14 kt solid green gold $85.00
No 114 Sterling silver $50.00

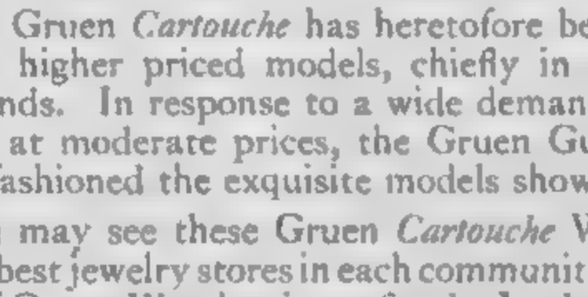
No. 119. 14 kt. solid green gold $85.00
No. 119. Sterling silver $50.00



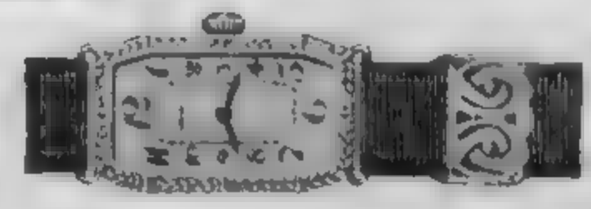
No. 115. 14 kt. solid green gold, engraved $90.00
No. 115. Sterling silver, engraved $55.00

No. 1110. 14 kt. solid green gold.....$85.00

NOTE
These watches are ½ actual size
Prices include war tax

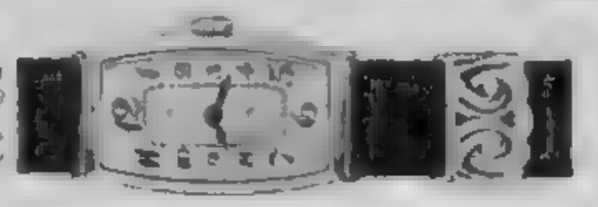


No. 1114. New strap watch for men with genuine rectangular movement, 14 kt. solid green gold $100.00
No. 1114. Sterling silver $60.00



No. 1113. New strap watch for ladies, 14 kt solid green gold $85.00
No 1113. Sterling silver $50.00

No. 1111. 14 kt. solid green gold $85.00
No. 1111. Sterling silver $50.00



No. 1112. 14 kt. solid green gold, chased $100.00
No. 1112. Sterling silver, engraved $55.00

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me sardonically as El Romántico—The Romantic One! She spent most of her time in that wooden chamber nursing her ailments, and when she did come out of her shell it was to strike a fang deep into the flesh of one or another of those optimists. *La Víbora*, Juan called her. The lady viper!

"Have you made your fortune to-day, man of mystery?" she said to me one evening.

"Mystery?" I shouted. "What is there mysterious about me?"

"I've touched you on the raw, haven't I?" she taunted me. "There's no need to take that boisterous tone with me. I said mystery and I mean mystery."

She opened her eyes wide under that black bang, and went on fussing with her finger nails. She must have learned something from her confessor, Doctor Faggard. I had the feeling, just as Clint had had, that she had laid me open with one cleaver stroke and I very nearly took her aside and begged her to keep silent if she did know anything incriminating. I was within one of wresting the shirt away from my throat and showing her that star of a deputy sheriff pinned to my undershirt, but I felt the time hadn't come for that sort of thing.

She let drive with another of those masked batteries of hers by saying unpleasantly: "Your protégée has been doing a little target shooting to-day."

She pointed to some heaps of green glass on the ground, and I didn't need to be told that May had potted those with the Australian's shooting iron. That was a new phase. She was rapidly getting to be a dead shot with that type of small arms. All that money of Syd's and Jim's that she had spent in shooting galleries hadn't been vain. She had pure instinct for shooting. It comes of that deep confidence born of abiding faith in the coöperation of unseen powers, people tell me who ought to know. There was a prayer in her trigger finger, in other words, and when she raised that girlish arm something had to go.

"From all I hear," Mrs. Blendon added, "it wouldn't do you any harm to take a few lessons from her, probably. But perhaps you feel that she is sufficient protection in herself."

I could have wrung her neck cheerfully. I took note of its withered and creased aspect minutely, but I simply grinned.

"You seem to think things are on a shoe string with me," I managed to bring out.

She merely arched her brows with a fleer, and said dryly: "Things are on a shoe string with most of us out here. If your Mr. Swasey doesn't find his capital in short order I guess we shall come to drawing lots."

She spoke the truth there. Things were on a shoe string with the Sprowl outfit. Food was running low, and nothing but diplomacy had been forthcoming from that fox-faced man at Madcap. If we didn't strike gold in a day or so we should have to tighten our belts. Already we were rationing ourselves. I affected to take that matter lightly, however. I averred to her that spiders had spun a web in the powder box that morning, a good sign.

"Look out they don't tackle the provision box next!" she flung at me.

I wilted and slunk around the corner of the kitchen shack—and ran plump into May.

"Listen to me, old-timer!" May said. She had picked that name for me straight from the Australian's lips, and it increased her patronage of me a hundredfold. "I heard her jumping down your neck, and what she says is true. What we need is ready money so that you men can go on with your drilling, and I have a scheme."

"What is it?"

"It's for me to start a specialty shop at Madcap."

I had been expecting this, but I thought I knew whence the suggestion emanated.

"I'll have to veto that," I said abruptly.

"The ayes have it just the same," May said as cool as cool. "Now, Bobolink, listen to reason. You wouldn't have me simply sit and fold my hands, I hope—great grown woman."

"I thought you were learning how to point a shooting iron," I retorted in hostile accents, and she smiled at me and said that already she had got her diploma in that science.

"Harry says there's nothing more he can teach me," she added.

Harry! He called her May too—already! What got under my skin was her nonchalance in turning acquaintances into bosom cronies overnight. I taxed her with that, and she said that the open spaces and the desert air bred these comradeships. She never had believed in standing on ceremony, anyhow. On this occasion I was silent on this point. She dropped into Dan's canvas chair under that dead fig tree.

I felt that if I was going to pry her loose from that man's affections I would have to steer clear of strong-arm methods and play the iron instead of forcing it, as I had more than once told Mrs. Gowdy. I walked all round her chair in a reverie, and got round in front of her again. Her eyes were closed. She looked pale, too, in that starshine; but she reached out her hand after a time, with the touching certainty that mine would close over it without further exertion on her part, without her so much as opening her eyes, and it did. The situation was anomalous, you'll have to grant that.

"You mean," I said, "that you propose to go ahead and earn money enough for us to keep body and soul together while we are drifting through that rock?"

"Briefly, yes."

"I can't see it. I simply can't see it."

"Can't see what?"

"You in the rôle of a provider."

"Why not?"

"There must be too much cave man in me. I'm the man with the stone hammer in these diggings."

"You certainly know how to use it. Look here, Bob, you're not earning a cent of ready money. Clint's short and confesses it. Food's going. Why not admit the situation?"

"It's not so bad as that," I said desperately. "We're going to drop down on a body of ore in this Neck-or-Nothing claim now in a very few days—to-morrow probably. It's a fissure vein, and that means mineral, all the experts agree."

"Fissure fiddlesticks!" May said lazily. "That for your experts!"

I forgot my exasperation in that sweet look she gave me with the snap of her thumb. A sort of hallucination went with it, and I fancied she was swimming forward towards me through some blue, translucent medium more rarefied than air.

"What are you thinking?" I inquired huskily after that great shimmering lapse.

"Inquisitive!"

The stars seemed all at once to burn more fiercely in their sockets over that dark rock reef with its thick pines. The soft wind, with its hint of aromatics, twisted vague shapes into forms of sweetest fancy. It's not too much to say, in the absence of cynics, that all surrounding things were pierced, were heightened, were illuminated, by George, as if some playful master had suddenly laid a few swift dazzling strokes on the canvas of an apprentice! Softness, silence, a sense of something toward—that especially. And then the sound of her placid voice, entirely unshaken:

"How dainty the stars are."

I chimed in with "Blue as topazes."

"Topazes are yellow, Mr. McCarty," May said dreamily. "Yellow as a cat's eye. It's plain to be seen you haven't much acquaintance with the precious stones. But you'll learn."

That charge of a lack of sophistication in the accouterments of courtship came against my ribs with the force of a ram. It seemed to pick out in harrowing detail her own relations with Rolfe, and it threw a light backward along the way she had come that filled me with retrospective jealousy, that unlovely disease so scorned by May herself.

She returned to the attack by dropping out: "What do you think women are for in this world? Ornament? That was one thing about Jim. He agreed with me that the relations between the sexes are going to be much more free and easy as time goes on. We used to say we saw no reason why men should think they must monopolize the arena."

"I think you can safely leave the arena to me just the same," I said.

And May said: "I certainly will if you go pawing up the ground this way."

"I don't want to get started on one of these newfangled arguments," I cut in, exasperated; "but I do know that woman's part in this world is passive in every way."

"Are you sure you're not overexaggerating?" May interposed gently.

"I know how men are," I blurted out. "I know how they feel about the sexes. Competition between the sexes won't go down, and it's time you knew it. The relation is either reciprocal or it has gone to pot."

"Competition! I don't see what competition has to do with it."

"It has everything to do with it," I returned savagely. "The man doesn't live that will pit himself against a woman on equal terms and get any satisfaction out of it. What would there be to brag about if that was how the game was played?"

"Brag? Brag? Do you think that's the word exactly to use in this connection? It isn't even gentlemanly."

"I certainly do! If the day ever comes that a man can't find some woman to brag to about his day's doings he's going to spend his time sitting on a stump."

"That's perfectly outrageous," May whipped across. "I can't agree with you at all. The world isn't made up of such hollow-hearted poor creatures as you try to make out."

"Isn't it? Put the case—put the case of a man that married a woman smarter than himself, and what do you make of it? The woman is making ten thou a year and the man two. I tell you, the rooftree never grew that would keep the rain off those two for many moons."

"If a woman has more brains than her husband he ought to be gracious enough to concede it," May murmured. "He ought to thank his lucky stars, I say."

"He would be a simpleton to tolerate it," I cried unguardedly.

"What would you do in those circumstances?" she shot at me with the old mischief in her eye, and I said that I would pick up my traps and go.

"I suppose you would say the same if she had actually saved his life," May put in soberly.

I said in stormy accents, "I couldn't even imagine a man's marrying a woman who had saved his life."

"That's your romantic temperament," May said, and she positively winked at me. El Romántico! What had I done to deserve being badgered with that word, having it flung at me in baggy folds like an empty wine skin? She didn't mean it unkindly, but then words never did seem full-bodied to May. She used them as counters, not as edged tools, where to me they quicken or deaden like a drug, crash through my defenses like a battle-ax. Words are more real than things to an ear as delicate as mine.

The upshot of the argument was, however, that May agreed to hold back on the specialty shop and give Clint and me one last chance to look around. We certainly threw ourselves into the business hard too; but three days went by and netted nothing, and on the evening of the fourth Maricopa materialized.

As I was coming home alone from the Neck-or-Nothing with half a dozen empty coal sacks over my shoulder he stepped out from behind one of those big blond cottonwoods with a low eerie whistle.

"What under heaven am I going to report?" was my first thought, but he didn't want a report, or rather he seemed to have it.

"You're doing grand work," he assured me. "Expect the fracas any time now. I suppose you go armed?"

My heart sank a trifle. "Armed? No."

"I would if I were you. You've got your man to boiling point."

"I'm glad to hear it," I said, and I make no doubt my grin was sickly.

"Is he working the Pandora, do you happen to know?" Maricopa inquired. "I notice it adjoins that claim of you people here."

"Adjoins, yes," I said, "and my chief thinks they are undercutting us secretly, and getting away with it somehow."

"Boring through your side lines, you mean?"

"Exactly! That claim is lower by a cool two hundred feet."

"Why not go down and see?"

"Because that's not in the contract. I have no mad desire to throw my life away in more than one way at a time."

"You might save it that way," Maricopa grinned.

"The rumor around here goes that the Pandora is a trap for a man who tries to see what is at the bottom of it."

"Spring the trap," suggested Maricopa with a steely glitter of the eye. "Terrazas' strength is growing every hour over the border. If he's got what he's after here he'll be off one of these fine mornings."

I told him gruffly that I would think it over, and he twirled his mustache thoughtfully. Presently he took a new line.

"Have you noticed any change in the lady's devotion to Jim Harper?" he asked. "Does she think just as much of him as ever?"

(Continued on Page 45)

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I was hot under the collar in an instant, and flared up with some piece of insolence, but Maricopa was steady as a rock. He put his hand on my shoulder and told me the story of the gray mule.

"I have been a cattleman in this country for getting on thirty years," he said, "and in all that time I never yet saw a dead gray mule except once, and that was in a railroad accident, which don't count. And why do you suppose that is?"

I couldn't see what the color of their hide had to do with their immortality and I said as much.

"Because gray mules never say die," he brought out triumphantly.

He clapped me on the shoulder, advised me to have a look down the Pandora, and in case he, Maricopa, should have the misfortune to be plugged report my findings to Mr. Spear at Haggett Junction. That was Horse Face, I learned later.

That night, as it happened, I got my first introduction to the Pandora. Mrs. Blendon put her head out her door as I was going past, and wreathed in smiles asked me if I could make it convenient to go back with Doctor Faggard to his lodgings at the Empire and fetch a bottle of medicine he had there for her.

His lodgings? I had a dark picture of those lodgings, and the inmates too; but my infernal amiability was bound to come into play. I couldn't refuse outright the request of a sick woman. I nodded accordingly, and Doctor Faggard—Los Huesos Bones], Juan called him—turned his pallid face towards me and said in his cultured voice that he would be glad of my company.

We went down into the canyon together and I felt as if I had allied myself with a wraith, actually with a sort of affable, smooth-tongued ghost who might pitch forward into some crack in space and vanish. That man's footfall made no more noise than a puffball, and I found myself wondering if he mightn't be the ghost of that reason which had long ago fled the canyon.

We were passing the refrigerator then, and I looked at that black arch apprehensively, with a bounding pulse, too, and I seemed to have curling into my nostrils again that smoke from Incarnación's cigarette, and my ears rang with the invocation in those burning and beseeching little words: "Besame, besame, besame! Quierame, besame!"

They had danced a devil's dance in my brain ever since, and yet, do you know, I hadn't met her. I had avoided that part of the canyon, and I walked past it now on tiptoe, and Los Huesos himself floated past without a sound. It was uncanny. It wasn't until we had got into the little Jamboree that he asked me if my motive in coming here had been exclusively to dig for gold.

"Well, no," I said. "I am more the adventurer type."

May's words were still haunting me.

"Ah, you are here for experience," Los Huesos replied suavely. "You are likely to get that here running as high as a thousand dollars to the ton."

"I don't beat about the bush," I said. "I am here because that girl is here, and everybody knows it."

Los Huesos looked inscrutable as the devil, and politely interested too.

He said, "She is charming—charming—a young amazon. But—choke me off if I let fall anything too personal—isn't her heart in someone else's keeping?"

I burst out impetuously that what I was relying on was her mind. She had a remarkable mind, lucid as a diamond. Had he noted that? One of those rare minds that sink through to the heart of a problem in a flash, and I was counting on that keen-edged instrument to cut the Gordian knot that her heart presumably had tied. Yes, I admitted that her affections were enlisted elsewhere, but I let him see my conviction that the world was plastic to the highly imaginative mind. Its combinations were splendid, but they were shifting too.

"You are romantic," he said pleasantly.

"So is she."

"Ah, that is different," he said. "A woman may be romantic, and still not let go her practical good sense."

I asked him stiffly if he meant to insinuate that I had thrown what horse sense I had overboard, and he said, "Confidentially, yes." Any man who would come here to dig for gold had lost his grip on realities more or less. "Ask Mrs. Blendon," he said. "There is a woman who has felt the tragedy of this place."

"She is a bundle of suspicion, I know that," I said. "She thinks everyone comes here in the guise of a robber with his hat drawn down over his eyes."

"Ah, suspicions," Los Huesos repeated with a deprecating gesture. "Don't blame her for that."

He turned his eyes towards me, and I could see pale flames of distrust glowing there, it seemed to me.

"We are all suspicious here—eaten out with it. Your partner, Clint, is suspicious of me, for example. He has as good as told me to keep off your premises—in a moment of exasperation, of course. I am suspicious myself, for the matter of that. I spend half my time grappling with specters."

He flung out those bony arms. "Even Terrazas, that much married man, is suspicious."

"Terrazas? Of whom?"

I felt the breath of that danger fanning my cheek anew when he said lightly, "You." He tapped me on the shoulder and added shortly: "Take my advice, young man, and hit the Gila-monster trail. The fools are not all dead yet that live in this canyon. Think that over. Well, in the meantime, here we are."

We were standing just outside the Empire, and he motioned me in. The place was lit by just one solitary pale-blue candle drooping on a deal table. This room had been a barroom in the old bonanza days. It was trimmed with musty crimson calico, and the ruffles and valances and curtains had rotted away in places. Very natty, I assure you. At the far end of the room the remnant of a mirror was flanked by three or four pewter mugs and a couple of cigar vases.

Moldy straw matting was on the floor, and several cane chairs scattered about on it. The doors leading into the rear rooms were made of slight wooden frames covered with dark-blue cotton drilling and hung on leather hinges. In one corner I caught a glimpse of a broken-down champagne basket that had evidently seen later service as a baby's crib.

I saw instantly that one of those blue doors was waggling on its hinges. Polhill had been sitting here, then, and had beat a retreat on hearing our voices. But hadn't I understood that he was deaf, along with his other afflictions?

"Yes, here is a commentary on the Canyon of the Fools," Faggard said with a wave at a chair. "Ruin, abandonment in the end. They got what they came after, but they didn't take it away with them. They sprang up like those warriors from the dragon's teeth sowed by Cadmus, and fought among themselves until it's lucky if there was one man left among 'em to crawl out of here with a whole skin."

He looked at me significantly, but I pretended not to take it to heart.

"There really was gold in chunks here at first then?" I inquired innocently, and I kept half an eye on the door. I looked for Terrazas' squat form to fill it momentarily.

"Yes, they had great bursts here in the days when there really was gold being taken out. One man, they tell me, dug a fortune out of a crevice in the rock with a butcher knife in grains the size of barley, and wound up by prying a nugget loose the size of a hen's egg that sold for two hundred forty dollars."

He told me gravely that nothing but a strong sense of humor could save a man from being swallowed whole by the monstrous illusion that gold simply had to be in a given place, whether it was there or not. All this with a broad, satirical grin that made me feel as if somebody was stalking me and as if it was two to one that I would never come out of that ramshackle hotel alive.

Still, something held me there. You ask me what, and I can't say; possibly a stray thought of Maricopa's teasing out that tawny mustache and trifling with his gun pocket. I sat back, at any rate, after having actually gathered my legs under me for a bolt through that open doorway. I relaxed everything, and I was certain that that courteous specter of a man was playing with me, taking me in his toils.

He played on me to good purpose. Sudden gory visions of my red shirt loomed up as clear as objects in a crystal. And all those fears were precipitated into the form of quaking conviction when I fancied I heard a long thin whistle from somewhere away in the dark on that spiny hillside. Directly on the heels of that he asked to be excused. Imagine that! He was going to get my medicine, he alleged, and went out with his baffling lack of noise.

There I was, alone in that cave of musty calico. Sweat was running into my eyes. I half expected to see that human wraith reappear in the door with a reënforcement of troops lent him by Terrazas. My feeling for Terrazas was getting to be like that feeling I had in my youth for the town bully when word was passed that he was after me. *After me!* Think what those two words contain of hideousness for an imaginative soul! That distant youth had been dubbed the Butcher—Butcher Riley. He lived in a dark quarter of the town named Cornickville, and his appearances were not inferior in panic-producing qualities to those of the man-eating tigers that infest India. I saw him years later, and he was still butchering; but, like Clint, he called himself a meat cutter then, and he had grown humble and respectable.

I mention him because his power over me was so precisely that of Terrazas. There was the same prowling threat, the same insensate something in his methods. He was lost to reason, and mercy was a name to him, or not even that. Your one chance was, when he was after you, to choose your path deviously, live out your days without ostentation, and above all things keep out of the fearful ambush that Cornickville, since it contained the Butcher, perpetually was.

Well, there I was, plumped down in the heart of Cornickville, after all those years, without henchmen of any kind, and I felt as if the Butcher was due to appear in a second or so and have me spitting cotton.

I wasn't far wrong, either. One of those blue doors to the left of that ruin of a bar began to swing open on its leather hinges with a kind of stealth, and Polhill came shuffling into view. He hauled up short, took hold of a chair top and bent forward, listening; but I am certain I hadn't betrayed myself unless he had heard my hair stirring.

I did pity him, but I couldn't help a thrill of horror going through me too. There was something hideous in the thought of that wrecked body still harboring a brain that sought out gold as tenaciously as ever, even to the point probably of foul play.

I held my breath. I'm confident I hadn't made a sound, but he all at once turned in my direction; and then I had the very same feeling that May had testified to, as I recall. I could have sworn that those blind eyes had seen me, and I got what looked like fair proof of that when he leaped that intervening ten feet like a tiger, seized me by the throat, threw me to the ground and was in a fair way to strangle me.

That attack had all the surprise features of a cyclone lifting the roof off the house at one flap and sending the whole outfit sailing. I was suffocated. His grip at my throat couldn't be shaken by any art of mine, and my eyes were popping out of my head when I heard a sharp crack, the noise wood will make coming against bone, and he went limp as a sack of dough.

I looked up. Inky was standing over me, a heavy stick in her hand. Saved again, and by a woman! Her hair was shaken down around her shoulders, and I never saw a woman's eyes flame like that before or since. They were beautiful and terrible.

"Run!" she cried. "By the lower trail!"

She was gone herself in a flash, and I plunged through that open doorway and went careering down that trail in great leaps, and getting my legs crammed full of chay spines without knowing it. All gory as I was, when I reached the Sprowl compound I leaned in through Mrs. Blendon's window, brought my head within a foot of hers and hissed: "He was out of that medicine, after all."

She uttered a faint scream and closed her eyes. It's wonderful to me that I didn't choke the life out of her. Clint was all in favor of it when I told him. He sat there on the edge of his cot, rumpling that yellow mound of hair with one fist and swinging his cleaver up and down with the other. If he had had a block handy I do believe he would have sent her head spinning into the canyon without the least compunction. He agreed with me, of course, that she had planned that thing with Bones, and that they had probably intended, if not to murder me, at least to ship me out of those parts with my head in a sack.

"We'll be lucky men if we're not all murdered in our beds," he said.

"We will be if we trust that man Polhill's being blind," I answered. "He can see as well as I can."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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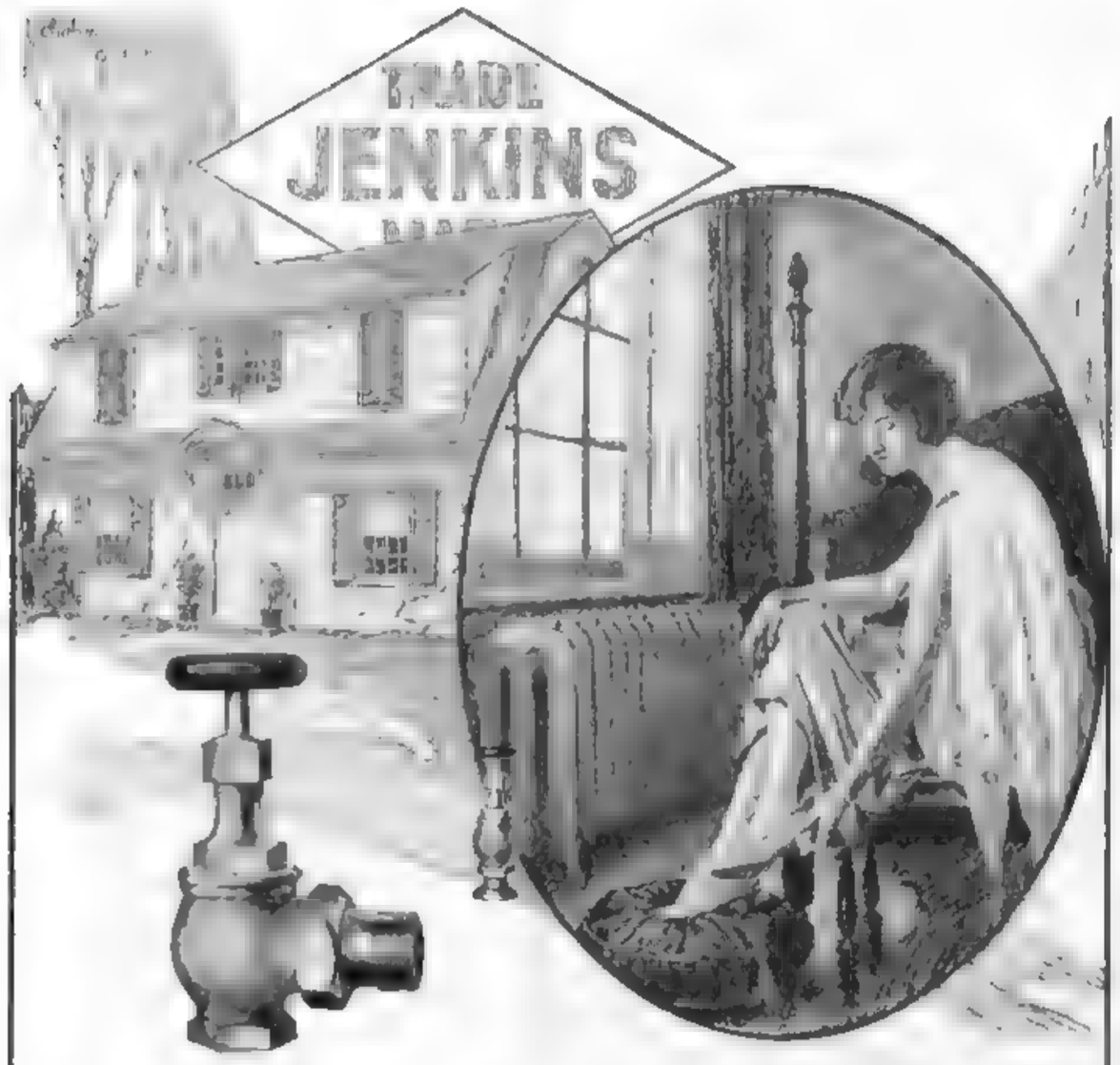

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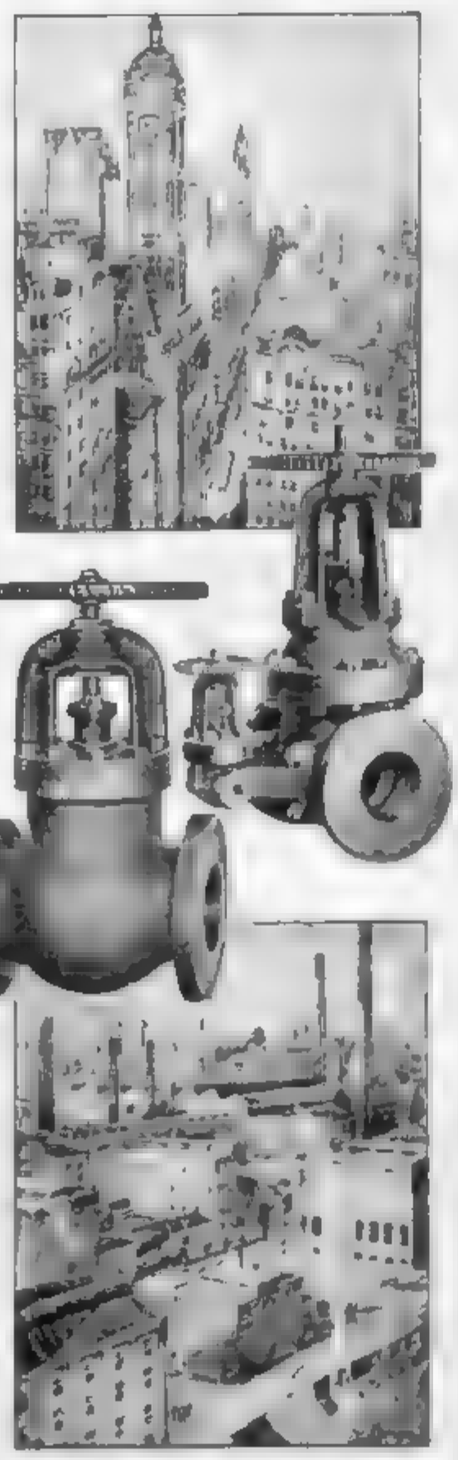

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THE SONG OF THE DRAGON

(Continued from Page 5)

She turned and faced him, her chin at a bravely defiant angle but quivering slightly.

"You have wasted a lot of time in this office," said Kinder more gently, "and I apologize. I'm going to arrange a new system so that such things can't happen in the future. So, you see, I realize I've been to blame. Now you say you can act. Let me tell you about that. Actors and actresses are the blood and sinew of my business. I've spent a quarter of a century searching for competent people who, after years of experience, can put plays over for me. The hardest thing I have to do, the thing that has brought most of the gray hairs you see in my head, is to find juveniles and ingénues. Plays and the public demand youth on the stage. I have spent days, weeks, months trying to make some undeveloped youngster give a presentable performance. Why, my dear, if you—with your beauty—could really act you'd make me a fortune in one season and take half the worry out of my life."

He paused and regarded her grimly for a moment to let his words sink in. She took advantage of this.

"But how do you know I can't act unless you try me?"

"By past experience. By a hundred—a thousand disappointments. But I'm going to try you—don't worry about that."

The color leaped to her face.

"You are?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"To-morrow. Here, take this script." He reached toward a dozen or more play manuscripts. His fingers happened to close on the second act of Beauty and the Beast. He glanced at the title and handed it to her. "Take any scene you care to, study the young girl's part and come back at four to-morrow."

"Oh, thank you!" she breathed with shining eyes.

"Don't thank me. You'll be hating me to-morrow when I tell you —— He hesitated.

"What?"

"That you're terrible."

"You think you'll tell me that?"

"Undoubtedly."

Quite unexpectedly she pealed forth in a delighted laugh.

"We'll see!" she cried, and almost ran from the room, the second act of Beauty and the Beast clasped to her heart.

"H'm!" said Kinder as the door closed behind her.

II

HIS interview with Doris Gray the following morning was even more trying than he had expected. She had agreed to be at his office by eleven. It was something of a shock to Kinder when she arrived promptly at that hour. His memory of Doris contained many restless waitings for her final rush to him with some flimsy excuse for her delay.

He used to think that she planned to be late deliberately in order to brighten the glory of her arrival by the preceding gloom of her nonappearance. Her first words explained her promptness. "Four years of silence, and then a summons! My dear, I'm dying of curiosity!"

Kinder felt that the past should be excluded from this meeting for obvious reasons. He attempted to do this at once.

"I have something very serious to talk over with you, Doris. Please sit down."

A shade of disappointment passed like a shadow across her face, but she sank into the chair he indicated.

"What a tone!" she said. "It must be business. You couldn't be so much in earnest about anything else, could you?" She let him have the full broadside of a tender glance. "And I'd imagined you raking over the ashes, finding a few embers and rushing to the telephone."

Her suggestion that his fire had dwindled was more adroit than true. She had been entirely responsible for their separation. She had taken the first step when she left one of his plays for a bigger part under another management. Although he had not asked for it, she had furnished a wildly hysterical explanation, during which he learned that he had been keeping her back.

Later, when she had discovered a gorgeous juvenile in her new play, with such a marvelously sympathetic nature that he understood her without a word being spoken, Kinder had seen the writing on the wall and had quietly taken himself out of her life. Yet there she sat, with luminous, melting eyes, speaking of embers. How like a woman—or a cat with a mouse!

"What are you doing now?" he asked.

The question happened to be the time-worn opening of a manager about to offer a part. It deceived her.

"Nothing just this moment; but, of course, you know I'm under contract to Wood. He's promised to star me this fall."

"Congratulations," said Kinder dryly. "What I have to say to you has nothing to do with the stage."

Her interest, which had faded to nothing when he had let her first insinuation pass, was again revived.

"Tell me quickly. When I've guessed embers and business I'm through. There's nothing left, so far as you are concerned, is there?"

"Yes," said Kinder, "there's something left even for me."

"Food!" she exclaimed. "I've read somewhere that beyond a certain age life becomes a series of meals. Do you want to take me to luncheon?"

"Later if you like," said Kinder, unruffled. "But it isn't food."

"Then what is it?"

He had been attempting to balance a paper weight on one end. Now he set it down on the desk.

"Our country," he said gravely—"yours and mine."

"Oh, that!" she said, her tone no longer malicious. "You want me to sell bonds?"

"No," said Kinder. "Anyone can sell bonds. I want you to do something much more important than selling bonds."

Her eyes widened at his tone.

"Heavens, what is it?"

"Before I tell you I want to ask you a question. This is it: Do you love your country—really love your country?"

"Don't be absurd!" said she.

"Very well," said Kinder. "Now listen!"

And listen she did, while he told her all. But long before he had finished her eyes were hot and dark in a cold white face. With his last words she sprang to her feet.

"Why did they come to you about me?" she demanded.

It was not the time to mention the matter of his florist bills.

"Well, I'm a manager," Kinder evaded, "and you're an actress. I presume they thought I could get in touch with you."

"You haven't been my manager for four years, and yet they come to you? I don't believe it!" She stood staring down at him, concentrated in thought. "Ah," she exclaimed suddenly, "this is what happened! They asked you to recommend someone, and you named—me! You assured them I had special qualifications."

Kinder rose and faced her.

"So you think that?"

"Think it? I know it! Any fool could see it! Nothing is sacred to the type of man you are. You're not even capable of—memories. Use me for an intrigue? Why not? I'm the right sort for the job and nothing to you. You're unspeakable!"

She held the pose of a righteous accuser, her eyes flashing, her head thrown magnificently back, her hands clenched at her sides.

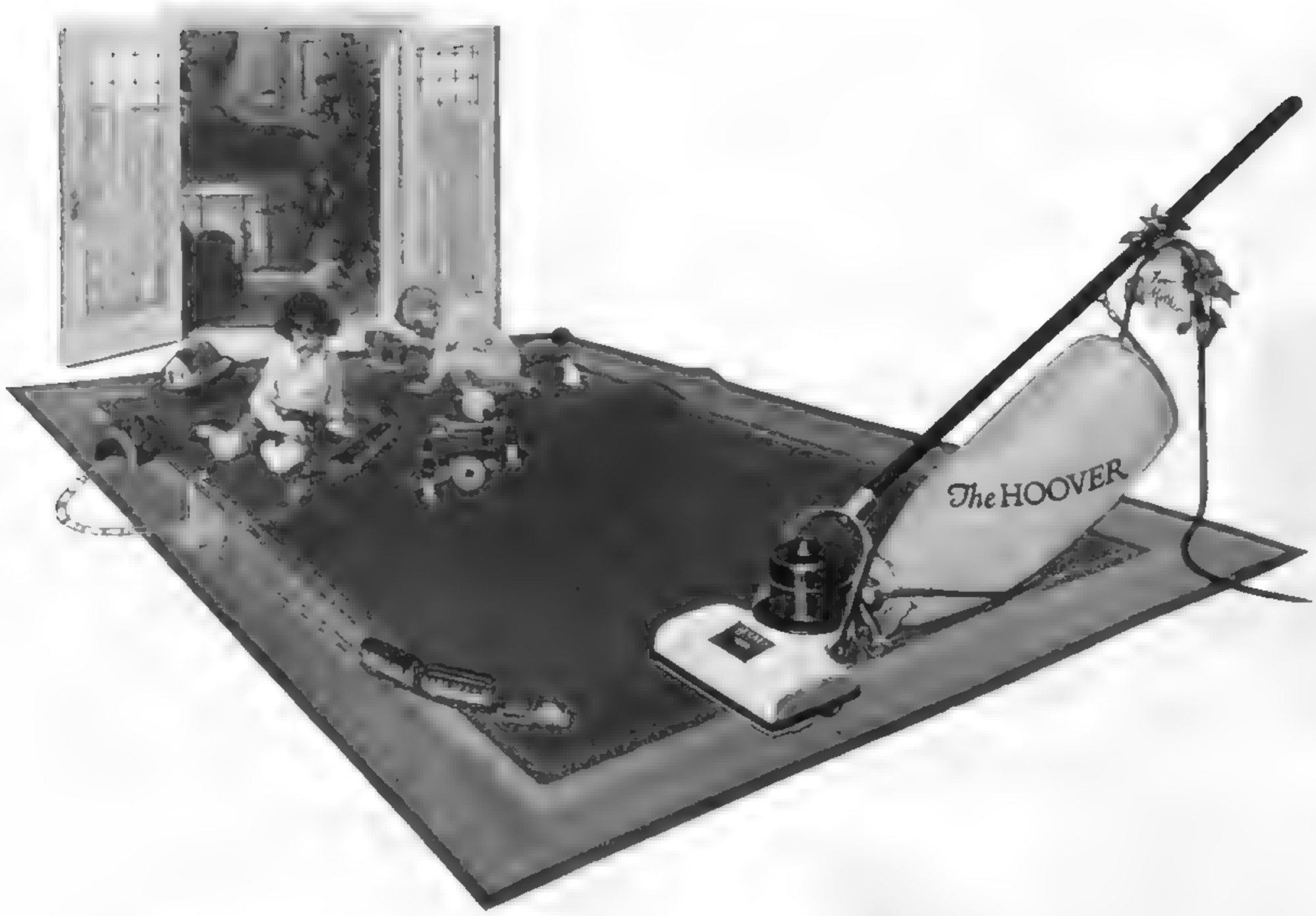
"Then you refuse?" asked Kinder evenly.

"Refuse? And I'm the woman you once loved!"

Her hands opened and turned palms out. Her head fell. She was a broken lily. The technic of her transition was excellent, but it irritated Kinder.

"Very well," said he. "Now suppose you save the rest of the scene for a paid audience."

(Continued on Page 48)



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(Continued from Page 46)

He turned from her abruptly, walked to the door and opened it. She passed him in abasement, still the crushed woman, but her exit line was out of key.

"Beast!"

Kinder closed the door.

"Phew!" he said. Then went courageously to the telephone. "Get Miss Warren," he ordered. "Have her here by two o'clock." As he put down the telephone Edgar stuck his head in the door.

"He's here again."

"Is he?" said Kinder. "Who do you happen to mean?"

"Old Sleuth," explained Edgar out of the side of his mouth.

Kinder tiptoed across the room and bent his lips to Edgar's ear.

"Slip him in!" he bellowed.

"Yea, bo," said Edgar, grinning.

Mr. Smith's face suggested profound anxiety as he appeared.

"Did I by any chance leave my umbrella here?"

Kinder fell into a chair.

"You did," he said when he could speak. "I recall it perfectly." Here he was smitten again.

"Er—might I have it?" asked the puzzled Mr. Smith.

Kinder made a weak gesture toward a corner where the umbrella now stood.

"Ah, there it is!" Mr. Smith exclaimed, brightening. It was not until he had the umbrella firmly by the middle that his mind turned to other things. "Have you gone ahead with—that matter?"

"Yes," said Kinder, "but nothing doing."

"You've seen her?"

"Not ten minutes ago."

"She refused?"

"Absolutely! She's out of the question. I've just telephoned for Cynthia Warren. I hope to see her this afternoon. Know her?"

Mr. Smith nodded.

"I've seen her on the stage. Don't think she'll do."

"She's a bright girl and a pretty one," said Kinder, somewhat nettled. "She's divorced just now. What's the matter with her?"

"Timid," said Mr. Smith.

"It's the parts she gets," Kinder explained. "She's generally cast for a shrinking violet."

"Why?"

"Well, she's the type."

"Just so," said Mr. Smith. "We don't want a violet. We want an American rose with a stout stem—and thorns."

Kinder, still bleeding, frowned at the word "thorns."

"I'm doing the best I can," he suggested. "If you'd like to get someone else ——"

"Not at all," the agent put in quickly. "I simply had an impression about this girl. See her, by all means, Mr. Kinder. I'll drop in later this afternoon. I may be entirely mistaken."

But Mr. Smith was not mistaken. After protesting that she would do anything for her country—die a hundred times, as she put it—Cynthia gasped when she understood what Kinder wanted her to do.

"Oh, no, not that!" she quavered. "I couldn't! I simply couldn't!"

"You said you'd do anything," Kinder reminded her.

"I meant it, Mr. Kinder. Anything! But I couldn't undertake this, because I know I'd fail. I haven't enough assurance. I haven't enough—— Well, I'd fail, that's all."

And Kinder, looking into her frightened eyes, knew that she spoke the truth.

"And now what?" he thought when he was alone once more. He ran over several possibilities in his mind and dismissed them one after another for various reasons. He was tapping away at a tooth when Edgar appeared with a card.

"Sylvia Dodge," Kinder read with the fringes of his mind. "Not in," he said absently. Returning the card he became aware that Edgar's expression was a reproachful one. This extraordinary fact brought him to himself. "Well, what is it?" he inquired.

"She says you asked her to call."

"Asked her to call? I never heard of her!"

"Huh!" said Edgar. "You half killed her with a bumbershoot yesterday."

"Oh, that's her name! I didn't know. Tell her to come in."

In the moment before she appeared Kinder made up his mind to ask the child to come back some other day. He could not listen to a tyro murder lines when time was flying, flying, and his imagination was filled with the heart-shaking sound of explosions and the red glare of flames.

She came through the doorway with the same eager rush with which she had left the day before, star-eyed and breathless.

"This act," she cried; "it's the loveliest thing I ever read! I've learned two scenes, two wonderful scenes, but I'm frightfully nervous. It's like Monday nights in stock—only worse."

Kinder's excuses perished utterly. Germans or no Germans, he could not blot out such radiance with a brutal dismissal. She should not be sent away aching with the thought that she had been denied a few moments of his time in which to display a real talent.

Better for her, much better, that she have her chance and fail.

"What scenes did you learn?" he asked, taking the manuscript from her.

She looked over his shoulder as he turned the pages.

"This one," she said, "beginning here and going to her exit."

Kinder discovered that she had selected the comedy scene, light as thistledown, over which he had despaired at his first reading of the play.

"She has courage, anyway," he thought, but tempered this with "or overconfidence. We'll take the whole scene," he said aloud. "I'll give you your cues. That desk will be the garden bench. Cross to see what Henry has in his hand. You don't know it's a snake until you reach his side. All right, let's go—'Come and look, Mildred. Aw, come on.'"

Slowly she crossed the room, half curious, half fearful. Then, "Ugh!" It was such a perfect shudder of horror that Kinder forgot to give her the next cue.

"I beg your pardon," he said as she came out of the part with an impatient glance at him. "'Aw, what's the matter with you? It's just a little garter snake.'"

"'Take it away! Take it awa-a-y!'" Her voice was an imploring wail as her hands pushed something horrible away from her.

"I'm dreaming," thought Kinder, but remembered to feed her cues as she floated

(Continued on Page 50)

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(Continued from Page 48)

from mood to mood like a soft spring breeze. For ten minutes he watched heedless adorable youth play in a garden; and—wonder of wonders—now and then, with a little wistful touch, she made him know that the shadows of life were creeping over the wall.

"Who are you?" cried Kinder when the scene was over. "Where have you been? What have you been doing?"

She shook her head impatiently at his questions.

"The next scene, please," she commanded in the imperious tone of a leading woman. "Where she is told that her father is the thief."

"Yes, of course," said Kinder, turning pages.

She had used a wealth of gesture in the comedy scene. She had screamed with surprise or shrieked with laughter at nothing. That was as it should be. She had an extraordinary comedy sense. But what would she do with tragedy? Overplay it? She was bound to!

And then having flung herself into a chair, buoyant, unsuspecting, she was told that the shadows had crept upon her never to lift. She looked at him with such genuine bewilderment that Kinder thought she had missed the cue. Then he saw "She does not understand" in the directions and gave her another line.

"Now for it," he thought. "Here's where she raves."

She did not rave. She stiffened into a deathly quiet. One hand moved as it lay in her lap. It closed, opened, closed again—and that was all, except that her eyes said "Pain! Pain! Pain!" before they brimmed with tears.

That scene was never finished. Kinder gathered her into his arms, crooning like a mother. At last he released her.

"Now say it!" she demanded, wiping her eyes.

"Say what?" said Kinder, staring at her as though she were a creature from another world.

"That I'm terrible."

"Sit down," commanded Kinder. "Sit down and tell me everything. How old are you?"

"Nineteen nearly."

"Nineteen—nearly? Where did you learn to act?"

"From my father and in stock—out on the Coast. I'm Michael Brannigan's daughter."

"Ah!" said Kinder, for now the miracle could be understood.

Michael Brannigan was a Shaksperean actor whose politics had forced him to leave Ireland hurriedly twenty-odd years before, bound for the United States.

Finding that the American public had little use for Shakspere, and even less when the lines were read with a brogue, he had settled in Los Angeles and opened a dramatic school.

"Your father died recently, didn't he?"

She nodded.

"And your mother?"

"Long ago. I can't remember her."

"When did your father start to train you?"

"I can't remember that either," she smiled. "I think he must have started when I was in my cradle. He said I had the fatal gift of beauty. He said I'd live soft an' go to the divil if I had the chance. So he worked with me early and often. If anyone said a decent thing about me or my acting he'd insult them."

"Your father," Kinder informed her with enthusiasm, "had brains."

A twinkle appeared in the eyes of Michael Brannigan's daughter.

"So he told me," she said.

"Well, I'll prove it," Kinder almost shouted. "I'm going to give Beauty and the Beast a quick tryout. You'll have the girl's part. We'll open here in January."

"Oh, Mr. Kinder ——"

She got no further. She could only gasp for breath in the wave of happiness which engulfed her. At that moment they were disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Come in," called Kinder irritably.

Edgar appeared.

"Ole Nick Brady," said he with a jerk of his head in the direction of the hallway.

"In conference," snapped Kinder, then recollected himself. "No, no, that won't do! Ask him to come in."

Mr. Smith was presently blinking in the doorway. Kinder sprang to his feet, and obeyed the impulse to let some other see and rejoice with him in his new-found treasure. Mr. Smith happened to be a secret-service agent, but what did that matter? At the moment, Kinder would have introduced her to the janitor.

"Come in, Mr. Smith, come in!" he cried. "You're just in time to meet Miss Dodge—Miss Sylvia Dodge. Remember the name, Smith. You'll see it on Broadway one of these days or I don't know my business."

Mr. Smith favored Miss Dodge with an old-fashioned bow.

"About that other matter ——"

He addressed himself to Kinder, but continued to peer at the flushed face and wide young eyes that had grown more starlike if possible as she heard that her name would presently be spelled out in electric lights for all the world to see.

"Oh, yes—yes, of course!" Kinder brought his mind back to the urgent business of Mr. Smith with a wrench. "You were right about—that person. The mere suggestion scared her to death. I've done nothing else as yet, but ——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the sound of cheering. This cheering grew nearer. It was running along the street like fire. It reached their building and was drowned by a band which suddenly exploded in a blare of defiance just below them. Over There!

The notes seemed to lift Miss Dodge to her feet and fling her toward a window. Kinder followed and chose a place at her side. It was a draft regiment crossing the city to entrain for some camp. The clothing of its members was as varied as their marching step. Loose-swinging arms in cheaply brilliant jerseys brushed sleeves of imported fabrics held stiffly in what was conceived to be the military manner.

The faces and their expressions were equally dissimilar—Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Teuton, Latin, Slav, Jew—the blood strains of a world were in these faces, some grinning, some with knitted brows. All, all had one thing in common, though—they were young, unbelievably young. Also, one could read in them a touch of anxiety, almost shame. They were being forced to give a public exhibition at their latest game. They were painfully aware that they did not know the rudiments. The enthusiasm of the spectators was embarrassing.

"We're dubs," the boyish faces seemed to say. "What are you cheering for?"

Straggling rank on straggling rank, they passed. The head of the column had turned the corner when the last of them went by. The cheering and handclapping ceased. The noises of the city retook the consciousness of those who watched, as though resuming after complete suspense.

And now the new-found treasure spoke. Aloud, but to no one in particular.

"I can't, I can't, I can't!" said she, and Kinder, turning at the sound of her voice, took in a white and working face from which all joy had fled.

"Can't what?" he asked.

"Can't go on with silly plays. I've got to help! I've got to help!" She turned from the window and crumpled into a chair. "They were so young," she whispered—"so young! I never realized how young they were. I've got to help!" she cried again, beating a clenched hand on her knee.

She was completely unstrung, that was clear. What they had seen had been too moving. It had destroyed her balance for a moment. Kinder opened his lips to reassure her. Some phrases about the psychological value of the theater in times of stress were in his mind. They never found expression.

"You can help," he heard.

It was the voice of Mr. Smith. It was as startling as a pistol shot. Kinder had forgotten Mr. Smith. The girl had been staring straight before her, her words addressed to no one. Now she turned to Mr. Smith, and met his searching glance with great burning eyes.

"How?" she asked.

Mr. Smith selected a chair, drew it toward her and seated himself.

"I'll tell you, my dear," he said gently. "Now listen carefully, please."

She listened intently, minute after minute, with no sign of horror, with no sign of disapproval in her face. Only a heightened color, a slightly quickened breath, showed that she heard and understood.

Kinder took to pacing the floor and wiping his brow. At last he could stand no more.

"Look here, Smith," he interrupted harshly, "you don't have to be quite so frank, do you?"

It was she who answered.

"Of course he does," she told Kinder almost sharply, then gave him a friendly smile and a reassuring nod. "It's all right," she said, and turned again to the old man. "Go on, please. I understand."

Mr. Smith went on for a few moments more.

"And now," he said at last, "you've asked how you can help. The woman who tells us what we want to know within the next six weeks will do more for America than the whole regiment that passed just now."

She was silent for a time, opening and closing a small bag which lay in her lap, and staring down at it. At last she raised her eyes.

"How soon would you have to know?"

"At once."

"I'd like a little time to think."

Mr. Smith shook his head doubtfully.

"Time is very precious," he said.

"I want five minutes," she stated.

Mr. Smith got hastily to his feet.

"Oh, my child, my child, of course!"

She rose and went to the window, her back to the room, and stood there staring out while the five minutes she had asked for passed. When she turned to them again her face had changed. It was rapt, ethereal and very lovely. Her eyes suggested that she had seen a vision, a vision, perhaps of a broad and smiling land, refuge for the oppressed of other, gloomier lands the land where she was born.

"You said something about—paying for this work."

"It will be well paid for," Mr. Smith assured her.

"How much does a soldier get?" she asked.

"Depends on his rank," the agent answered. "General Pershing, now ——"

"I mean a soldier like the ones who passed."

"About thirty dollars a month, I believe," said Mr. Smith.

"Thirty dollars!" she repeated softly. "It doesn't seem much, does it?" Her face, which had grown slightly pensive, became alert. "I'll undertake it," she said in a businesslike tone. "I'll do everything in my power to find out where those papers are. While I am"—she hesitated—"working—I want thirty dollars a month."

"But, my dear child ——" Kinder broke in.

She lifted her hand to quiet him, and went on with more deliberation:

"That is what I want—just that. It must come to me in a check or something, some paper signed by the Government. I mean by a—a department—no, a department can't sign a paper." She looked at Mr. Smith for help. "You know what I mean."

Mr. Smith produced a large handkerchief and blew his nose.

"Good Lord!" he said, and then again, "Good Lord!" At last he turned to her. "You want it to be official, is that it?"

She nodded eagerly. He went to her and put a hand on her shoulder.

"We'll take care of that," he said.

"Thank you. When do I start in?"

"Now."

"Now?"

"If you will," said Mr. Smith. "I'd like to take you over to the Ritz and introduce you to someone—a lady. She'll go with you to-morrow morning to buy you some gowns."

"Buy gowns for me?"

Mr. Smith nodded.

A wave of color flooded her face from brow to chin.

"No, no!" she cried. "I can't do that!" Suddenly her face cleared. "My uniforms," she said with a smile. "All right, I'm ready." She held out her hand to the silent white-lipped Kinder. "Good-by," she said. "Will you save the part for me?"

But Kinder, speechless, could only squeeze her hand.

He found his voice after they had left. He had gone to the window and was looking moodily at the building across the street in which lights were beginning to glow, first in one window, then in another. Faint in the distance a band struck up. It was in some side street, or on Fifth Avenue, perhaps, but its notes were unmistakable. The building at which Kinder was glaring began to swim before his eyes. He could only see the gleaming of its lights, and they grew dim.

"Damn it all," he burst out, "George should write another and call it Over Here!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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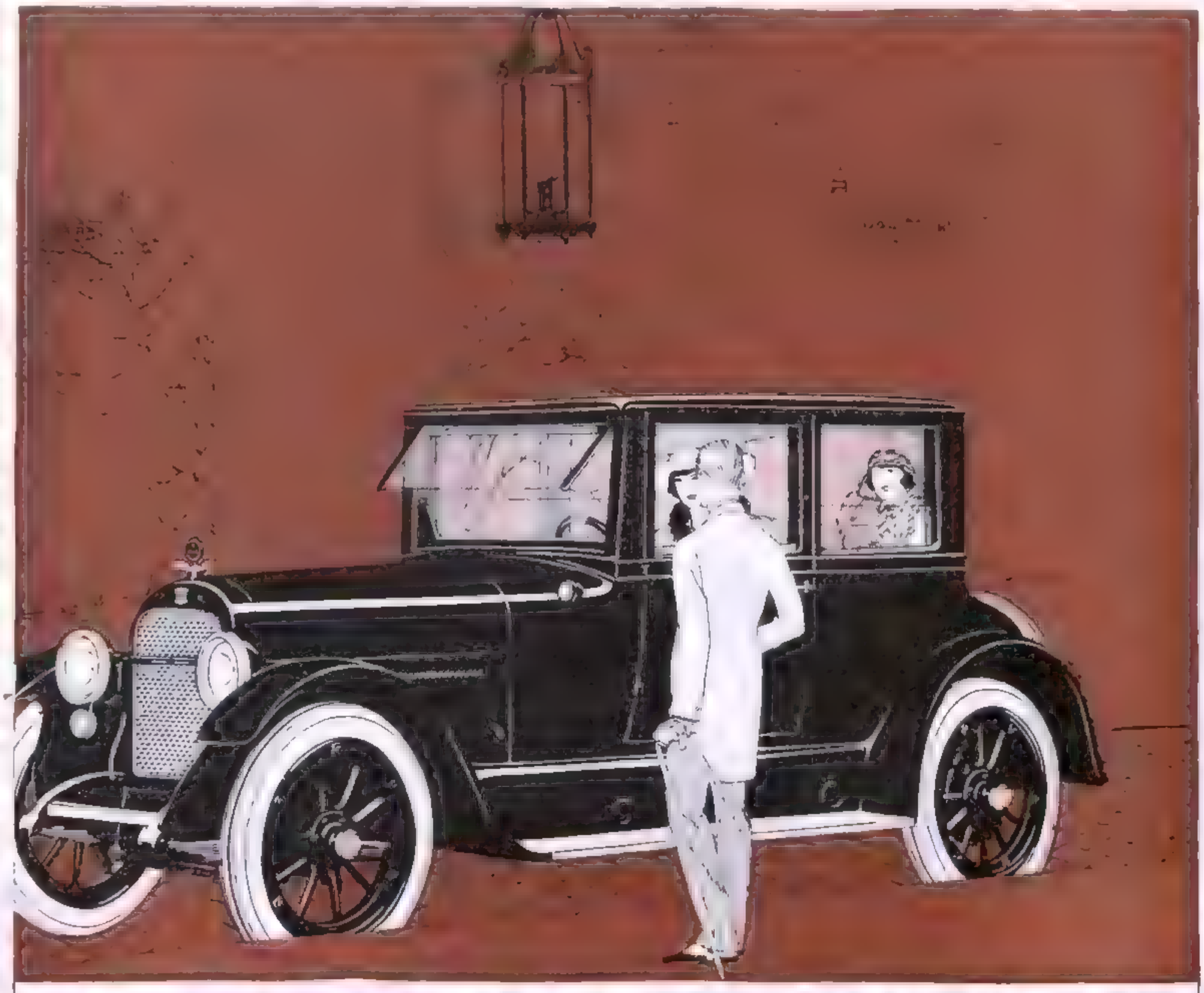

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FARMER JOHN AND THE SIRENS

(Continued from Page 11)

buying seed, for surveying soil, for killing pests, for hiring harvest hands and for dealing with the score of problems which farmers of every county have in common. This farm adviser is generally a graduate of the state agricultural college—a farm boy with a college education. He sees a larger world than his father saw. And he and his kind more than anyone else are responsible for the quick and apparently sure growth of coöperation among the American farmers which has followed the Great War.

In July, 1920, representatives from various farmers' organizations met in a marketing conference in Chicago. Out of this marketing conference came the Committee of Seventeen. The influence of that young college graduate who is leading the farmers as county adviser or county agent throughout the country is indicated by the fact that two out of the seventeen were Phi Beta Kappa men—the best known of the honorary scholastic societies in America. The Committee of Seventeen represented the following farmers' organizations: The Nebraska Farmers' Union, the Iowa Grain Dealers' Association, the Illinois Agricultural Association—which seems to be another name for the farm bureau of that state—the Equity Coöperative Exchange, the Michigan Farm Bureau, the Missouri Farmers' Grain Dealers' Association, the National Farmers' Equity Union, the Missouri Farmers' Clubs, the Oklahoma Farmers' Union, the Farmers' National Grain Dealers' Association, the Kansas State Farm Bureau, the Ohio State Grange and the American Farm Bureau Federation.

These farmers formed a trust. And then they did a curious thing, but typical of the best American tradition. They invited the public to sit in with them. So four representatives of the consumers made the last four members of the Seventeen. The chosen four represented the Agricultural Editors' Association, the South Dakota Bureau of Markets, the United States Department of Agriculture, and the state agricultural colleges.

The Grain Growers' Aims

In February, 1921, the plan of the Committee of Seventeen was announced and in early April representatives from farmers' organizations in twenty-three grain states gathered to consider the plan. The plan as adopted by the April conference provided for the formation of the United States Grain Growers Incorporated, a nonstock, noprofit association, to handle and sell grain for its farmer members. The Incorporated Grain Growers will try to stabilize grain prices by steady marketing as demands warrant, and by direct contracts with mills and consumers; eliminate short selling and manipulated markets by keeping the grain in farmer control until sold to a legitimate buyer; export, or pool for export, the surplus of bounteous harvests, to keep the grain speculator from beating down harvest-time prices; furnish credit, through the Farmers' Finance Corporation, to grain growers who do not want to sell at harvest time; supply reliable news of the world markets, clean, mix and regrade the farmers' grain in farmer-owned conditioning plants; eliminate unnecessary and duplicated freight and handling charges by shipping directly from the country station to the miller or exporter; and prorate the savings made by these trade devices back to the farmer in proportion to the grain he markets.

The machinery of this corporation follows the lines of a typical American trust except that each stockholder in the local associations can have but one vote, and can hold but a limited supply of stock; dividends must be limited and earnings above cost and surplus will be distributed as a patronage dividend. In the local association only grain growers can own stock; and every grain grower may buy stock, for which a ten-dollar membership fee is charged. Twenty-one farmers are officers of the national organization. Two simple contracts are written which will provide for handling the grain: One between the farmer and the local coöperative elevator or, if there is none, with his local grain growers' association, which shall receive the wheat when it is offered for sale; the other contract between the local coöperative elevator or local grain growers' association and the national organization. Only grain sold for local milling and for seed is exempt from these contracts. And the farmer has five ways to sell his wheat when he is ready: He may sell it to the local agency, as at present; or he may ship it on consignment; or he may pool it locally; or pool nationally; or one-third may be put into a national pool and the other two-thirds handled under the first three options.

Drives for the sale of stock are now being held all over the grain-growing states. And naturally the organized grain dealers are unfriendly. The salesmen of the grain growers' corporation are charged by its enemies with promoting a scheme that is un-American and socialistic. Its promoters are accused of trying to break down the fabric of American life and institute a farmers' soviet to replace the regular movement of agricultural business in the regular channels of trade. And on the other hand, in the Northwest many of the same salesmen who went about in flivvers selling memberships in the Nonpartisan League to-day are scampering over the wide Dakota prairies selling memberships in the Grain Growers Incorporated. For this rather high-toned siren, with all her respectability, is after the same things that interest the raucous-voiced siren of state socialism. In the grain growers' group, as in the league, the farmer is lured with the promise of better marketing, better credit and a relief from freight charges.

The Agrarian Bloc

The livestock growers have a committee of fifteen working on their problems. The cattlemen are about to use much the same kind of machinery that the grain growers have used. And the cattlemen are being organized locally more or less by the county advisers of the farm bureau. The California fruit growers, who are pioneers in coöperation, have really blazed the way, furnished the expensive experience and invented the basic machinery which the grain growers and cattlemen will use.

And here seems the place to post a warning notice. The danger is a long way ahead, but it is there. What will happen when the control of terminals and flour mills and packing houses passes into the hands of a trained group of organized food producers with a resentful tradition of wrongs and oppressions back of them? Will not the public turn from the menace of the new evil to government-owned elevators, mills, stockyards and packing houses to get some element of justice, some element considering the public interest, into the machinery of distribution? From private ownership of to-day, which has serious shortcomings, to coöperative ownership of to-morrow, which easily may have worse faults—where shall we go?—to government ownership or government control? It is time to be thinking ahead.

And now comes another siren. If the grain growers' lady is respectable compared with the siren of North Dakota, how high in the air must be the nose of the enchantress of the agrarian bloc! There may be some self-interest in the allurements of the Nonpartisan League and the grain growers. But the rare and radiant maiden of the agrarian bloc just goes about doing good for the joy of it. Also, she foregathers in the United States Senate, a palace of frigid virtue if ever there was one. So let us consider for a moment the rise, aims, growth and prospects of the agrarian bloc.

The Nonpartisan League operates almost exclusively west of the Mississippi, and organizes and operates entirely within state lines, making its unit of action the state. The coöperative movement, so far as grain and livestock and cotton are concerned, operates in twenty-three grain states, a dozen livestock commonwealths, and a baker's dozen Southern States. California, with the fruit growers' trust, should properly be added to the coöperative group. Thus it is evident that agrarian unrest is largely confined to the West and South. When the Republican Party came into power last year a Chicago congressman boasted that power in Congress has been transferred to the manufacturing section of the country—that is to say, to the Middle East across the Alleghanies to include New England and New York and the seaboard states. In that section the Republican congressional majority had its strength.

But a new alignment has appeared which challenges the Republican majority in Congress. The senators from the farmer states of the West and South, where the Nonpartisan League and the farmers' coöperative concerns are thriving, have taken leadership entirely outside of party lines. They form what is known as the agrarian bloc. And they are trying to achieve federally, and through the American Congress, about the same thing that the Nonpartisan League is trying to accomplish by states, and that the coöperators are trying to do entirely outside of politics.

Though the exterior program of the three movements may seem to have some likeness in their common aims, it will be seen that the remedies are rather fundamentally different. The state socialism of the Middle West, either fostered by Nonpartisan League leadership or coming from the two old parties, looks to state operation and control of certain primary industries. The coöperative movement looks toward private control of these same primary industries; but the program of the agrarian bloc needs a little explanation, for it offers a new and different kind of solution.

Briefly, and allowing for certain exceptions, it may be said that the agrarian bloc is trying to organize under government control the credit of the people, to loan money for the private operation of certain primary industries concerned with growing, moving and marketing the farmers' crop and produce. We have here state capitalism—that is to say, socialized capitalism. It is different from state socialism in that state capitalism only socializes the capital of industry or agriculture, and allows the management of the primary industries to be individually conducted. Capitalism, the good old system of capitalism, is to be preserved by injecting into capital the bad old system of socialism; and we are to have socialized capitalism. It was discovered by the farmer and by the railroads. If the discovery works we may have a new system of capitalism as the outgrowth of the credit problems of the war.

The Pure Paint Bill

Now, to go back to the history of the formation of the agrarian bloc. In midspring of 1921 someone—possibly Senator Dial, of South Carolina, possibly Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, possibly Capper, of Kansas, or Harrison, of Mississippi, or all four—called a meeting of senators to consider what might be done for the farmer. At the meeting Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, was elected chairman. There was much talk, but a bill to put pure paint under government control like pure food was given precedence in the program of the bloc—this to please the Democrats, whose sunny South is hard on paint. It is a funny thing to start a crusade to revolutionize American agricultural commerce with paint as a binder, yet paint was the meeting point. But as the members of the bloc got better acquainted one with another, and more important legislation came to the front, the scope of the bloc widened. The members of the agrarian bloc in the Senate are probably:

Holm O Bursum	New Mexico
Arthur Capper	Kansas
T. H. Caraway	Arkansas
Duncan U. Fletcher	Florida
N. B. Dial	South Carolina
Frank R. Gooding	Idaho
John W. Harreld	Oklahoma
William J. Harris	Georgia
Pat Harrison	Mississippi
J. Thomas Heflin	Alabama
Wesley L. Jones	Washington
John B. Kendrick	Wyoming
William S. Kenyon	Iowa
Edwin F. Ladd	North Dakota
Robert M. La Follette	Wisconsin
Irvine L. Lenroot	Wisconsin
Charles L. McNary	Oregon
Peter Norbeck	South Dakota
George W. Norris	Nebraska
Key Pittman	Nevada
Joseph E. Ransdell	Louisiana
Morris Sheppard	Texas
Ellison D. Smith	South Carolina
Robert N. Stanfield	Oregon

Half a dozen other senators are voting with the bloc, and will support its program—men like Borah, McCormick, Curtis, Spencer and Johnson. In the House the bloc is not strong. But its measures are greatly upon the hearts of Haugen, of Iowa; Sydney Anderson, of Minnesota;

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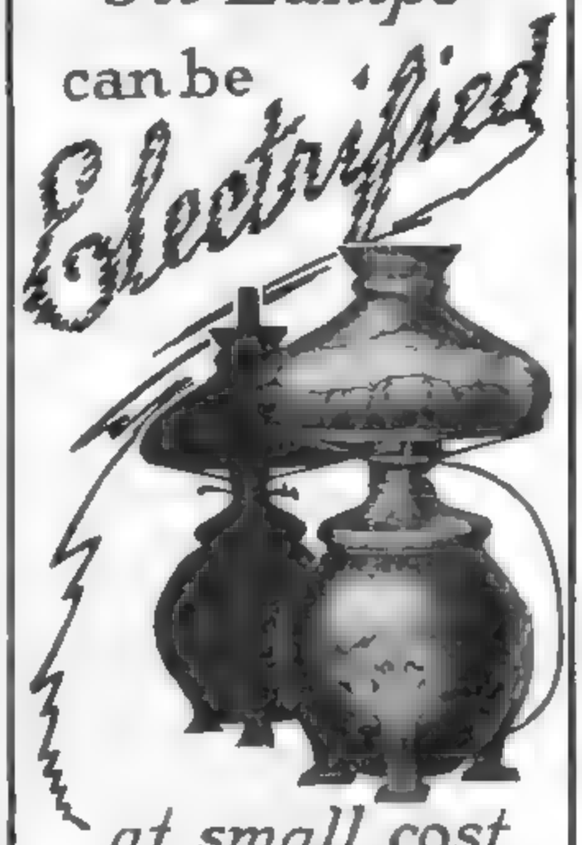

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McLaughlin, of Michigan; Purnell, of Indiana; Wingo, of Arkansas; Summers, of Texas; Jacoway, of Arkansas, and Tincher, Hoch and Strong, of Kansas. No meeting of representatives has been held in the House and no organization perfected as in the Senate, but by the time the Senate bloc sends its measures across for consideration in the House the House will organize. The bloc is nonpartisan. Democrats and Republicans come in on equal terms, although it seems to be about two-thirds Republican in numbers. The program of the bloc may be divided into what it has done and what it hopes to do.

Its achievements are: First, the revival of the War Finance Corporation, which is doing good work but not performing the expected miracles; second, the passage of the bill regulating the packers; third, the passage of the Curtis Bill, providing for thirty-one million dollars to be lent to the Farm Loan Bureau; fourth, the bill to amend the Federal Farm Loan Act to permit farm-loan bonds to be sold on a 5½ per cent interest basis instead of 5 per cent, as the bonds bearing the lower rate could not compete with bonds bearing the high rate and carrying the same tax exemptions, that are filling the bond market; fifth, the passage through the Congress of the bill regulating grain gambling.

What the Farmers Want

The agrarian bloc hopes to secure the passage of the following bills that are pending in the Senate, most of which have been recommended for passage by senate committees or have passed the House: First, the Volstead–Capper Coöperative Marketing Bill, a bill removing the producer of farm produce from the provisions of anti-trust legislation. This bill has passed the House, and is in the judiciary committee of the Senate. It is the hope of the bloc for a Federal system of coöperative marketing.

Second, the Kellogg Bill for the formation of a five-hundred-million-dollar corporation to buy farm products and extend credits abroad. This bill was recommended for passage by the agricultural committee. It was called the Norris Bill and provided for the actual purchase of farm products and the extension of credit directly to the farmer. The bill was having fairly smooth sailing when the Administration took hold of it and reintroduced the bill through Senator Kellogg, changing somewhat its provision for the actual purchase of farm produce, and modifying the method of direct loans, but holding to the principle of Federal underwriting of the bonds for this project. This bill had the Administration behind it and the agrarian bloc accepted it, and it is now hurrying through Congress.

Third, a bill to permit the Federal Land Banks to loan up to twenty-five thousand dollars instead of ten, as the present law stands.

Fourth, the Capper Railroad Rate Bill, which provides for lower rates for farm produce.

Fifth, the bill to make the Secretary of Agriculture and Secretary of Commerce members of the Federal Reserve Board. A lot of the troubles of this situation have grown out of the methods of the Federal Reserve Board. The bloc feels that the Reserve Board has been too much concerned over the industrial credits and too little exercised about the agricultural situation.

Sixth, the Pure Paint Bill, to stop the sale of adulterated paints. This robbery runs into many millions annually.

Seventh, some plan of rural credit. Possibly the McFadden–Kenyon Bill as a basis for discussion.

The last proposal on the roll is considered by the leaders of the bloc by all means the most important. They expect that it will open a new source of rural credit—insurance. The McFadden–Kenyon Bill, which will be used as a basis for discussion, provides first for the issuance of a Federal charter to all insurance companies that desire to have a Federal charter and to comply with the Federal rules. Into these licensed insurance companies—fire, life, accident, hail, frost and crop insurance—the farmer will put his money for insurance, and his insurance policy will be one basis of his credit—plus his note, plus his real estate if he has any, plus his crops, cattle or other chattels. The farmers on their part are required to organize local borrowing institutions. And these local borrowing institutions are to be called "communes"—an unhappy name, but communes they are; and the communes will be under the control, direction and supervision of district banks, much like the present Federal Reserve Bank, which will handle the loans. The insurance companies will not be connected with the banks in any way, being managed as they are managed now, and privately owned. The real advantage of Federal charters will come from the fact that in issuing hail, fire, frost and crop insurance they will not be imperiled as they are now by the losses in any one region wiping out their reserves. Hail insurance limited to North Dakota, for instance, might be wiped out by a general hailstorm, local to that state. But if the forty-seven other states participated in the premiums the comparative loss would be slight. As it is, most farmers' indemnity insurance companies are local and mutual, and travel over wide areas only at tremendous expense. These various rural insurance companies being the basis of the farmer's credit—on his life and property—would accumulate a tremendous sum of money, and this money, to which the farmer himself would contribute, would furnish credit for him.

The agrarian bloc will not hold together on the tariff; though the bloc will probably stick together fairly well upon the other finance measures, such as the income and inheritance and excess-profits taxes. The bloc is fairly united against the sales tax. But upon the three things which form the burden of the farmer wrong the block is united—credit, marketing and transportation. It is significant that a group of men enmeshed in politics and theoretically remote from the farmer should so accurately translate the farmer's grievances into terms of Federal relief. For the members of the agrarian bloc are not farmers, and only as most American small-town dwellers have a farm tradition either in youth or in their parents' lives are these congressmen familiar with modern farm life and conditions. Their measures do not come from their emotional experiences. They have never been downtrodden, as many of the state-socialist groups have been and as most of the leaders of the coöperative organizations are. The agrarians of the bloc have done their sweating and bleeding vicariously; but their measures have been prepared largely by economists and doctrinaires who were directed by the same rural intelligence that is guiding the coöperative group.

The Farmer's Two Votes

But no matter whence the source of the farmer legislation, no matter whether it comes from the state socialists, the farmer coöperatives or the theorizing congressmen who have something more than a casual academic interest in holding their jobs, and hence line up with the farmers because the farmer votes in the primary and in the election—whatever may be the source of these farmer demands, the demands are the same: more credit, better marketing conditions and cheaper transportation. The banks, the merchants and the carriers are the three fates which spin the thread of the farmer's destiny. So when the farmer listens to the sirens, who have sung to his fathers and his fathers' fathers for ages, he hears an old familiar tune. It has lured him for thousands of years, but has kept up his courage the while. Without the hope which the sirens sing into his heart, he would lay down the shovel and the hoe.

Better credits, fairer markets, cheaper transportation; the will-o'-the-wisp rises from the bottomlands and sings cheery songs. Bankers, marketers and carriers smile and say, "Let the sirens sing," and the farmer says, "Times will be better in the spring." So out comes the plow, over goes the furrow, in falls the seed, and then comes a new element into the equation, which may transform the old voice of the singing will-o'-the-wisp in the bottoms to the voice of God. The mystery comes from the schoolhouse on the hill. The farmer of this age is getting wise—wiser than his grandsires in any other generation. Exit the peasant, enter the agricultural economist with statistics and two votes—his and his wife's! Those two votes, plus the schoolhouse, plus the agricultural college, may mix a divine dynamite that will make over the rural world. The farmer soon may be cracking his heels together, sitting pretty on the top of the world. And as for the sirens—they may settle down and become nice old girls, with nothing more exciting than a romantic past.

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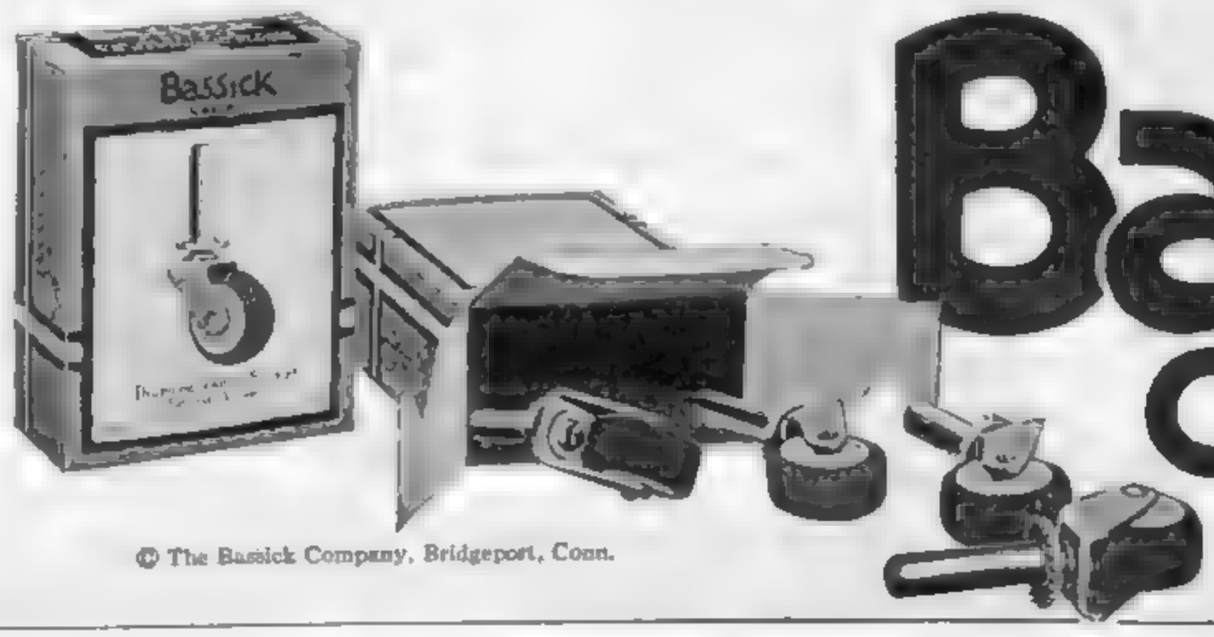

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THE OUTLAW

(Continued from Page 13)

sounds. Next door was Wally's own house, a low brown building rather in need of paint, with a catalpa on a square of dooryard. From the rear of this came the voice of Lulu Delaney, their hired girl, singing Avalon in a poignant high voice.

Aunt Ellen was already in the hallway, blowing into each finger of her kid gloves, fluffing up a bow on her hat.

"Wally," she said, "run right upstairs and take off your best shoes. There's time before dinner to practice your Children's Day piece in the study; your father wants to hear you."

Wally turned a single backward glance at the green and gold of outdoors, at the form of Bert Standish, his brother, clothed with fine pretense of candor and innocence, in the porch. A revolutionary lump thickened in his throat, passionate bitter words pressed against his lips, but this was futile. The sound of Lulu Delaney's egg beater emerging from the kitchen, suggestive of desserts, cake frosting, strawberry ice cream, laid a complete inhibition on him. Once he had known an entire week without dessert.

He went quietly to his room, exchanged his Sabbath footwear for everyday sneaks, stole quietly downstairs again, turned the handle of the library door, entered.

His father was seated at his desk, writing, and seemed unaware of his presence. His father, quite an old man, but well preserved for all his forty-five years, was an editor, the editor of the Inverness Weekly Star. In this capacity he wrote a page of editorials every week, in which such phrases as "the trend of the times," "the league of nations," "Warren G. Harding," and so on, figured. He often brought his editorials home from the office and polished them, and at other times he wrote his book.

He had been writing his book ever since Wally could remember. It was called A Political History of the State of New York, and was very thick. Every so often—once a year perhaps—his father pronounced it complete and sent it in a thick manila wrapping to a publisher. Whence with unfailing regularity it returned, the publisher evidently disagreeing with his father, for there would ensue a period of what his father called revamping.

He was revamping this morning on a chapter called Greenbacker Activities of the Early Eighties.

Wally sat very still. You had to sit still during revamping. It was a touchy process. It seemed to evoke special provocations to discipline. Say that you came into the hall aware of it going on behind the study door, and firmly determined not to molest it. And in spite of all this, getting your rubbers or your baseball bat out of the hall closet, you dropped something, picked it up, only to drop it again. Or say that you called upstairs to Bert in a whisper—oh, a mere sizzling whisper, through the edge of your teeth—and you might just as well have roared.

The study door would open and out would come your father with revamping ink dropping from his pen and his hair in a sheaf over his eyes.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake ——"

It was better to court recognition than to storm it.

He could see himself in a glass bookcase door opposite; he looked pale and wavering of outline, incredibly small and feeble beside his father and the piled-up Political History. His mind reverted to the coming rehearsal, to next Sabbath, which was Children's Day. The thought left him cold. It was a day connoting red peonies, syringa blossoms and droves of small girls in white ruffled skirts. You stood in rows of three or four or six and gave recitations. His piece was part of such a demonstration. One of four small youths, he was to offer a cross formed of peonies and syringas to Superintendent Weller, of the Sunday School, and say:

With all my heart I come to lay
My tribute here on Children's Day;
A cross of flowers, I bring to you,
The symbol of my service true.

He mumbled the words to himself, and suddenly his father pushed away the Greenbackers.

Wally got up.

"Shall I say my piece now?"

"Yes—but wait a minute; you need something."

His father had been president of a lyceum once, and was strong on gesture. He insisted on the use of a substitute for the cross—a notebook, a ruler, what you will.

To-day his casual hand caught up an orange from his desk, and proffered this.

"Take this," he said; "take it and go over there by the door. Don't lean against it. Stand on your own feet and hold up your chest. And the orange—hold it up. Hold it up, I say."

Wally looked at the orange disgustedly. He elevated it.

"Not that way. You're holding it as though it were an orange. Remember that it's a cross of flowers. Don't make a cup of your hand for it. Put your fingers around the orange—cross, I mean. Begin. Not directly before your face; a little to the left. And your feet, watch them. Begin. Hold it up."

With all my heart I come to lay
My tribute here on Children's Day ——

"Children—not chuldren! Go on."

A cross of flowers, I bring to you . . .

"Hand me the orange—I mean the cross. You're to give it to Mr. Weller, you know, at this point. Assume that I'm Weller. I step forward to receive it. Begin all over."

Wally began and finished, but his father was not pleased, captured the fruity offering and rendered the lines himself.

It was an edifying spectacle to see his father holding the orange like a lamp of knowledge, reciting the juvenile lines with that admixture of reverence, innocent mien and respectful humility he considered proper in his son, stepping forward at the exact moment, with his chest out, his feet in position, to place his offering in the hand of its imaginary recipient.

His father was in his shirt sleeves, the Greenbackers had influenced his hair, and with the orange and his reverence Wally wanted to snicker a little. Once his lip lifted and he choked a little, but it was a serious moment.

He went passively through the piece a half dozen times, found himself dismissed abstractedly.

He wandered out to the porch. Bert had vanished. The suggestive sound of Lulu Delaney's voice and egg beater still rivaled the moan of Mr. Garby's cello. A microscopic reddish toad flipped off the grass to the sidewalk. Involuntarily Wally stepped down and set his heel upon it. His conscience stirred faintly. He had not meant to crush the toad. He was not a cruel boy, and he realized, as Aunt Ellen would have pointed out, that the toad had never harmed him.

Still the deed was done. He took a bit of stick and turned the unfortunate creature over, examining the exudate he had induced. A toad was a funny thing.

A fresh sound smote the air—a sound of someone playing with a sacrilegious stick on the brown palings—and in a moment Spunk Johnson came in sight.

In his way, Spunk Johnson was no less a darling of the gods than Henry Sawtter, and equally anathema. That is to say, he was very poor—and therefore as free of convention as Henry, only the rich and the poor knowing perfect liberty.

Wally, the bourgeois, watched his approach with envy and admiration. Spunk's clothes, like Henry's, flouted description, and though of a brand not found in magazines were equally removed from Inverness standards. He had a shock of pale, wheat-colored hair above a tanned, hook-nosed, sharp little face. The now silent stick dangled like a beadle's from his casual hand.

"H'llo," said Wally.

"H'llo," said Spunk curtly; then, "I'm runnin' away."

"Running away!" Wally repeated.

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to Enderby! I know how to get there 'f I want to. I'm sick of this place. We got too many. I tole 'em last time if we got another I'd go; an' now I'm goin'."

"Another what?"

"Kid." Spunk was succinct. "We got a new one last night. We get a new kid 'bout every week. We've had 'leven 'thout this one. They only holler and bawl f'r a coupla years and then some of 'em don't last. We've only got six of 'em that's stuck steady."

"I never saw a bran'-new kid." Wally was eager.

"Just like toads—red ones." Spunk was contemptuous. "Oh, they're all like that!"—as Wally started. "You was that kind; me too. We got the best there is," he added loyally, "only it's the hollering. That's why I'm goin' to Enderby. I can go f'r nothin'."

"I wish I could go," Wally said passionately.

"Why don't you?"

The simplicity of the question struck him with the impact of a blow. The technic of the Johnsons was so appallingly simple compared to that of the Standishes. The Standishes required discussion and luggage and tickets for a journey; or a swift motor car with best clothes and ulsters, and more discussion.

But the casual Johnson with his stick of wood merely went.

"I'd like to, darn it," Wally cried.

"Well, then"—Spunk's eyes were cool—"you can go 'long with me. It would be better, though, if we had some money. Have you got any?"

"I've got two dollars an' forty-three cents in my missionary bank."

"Get it."

There was a hypnotic, compelling quality in Spunk's eyes. He was very wicked; he belonged to the cemetery-gang lads, who did not do a kind deed every day; who sprawled under the hemlocks on the cemetery's edge on Sunday afternoons smoking real cigarettes, exchanging jokes and oaths frankly. Spunk spat out an oath now.

"G'on, get it. I dare you."

"Why-ee ——" said Wally.

The very way Bert had acted. Bert was nowhere in sight. But if Bert dared be an outlaw ——

"Why-ee!"

"G'on. I dare you. I double-dare you!"

"'Double dares pay doctors' bills,'" Wally came back promptly.

He turned and fled upstairs in his noiseless sneaks and seized the bank from his bureau. It was a pretty bank—a birthday gift of Aunt Ellen's a year earlier. Fairly large, it portrayed a cast-iron negro in a yellow-striped suit eating a slice of vivid watermelon. When you dropped in a coin the negro's arm jerked and the watermelon moved briskly toward his lips.

Wally bore it downstairs.

Spunk stood before the house.

"Is that it?" he asked. "Gimme."

Wally hesitated.

"It's my bank!"

"Howdja get that way? We're doin' it fifty-fifty."

He took the negro under his arm, eyed the house.

"C'mon," he said.

There was no one in sight. Only a catbird mewed in the catalpa above them.

Wally fell in behind—it was absurdly simple—stepped into a new world.

III

THE whole face of Inverness had changed—become colored with an illusive haze in which lurked criminal romance and potential peril. The street was no longer quite the same, and a stealthy haste urged Wally's heel.

"Let's get out—quick," he said.

The houses, his daily familiars, seemed altered, furtive. He had never been so wicked before; he had never dared reprisal against discipline.

At most, this afternoon, he had meant to go out behind the chicken house, where the club he belonged to on week days met. There was a freshly dug trench there, with a "bob-wire" entanglement, and just within the chicken house—chickenless these many years, and purified as the harbor to garden oddments, a whetstone and some household rubbish—were the paraphernalia for revenge, a stump of candle, a box of matches, an old pie pan and a lump of road tar. You melted the tar over the candle and dipping your match in the hot fluid wrote on paper a list of your enemies' names, with certain special curses. This list you buried in the bottom of the trench.

He had had some idea of thus serving out Bert and Aunt Ellen; nothing more.

(Continued on Page 59)

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21-9

(Continued from Page 56)

They turned into Main Street, deserted now, its cobbles baking in the sun. Just ahead Tompkins' Palace of Delight offered some lurid movie posters:

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

MABEL FONDANT

ALL NEXT WEEK

IN

NOT QUITE A HUSBAND

A DRAMA OF THE GREAT WHITE WAY

Wally cringed. It was as though the palpable hand of Aunt Ellen fell on his shoulder. Aunt Ellen was president of the Inverness Mothers' Club. Though she had borne no child she was the noblest Roman of them all, the real mothers falling back before her maternal vigor and passionate certainty.

She was the eternal enemy of the Mabel Fondants of this world, had had her club pass a resolution reviling Tompkins' Palace of Delight, had given personal battle to Sam Tompkins, had run berserk over this as over all other youthful dissipations. As Bert said, Aunt Ellen's motto was Nothing for Young People. Wally felt her personality strongly here; then it was gone.

They were passing Flagg's General Store with its sheets of populous flypaper and assortment of white underskirts, men's straw hats, faded wax folk in kimonos, and its infants' wear.

The Inverness House next, brooding behind green shutters with John Potts sleeping at the end of the veranda, his feet in the box of geraniums; The Inverness Bank; Reed's jewelry store; the calaboose; the splendors of Burcke's!

"Say," said Spunk, "we'd oughta eat before we go. Howdja open this darn thing?"

He took out the negro with his watermelon and examined it.

"It takes a screwdriver, but we haven't got one."

"Pooh, that's nothing."

Spunk laid the creature in the gutter and seized a stone.

"You'll break it," Wally demurred.

"Oh, no!" Spunk was sarcastic.

The watermelon came away first, and after that the head, then the negro's body parted with violent spilth of currency, which Spunk captured.

The two boys entered Burcke's.

It was cool and empty except for Ernest Parks, the clerk, who was reading a funny paper at the back.

A big sign over the fountain read:

TRY A STRAWBERRY SUNDAE

MADE OF

FRESH HOMEMADE STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

"I will," said Wally; "I'll take a double strawberry sundae."

"Me too," said Spunk; "and after that a banana split; and after that a Sammy's Delight; and after that an orange phosphate; and after that a maple walnut."

"Me too," said Wally."

"We can spend the rest on some chewing-gum balls an' lickerish to eat on the way."

"Say, who died and left you money?" Ernie Parks asked, but he went ahead and dipped two pink spheres into a silver beaker and dribbled dark rose sirup floating with berries over them.

Wally plunged a spoon into the delicate stuff. Somewhere a bell tolled sleepily. All Inverness was at dinner. At this moment Lulu Delaney was dishing up chicken and biscuit, and presently ice cream. Wally filled his mouth exorbitantly.

Twenty minutes later the boys emerged into the street, their pockets full of confection.

"Round the corner now to Grove Alley," Spunk commanded. "Kennedy's meat flivver's there. That's how we're goin'. I found out this morning. Every Sunday Lu Bread fetches Kennedy's truck round to the alley and meets Katy Fishmeier. She's his girl. Then they go to Enderby all afternoon 'thout ole Kennedy's knowin'."

The meat flivver, a modest gray-black delivery truck, stood by a discreet patch of willows in the obscure alley. It was worn and slightly mud-spattered. It read:

KENNEDY'S FANCY CUTS
OF SUPERIOR MEAT

"LIVE AND LET LIVE"

"Lu Bread'll be along any time now, right after dinner. All we got to do is crawl in amongst the burlaps and straw back here, and lay still. He won't see. Him and Katy'll be too busy."

They crawled into the back of the truck, distributed straw and burlap over themselves.

"My brother Bert," said Wally, "is going to Enderby too; in Henry Sawtter's car."

"It's a nice car—a good make, what Henry Sawtter's got but wait and see what Lu Bread can do with this flivver. Sundays he stretches her like she was a yard o' 'lastic. I heard him tellin' she goes like a greyhound; she can do sixty miles like a bird."

"Aw a meat flivver ——"

"Yes—a meat flivver. I don't care if she is a truck. Darn it! Lu Bread says she c'n go like hell."

"Well," said Wally, "I'd rather go in Henry's car. When I grow up I'm goin' to have one like his."

"When I grow up I'm goin' to have the fastest of whatever they is. Because they ain't goin' to be nobody able to catch me. Because I'm goin' to break all the speed laws they is, and I got to have speed. I'll go like hell, jest like a greyhound, and they won't no one catch me nor know where I live. They can set the sheriff and the cops after me if they want, but what good will it do? Because I'll be able to shoot quicker'n the rest. I'll have the best gun they is, and I'll shoot like hell. I might give a person a chancet to put up his hands, but not the sheriff nor a cop."

"If you kill a cop it's death 'thout a trial," said Wally quickly.

"Mebbe. But let them catch me first. You wait and see. You got to be quick, is all. A murderer's got to be quick."

"A murderer!" Wally cried.

"Dunno; I might be. It'll be crimes—some kind. My granmaw says I've got the temper of a murderer, and 'll likely die on the gibbet. We got a paper book to our place about one—a murder, I mean. They was a Swede named Ole an' he was hired to a farm an' they was seven girls an' a man an' a woman an' one time, when the ole folks was at church this Swede, Ole, he gets mad at something and he up and takes the ax and kills all the girls. He chases 'em into a corner, and catches their hair and kneels 'em all down, and let's bing with his ax. At the funeral, they was all seven in one row ——"

"My gosh!"

"Yessir; but I d'know as I'd want to be that kind. It didn't get this Ole anything except to get hung. But in a real fight—if you fight a sheriff or a cop, and you're a good gunman and got a place to hide away in the mountains somewheres—you got a chancet."

"When I grow up," said Wally bitterly, "I'll probably have to do something with books. I've got to go to college, but I'd like to be an aviator."

"Well," said Spunk, "they can't make you go to college when you've left home, can they? An' you've left home, haven't you? You can do as you please, can't you?"

"That's so," said Wally, but Spunk suddenly enveloped him in burlap.

"Lay still!" he whispered. "We'll get throwed out if he ketches us."

Figures were approaching, the rumble of a masculine voice with an obbligato of female tee-hees. Lu Bread and Kate Fishmeier. Kate Fishmeier, broad, and red of face, with a blue-flowered voile dress, a spray of rambler roses at her belt, with a white-wrapped shoe box under her arm.

Lu Bread was treating her outrageously. He would seize her arm and draw her violently close, and almost immediately hurl her from him. Kate was large, but Lu handled her like a rag doll. She made no resistance or offer to fight, but giggled almost continuously as though she liked what Lu did.

When they reached the meat flivver Lu said: "Get on in there or I'll throw you in," and Kate couldn't stand alone for laughing.

She had to lean against Lu until he pinched her; then she screamed out, "Oh, you lemme alone, Lu Bread, you lemme alone."

"Get in or I'll throw you in," Lu roared, and he shoved her in and gave her a good clip besides. Kate crumpled on the seat, and Lu, climbing in, straightened her up with his arm, then he gave her a loud kiss on her round red cheek and Kate screamed again and slapped him. Not nearly with all her strength though.

If he hadn't been so busy with Kate and wearing his stiff collar Lu would have seen Wally and Spunk lifting their eyes above the burlap rim, but he presently had his back foursquare and took the wheel. The meat flivver coughed and snarled and stood almost on its hindlegs, and suddenly with vertiginous abandon it spurned Grove Alley, Main Street, the street where Wally lived; it smote the Sabbath peace under Lu Bread's hand, sending dust and pebbles flying, justifying Aunt Ellen's sarcasm concerning the motto on its face.

Now they were on the edge of Inverness, the dwellings flying past; now there were no houses, only the broad smooth road, rimmed with green fields, with trees and browsing cattle, spread before them.

It was quite true—what Lu Bread said about the flivver. She went like a greyhound; or at least like lickety cut. The boys bounced and flopped beneath the burlap bags.

Suddenly they stopped violently. Peeping out Wally saw Lu Bread kissing Katy Fishmeier again.

"Stop it. Now I mean it, Lu," said Kate, laying her head on his shoulder.

The meat flivver drew up a half dozen times for Kate to protest thus.

"Gee," Spunk moaned, "they make me sick to my stummick. I wouldn't of believed Lu Bread was such a mush head, and him pretty near as strong as Dempsey."

But it was evident that the seventh stop was to be longer, for Katy had picked up the shoe box.

"They're going to eat lunch, an' we'll have to lay still under the bags 'less'n we get a chancet to skin out a while. I didn't know they done like this."

But Lu and Katy and the shoe box disappeared into a young spinney of woodland, and directly after, screened by a hedge of elderberry, the two boys rolled out of the meat flivver and crawled under the nearest fence into a dimpled meadow hollow. Thick grass mingled its lacy plume with sheets of daisy and buttercup and tangled sweet clover and a burning wave of devil's paintbrush.

"It'll take them two an hour to get done kissin' an' eatin'," Spunk mused. "If they's water behind these willows we might just as well go in swimmin' as not."

"I dassen't go—on Sunday."

"Who says you dasst or not—now?"

Wally drew a deep draft of the cup of freedom, and followed his leader.

Behind the willows curved a silvery stream with dark sunshot pools lying against the tasseled banks. Spunk shed his simple habiliments as by the pressing of a secret spring, but Wally hesitated.

"I don't know. It looks kind o' deep and cold; and we've eaten a lot o' stuff. We might get cramps. I feel kind o' queer in my ——" He projected Doctor Tweedy's word into the June air.

Spunk only jeered. A minute—and Wally unclothed himself and entered.

The water stung him with cold, sweet, shuddering impact; he raised a shining dripping arm and reached suddenly forward, heedless of consequence.

When they had splashed and swum and dived to their hearts' content they crawled out on a strip of sun-baked sedge and let the burnishing sun dry them.

There was a pleasant rhythm and murmur of waking insect life at hand. A tall frond of wild carrot drooped over Wally's bare knee and a great dragon fly, blue as a new gun barrel, alighted on it, clung, swaying precariously. Vying with the lazy insect murmur the voice of Spunk rambled on, babbling pleasantly of uncouth tales of death by fire and water; unfortunate souls who had braved the perils of uncharted pools and trembling quicksand and never survived. Wally dozed off. When he opened his eyes he perceived his companion, clothed in his sartorial layer. He sprang up to dress.

"I only wear shoes in winter," Spunk spat with contempt; "an' I don't wear underclothes at all."

"I don't have to wear 'em."

Wally rolled his dimity one-piece and his shoes and stockings and hid them under the willows.

They climbed back through the hollow and peeped through the elderberry bushes. There was no need of caution. The sun and the stream had betrayed them. The meat flivver was gone. Only the empty road, a gray-white tortuous ribbon that disappeared between rolling bulges of verdure, met their eye.

Continued on Page 81

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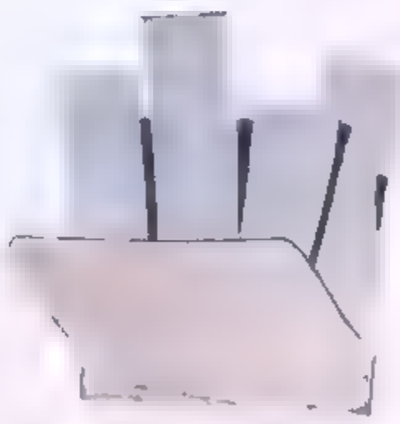

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(Continued from Page 59)

"We're miles and miles away." Wally's eyes bulged.

"Well, we got legs," said Spunk bitterly.

Across the way a meadow rippled up over the hillcrest. It was lush with more of the waving grass, the blanched sheets of daisy, the strongly incarnadined washes of devil's paintbrush hereabouts. Across its face a cloud laid a delicate mauve shadow. Something moved in the shadow—sun gold and amber with the ethereal grace of a feather. There was a suggestion of golden lifted brush, a pair of topaz jewels fronting them.

"A fox!" gasped Wally, but the grasses parted.

There swam into their vision a fairylike shape of aristocratic grace and slenderness, delicate feet lifting alternately, proud head with pointed black muzzle and limpid eyes friendlily on theirs—a female collie like a danseuse from a Greek frieze. She was so lovely, so silent as she came up that Wally dropped to his knees and threw his arms around her neck.

"Pretty—pretty!" he whispered, but Spunk shook his arm.

Over the brow of the hill a short, thick man came running, waving red-flanneled arms—a grizzled man with an extraordinarily red face, filling the air with strange cries and objurgations.

"Catch her! Hold her!" he shouted. "Here, Pucelle! Pucelle, damn you! Here, beauty!"

The boys moved toward him with the collie.

"Every damn chance she gets, she beats it." The man mopped a heated forehead. "An' what can ye do with only a few hands?"

Together they crossed the long grass, breasted the hill to where he stood, and here the boys gasped at what they saw.

Below on a cleared space, a slight distance from the doubling stream, stood a ruck and litter of unpacked wagon trucks, the tongues dragging, their contents sprawled. Horses fastened together champed and swished their tails under a clump of maples, and near by, tethered on long ropes, a pair of small gray mules and a very hirsute, very fat pony nibbled. Some colored men were at work on what appeared to be an enormous collapsed mushroom of gray brown. A small tent, already set up, boasted before its door an oil stove. A stout matronly woman with her bodice off, revealing ruddy Percheron shoulders, and an imperfect coiffure, stirred something here in a pan. But what caught Wally was the sight of a mulatto boy holding a half dozen assorted small dogs on leashes with one hand and with the other—he rubbed his eyes—controlling a large gray baboon, mournfully rubbing its forehead with a foot.

A faded blazon on one wagon read:

COOGAN'S TRAINED DOGS AND MULES

The man in red flannel, treading down the thick sweet clover, continued to sputter.

"Slips me cold and makes her get-away. Hold on to her collar, boy. Easy. Here now, Pucelle—and the best dog I've got, you beauty. Sam, look out for them pegs! If I could get more hands —— You boys now—you little fellers—you wouldn't want to lend a hand here a little? I'll give you two tickets apiece for to-morrow's show if you help me around a little. I had two hands leg it over at Emmettsville, the dirty skunks. Queer me, that's what they want to do! Coogan's the best one-ring in the hayseed circuit when she's full up," he waxed bitter, "an' everything to be looked after—all the horses an' mules fed an' watered, an' these fool smokes 'bout as good as a black rag."

"We could stay and help, mister," cried Spunk fiercely.

"We were going to Enderby, but we don't have to go," piped Wally passionately.

"Then get a couple of hoss buckets from Fred there and lay to, down to the stream. We got to have water for cookin' and drinkin', an' momma here wants a tub for some washin'. It'll take you a dozen trips, but you're strong an' healthy. Fred'll take the little dogs and you can lead Pucelle an' the mules and hosses by turns. The mules are all right if you stay up by the shoulder."

"And how do I lead the monkey?" shrilled Wally.

"And when do I lead the monkey?" cried Spunk.

"The monkey isn't led. You fetches his water here. Step along lively now, an' you'll get two o' the best ring-side seats we've got fur to-morrow afternoon."

Wallie took a proffered bucket and the end of Pucelle's leash. The beautiful collie pressed his side, quivering eagerly.

"What does she do?" he cried.

"Oh, tricks. She plays leapfrog over the mules an' chases the monk an' goes through a blazin' hoop. You wait and see." Coogan wiped his hot brow. "There aren't a smarter gal anywheres."

Wally buried a hand in Pucelle's long, silky hair. He hurried to the stream with her. He had some trouble to carry his filled bucket and hold the leash, but he was reluctant to part with Pucelle. Great sloshes of cold water lipped over the pail against his bare legs. It was a considerable trip from the stream to Coogan's nucleus. The woman without a bodice had got out a galvanized tub.

"There, boy," she said kindly, "you tie up Pucelle to the leg o' the table and pour the water in here. I got to have a whole lot."

Wally poured in the water and departed a second time. It occurred to him for a fleet moment that he would never have done a thing like this for Lulu Delaney. When Lulu Delaney asked him to go to the store for a pound of rice or sugar—but, then, Lulu didn't conduct a one-ring circus.

The contents of the second pail were more than half lost in his zest, and the third equally so. He was growing very hot; the metal bucket bail cut through his coat sleeve into his flesh. Behind him he left a broad, wet, splashed tract marking his progress.

The woman had produced a second tub.

"May's well fill this too; it'll take you about fifteen apiece, rate you're goin'. You oughtn't to spill 'em so, boy."

He couldn't help it. It was due to his terrible excitement. To be part of a circus organization! It thickened his tongue, reddened his face, set him panting. He stubbed his toe a dozen times, but patiently he bore his burden, and slowly the tide in the first tub grew up.

Once only doubt assailed. An equally red and determined Spunk passed him, leading an obstreperous burro that flirtatiously lifted a pair of heels at intervals. It was all Spunk could do to hold its head.

"Say, listen," hissed Wally; "s'pos'n' we ain't here to-morrow, Spunk?"

"Aw—s'pos'n' the moon's made o' green cheese."

He went on carrying water.

He carried it until his back well-nigh broke, until the sweat streamed down his face, his tongue grew dry and enormous. Tubs—tubs of washing water—it occurred to him, were not exactly part of the circus romance. The task smacked of the menial. It was Spunk who had drawn the horses and mules, who had—romance!—even poured out water for the grizzled baboon.

But the woman by the stove encouraged Wally and the tubs gradually filled; and on the return trip he could touch Pucelle, feel her cold nose nuzzle his hand. The world of Aunt Ellen was far remote. He wondered how much it would cost to buy Pucelle. A great deal possibly, but unfortunately he had spent his fortune, had destroyed his negro with the watermelon. And she would cost a great deal; maybe fifty dollars, even. And how to get it . . . even if Coogan would part with her.

He poured in his last bucket with the tag end of his fainting strength.

A perfume of frying onions filled the air; the woman was slicing bread and a myriad of flies teemed and swarmed on the dishes she had set out on the oilcloth-covered table.

"I've got to cook for all the hands," she sighed, "but they won't eat with us. You boys can sit up to first table—if you're to stay for supper."

She eyed him appraisingly.

"If you ain't got anyone particular lookin' after you mebbe poppa would fix it for you to help parade to-morrow. We go out at ten, and we're short-handed. Poppa would have to get extra men in the village to help drive. If you could lead the dogs ——"

"I could lead the monkey."

"We don't parade the baboon—but I'll speak to poppa about it—for to-morrow, I mean."

The main tent was up by now, and Coogan approached; Spunk also, depleted obviously by an infinite number of small chores. Both boys silently, hungrily watched the table.

"I'll pour out the coffee and dish up the potatoes."

The woman paused as an imperious, lusty cry issued from the tent. She laid down her knife, disappeared, emerged immediately with a vigorous six-months infant in her arm.

"There, there!" she was saying. "Muddy's itty-bitty pwessus wamb. I was thinking"—she turned to her husband—"this one here could lead Pucelle and this one could go on the float with me. He could hold the baby and keep the sun out of her eyes. Here, take it."

Without more ado she plunged the child into Spunk's arms.

Wally sprang up.

"He couldn't do that!" he cried.

"Why not?"

"Because he hates 'em. He's got too many now. That's why he left home."

"Runaway, eh? So that's the tune." Coogan's eyes twinkled above the basin of water in which he was washing his hands. "Well, sir, King Herod"—as Spunk rose with the child in his embrace—"well, sir, if you stay wid me you take runaway's luck. 'Twon't be any time before they come to find you, an' I'll be after getting some good of ye. Sit still and hold the baby a piece. Hold its back, you little fule!"

"I'll take it in a minute." The woman had begun pouring coffee and dishing up potatoes. "I just thought he could ride on the float with me when I go as Cleopatra. You wouldn't hardly notice the child, an' he could be a Nubian. We've got a silver headdress. He could keep the sun out of its eyes. Here, you sit here"—to Wally—"an' help yourself to sausages and mustard. Take plenty o' mustard; it puts heart in ye. Hot dogs is pretty good eatin' when you're tired. Hot dogs," she laughed; "poppa always says we grind our worn-out dogs to sausage. That's just his little joke."

IV

THE dusk came down and fireflies dotted the meadow grass. Coogan's pipe glowed like a ruby, and more remotely in under the maples, in the lee of the tethered burros, the smokes played poker and shook dice.

It was a sinful, a beautiful atmosphere. Freed of all domestic tyrannies Wally, fatigued with after-supper tasks, sat curled in the grass with Pucelle at hand, and Spunk lolled near by.

Mr. Coogan on a camp chair was gesticulating with one hand and with the other balancing the baby on a knee.

A tide of rich Celtic vocables from his lips smote the summer air. He was narrating exploits from his life into the voracious ear of Spunk. He had entered, it appeared, a life of crime at the age of four. There was nothing apparently of deviltry that Mr. Coogan had not performed; you had only to suggest a thing and he had done it. Even murder! Spunk had pressed him on this, and Mr. Coogan had been just sufficiently reticent. There had been one of his hands who gave him slack—it seemed he had a temper that brooked no trifling—and it had been necessary after the slack to carry the hand to the hospital, where he had hovered between life and death, and finally —— In the end Mr. Coogan had got an alibi.

His wife, sloshing and rubbing at the tubs, cried out occasionally "Aw, poppa!" and Wally's eyes seized the spectacle she made with drowsy appreciation. A not fully clothed lady doing a wash on the Sabbath evening. But then, his whole new status!

He who had sat, a sinner, under Doctor Tweedy's exhortation, had now—incredibly—run away from home with stolen or nearly stolen funds; had gorged on forbidden fruits; repudiated his underwear; and in the company of an outcast companion joined a low traveling circus. The proof was all about him—in the rich narration of Mr. Coogan, in the unconventional attire of his lady, in the guttural oaths and cries of the card players.

He was in a circus and of it. If he turned his head he could see a baboon, and tomorrow morning he would walk in the parade, dressed as a page with a feather in his hat, and queer yellow plush pants—or were they joudhpores? The odor of rank dew-washed clover rose about him. One eyelid fell down; and when he opened it he had to prop it; then the other dropped. He couldn't prop them both; tried spelling them off by turns. Mr. Coogan's head was acting strangely. It grew enormous, hypertrophied; then as suddenly it shrank, receded, became a small knot. His voice flowed on as from a distance, fine and thin.

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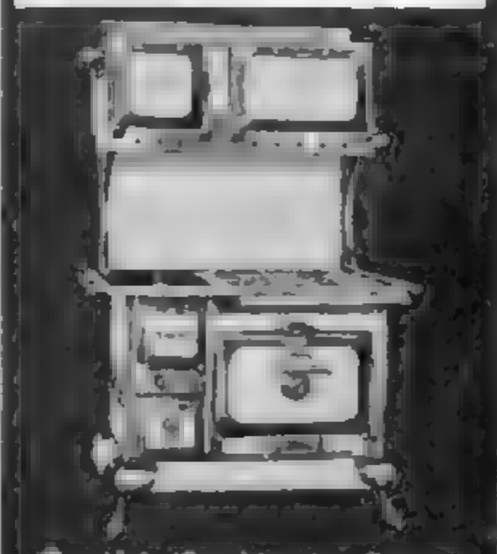

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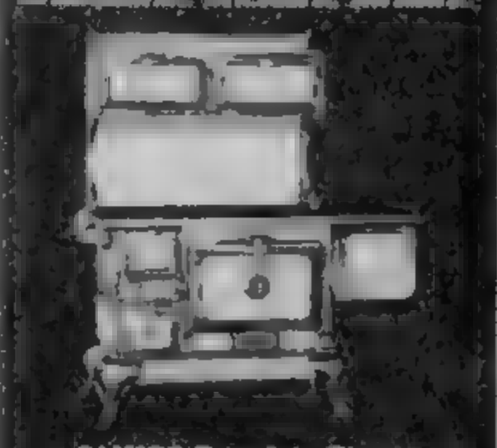

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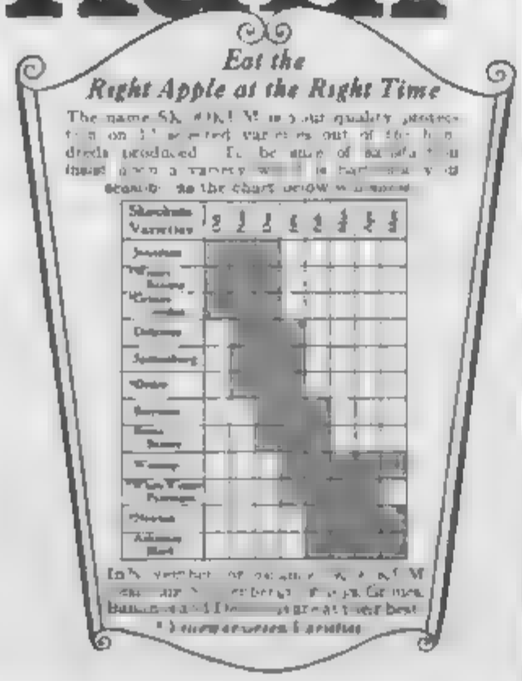

Suddenly both of Wally's eyelids dropped and he pitched forward abruptly.

A gruff, kindly voice said, "Here, lay where you are, boy. Ground's warm; roll up in this hoss blanket."

He could hardly cuddle himself into the thing.

He fell asleep immediately, aware that his cheek was nested in Pucelle's silky hair as she lay curled beside him.

He fell out of sleep as abruptly as he had entered. At first he thought a tornado had seized him or that the baboon was shaking dice with him; then he realized a blare of foggy, yellow light, muttered expletives, dim uncertain grouped forms; perceived that he was in the clutch of his brother, Bert Standish.

"Wake up, you darn little rat! Wake up!" Bert was saying as he shook him.

Bert's teeth were clenched and his hair stood straight up. And here was the end of freedom.

The outlaw got sleepily to his feet. Spunk was already on his, looking white and bleached. A man had come with Bert, and there was a car in the road. Emotion shook Bert like storm-tossed wheat.

"—— all afternoon. Telephoned everywhere. Looked all over creation. Never got a chance to ride with Henry Sawtter in his car," he cried bitterly.

He took Wally by the collar and hustled him toward the car.

"—— only got track when Lu Bread came in to-night. Said he saw you crawl outa the meat flivver over here this afternoon." He gave Wally an extra shake.

"Never got to ride with Henry at all. Whadja do it for? Why, you might 'a' been killed!"

There was nothing caressing in Bert's manner, yet his voice broke emotionally with the last words and puzzled Wally. Was it possible his absence had worried Bert? That part of his blows and flailings proceeded from relief?

He felt himself fairly hurled into a car beside Spunk.

"Aunt Ellen," said Bert, "is ready to kill you. I dunno what-all she'll do."

The car was a small truck, but its motto was the opposite of the meat flivver's. There was no feat of leap or pirouette over the rubble highway it failed to perform, but both he and Spunk lay in silent agony before its abuse.

His own home was brilliantly lighted as they whirled up to the door. Aunt Ellen was standing in the porch, and when she saw him she cried out sharply that she should live to see this day!

Her face, he saw, was pinched and white, her eyes had strange pink rings. Behind her his father stood, and he, too, looked white, with a queer drawn look.

"To go away—away without a word—to leave your home—to run away—before dinner and be brought home—at nine o'clock with the Johnson boy! A boy raised as you have been!"

She raised a handkerchief to her eyes and cried out again that she should live to see this day!

Wally tottered up the porch steps. He did not speak, because there was nothing at all to say. His aunt gestured to the study door; her glance included his father.

"Go in there!" she cried bitterly. "Your father will talk to you."

He perfectly understood the significance of the sort of talk she meant. It was not an ordinary form of speech, a form Aunt Ellen never approved of, invoked only in a great emotional moment.

Wally dragged himself into the study.

It was queer, but even in the face of tragedy the place had that unfeeling aspect of usualness; it looked brutally normal, untouched by the processes of the day—the Political History piled as he had left it; the Greenbackers opened before the inkstand; even the orange, insolent, golden, flouting!

He folded himself on a chair, feeling small, cold.

His father—or rather his fathers, for he dissolved into two as Wally, swallowing hard, looked up at him—stood silent a moment before him, then said, "Do you know what you have done?"

He was very sure what he had done—or would be shortly. His soul was engulfed in misery and he sat with cold, doubled-up hands, watching this person who from no particular choice of his own had complete authority over him.

"Do you know what you have done?"

It was a rhetorical question purely. His father summed up his doings in his best editorial style. He had, it appeared, been guilty of much. He had broken the Sabbath, destroyed the family peace, been a serpent, so to say, in the bosom of his Aunt Ellen, who had done so much for him. The summing up was performed in a very loud voice, almost as though it were intended for ears beyond the closed door. And a final reference was made to the possibility of his having been killed! Even in his dumb misery it struck Wally that, for a felon and undesirable, his possible exit before an automobile, say, raised a great deal of excitement.

"Your aunt thinks, and I agree"—his father raised his voice even louder—"that you must be punished."

Back of the desk was a little cubby closet. In it was kept a rattan; it hadn't been taken out in years. Now he saw his father open the closet and take out the rattan. Involuntarily Wally uttered an agonized cry and sprang up.

Then his father did a queer thing. He looked at him and winked, and seizing a near-by chair he fell upon it and beat it lustily. Wally cried out again in his amaze—by the noise and scuffling you knew the chair was savagely punished—and someone in the hall rapped sharply on the door panels.

"That's enough. I think that's enough, William."

But his father kept on beating for a moment; then as he flung the rattan away the door opened and Aunt Ellen came in. She had exercised the immemorial privilege of the woman who has invoked punishment on a child.

"But I didn't tell you to kill him!" she cried. Then, as she saw the chair still in his father's hand: "William Standish! With a chair! Beating your child, your little son—with a chair!"

Over her shoulder, bemused, Wally caught his father's wink again. But his aunt pointed to the door.

"Go to bed!" she cried. "We'll talk this over to-morrow. Pfugh!" she said as he approached. "Why, you smell like a stable! No wonder, from what Bert tells me. You go up and take a bath before you sleep!"

Wally mounted the stairs, undressed and set the water running. His world was an inverted set of concepts—everything topsy-turvy. Bert Standish came and rattled the bathroom door.

"Darn you, kid—you scared me! I—look here. I'm going to get Henry Sawtter to take me over to Enderby to the races on Saturday. I can get him—an' if he does, how would you like to go?" Silence. "How would you like to go, kid?"

"Yes," said Wally in a small, cool voice.

His values were too confused for emotion. He washed very carefully—nearly as well as though Aunt Ellen were present—buttoned himself into his pajamas, pattered to his room. He raised his window to the correct height, said his Now-I-lay-me, crawled down into the sheets. In just a minute his aunt would come. She would ask him about these things—and all must be well, for there was doubtless heavy discipline of other sorts before him.

But when his aunt came in she acted very strangely. She stood a moment looking out of the window before she spoke.

"Aunty's sorry she had you whipped, dear. But you frightened aunty so! Why, you might have been killed! To-morrow you shall tell her all about it. You know that we all—that aunty loves you. She's going to have Lulu Delaney make strawberry ice cream again to-morrow, and you must never go away again. Aunty's boy!"

She dropped suddenly beside him. He saw that she was crying, and when she slipped an arm under him he cuddled to her and cried a little too.

He didn't know why, exactly, but he remembered how he had cuddled to Pucelle, and now he would never see her again; and it was nice to be kissed and to ride with Bert in Henry's car and to have his father wink at him.

He was very, very happy and it was a funny world. One minute you were bad, and the next, without any change, you weren't.

He lay alone, thinking of it, watching a little star. The star was shining down on Coogan's circus too; on the baboon. Suddenly his eyelid dropped down; and when he opened it he had to prop it; then the other fell. He tried to spell them off.

One thing was sure: The world and a woman especially—loved a bad man best. Funny world! Hereafter ——

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EUROPE IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 15)

Railway transport is still badly demoralized, because only 31 per cent of the locomotives; 18 per cent of the passenger coaches and 17 per cent of the freight cars remained in the country after the Rumanians departed. The Allies have requested the Rumanians to send them back, but the Rumanians say, "Come and take them." No one goes. This results from the fact that Europe to-day lacks a strong authority that can compel the succession states to respect the various obligations imposed by the many peace treaties.

In short, the entire Hungarian productive structure has received a tremendous jolt, and it is natural that the people should rebel against what they call a mutilation that industrially and geographically strips them to their Magyar hide. Nor can you resist a feeling of sympathy for them. So much for the gloomy side of the economic picture.

The prop of the new Hungary continues to be the vast plain which is her agricultural stronghold. As a Hungarian put it to me, "We still have the rich black earth, and all the enmity that surrounds us cannot destroy it." No area in Europe is more fertile. Practically the whole of it remains under the Hungarian flag, and it is not only capable of sustaining the present population but can provide a considerable surplus for export. In this respect Hungary has a decided advantage over Austria, which produces less than 40 per cent of the foodstuffs that she requires. Thus Hungary has one essential product with which to bargain.

In 1920 the crops in Hungary were far below the average, and there was good reason. The country still suffered from the disturbances caused by the Bolshevik régime. In addition the Rumanian occupation had been attended with the confiscation of large quantities of seed grains, agricultural machinery and stocks. To crown all this the weather conditions were unfavorable. With those handicaps the Hungarians harvested 12,000,000 quintals of corn and 8,000,000 quintals of wheat. The productive record would have been better but for the festering animosities which surround Hungary. Then, as now, each succession state looked upon the other with malevolent suspicion. If a Hungarian freight car accidentally got into Rumania or Jugo-Slavia it never came back, and vice versa.

These traffic conditions have almost ceased to exist. It was not until last summer, however, that a through passenger-train service was established between Budapest and Bukharest. When the train arrived at the Rumanian capital the Hungarian personnel was not permitted to leave the station during the entire period of their stay in the city. They were virtually prisoners until they started back to their own country. Such is the love between Central European neighbors.

Hungary's Recuperative Powers

Despite the shortage in equipment, general communication is slowly mending. One reason is that traffic on the Danube is now internationalized. The chaos in the river shipping which followed the armistice is passing, and the deficiencies of rail transport are being more than made up in the improvement of traffic conditions on the great rivers. As you will soon see, a hard-headed and capable American, Walker D. Hines, has had much to do in straightening out this river tangle.

Incidentally, you can now post letters in Budapest and have some reasonable expectation that they will ultimately be delivered in Bukharest or Belgrade. Six months ago the post between the succession states was about as hopeless as the prospect of amity. Even an inoffensive stamp was a red rag to the racial bull. It inflamed the officials who handled the mail.

This year all the crops were considerably larger than those of 1920, and there will be a margin for export. In the consideration of the Hungarian harvest, which remains the largest factor in the country's prosperity, it must be kept in mind that while the agricultural area remains practically unchanged there are only about one-third of the former number of Hungarian mouths to feed. Then, too, every one of the flour mills at Budapest is intact and continues under the old Hungarian ownership. Hence a few good harvests, combined with sound financial economy, should restore the economic balance of Hungary; provided, of course, that the succession states will drop their eternal nagging and work together. In this harmony lies the hope of Europe, and for that matter the commercial stabilization of the whole world.

The Hungarian has tremendous powers of recuperation. He has survived centuries of bitter and bloody warfare. The huge plain which is to-day the backbone of the nation's wealth has been fertilized with the blood of hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers. In the Battle of Mohács in the sixteenth century the flower of Hungary went down in defeat before the Turks, who subsequently occupied Buda in triumph. Yet the country revived and entered upon a new era of militant advancement. This is why the philosophical Hungarian to-day says, "Bad as things are now, they are not quite so bad as they were after Mohács."

The Hungarian power of resiliency was amply tested during the Bolshevistic administration—or rather lack of administration. In their mad attempt at sovietization the Bela Kunites dislocated the whole machinery of production. The people were subjected to every conceivable kind of terror. Initiative was paralyzed. Yet the moment something like order returned the Magyars pulled themselves together. Hungary has the peculiar distinction of being the only country that has lived through a Bolshevist régime.

A Study in Contrasts

While many sources of raw materials have been lost, the general volume of Hungarian business is increasing. Hundreds of enterprises are increasing their capital. As in all other countries where the currency has depreciated, finance is booming. It is largely inflation, of course, but the fact remains that there is activity, and this means in turn that things are happening.

A further bulwark of the new Hungary is that the one-time leisure class, which was composed of soldiers and government officials, is becoming a working class. Two interesting motives are behind this change of life. One is the growing resentment against the financial ascendancy of the Jews. The other is the final impetus to all creative work—namely, self-preservation. Once more you behold an ill wind blowing some good.

This brings me to one of the most important reconstructive steps that the new Hungary took. It lay in a stoppage of the money-printing presses and the temporary rise in the value of the crown. The rumble of presses is sounding the death knell of a good deal of European economic progress. Hungary, however, annexed a minister of finance who had the courage to take drastic measures. You will learn much about him later on in this article. I merely refer to the improvement in the crown here—it was due entirely to his efforts—because it was a sign of revival. Since my visit the crown has declined again. The fact that it did stiffen shows the recuperative ability of the country if sanely administered.

With this swift survey of historic and economic Hungary we can now go on and see what the country looks like amid the distractions of peace. I went from Austria direct to Hungary because I wanted to get a contrast between the national states of mind. Austria was almost meek under disaster; I found Hungary raging with revolt. Within a comparatively few miles were revealed the two opposite temperamental poles.

I traveled from Vienna to Budapest by boat, down the Danube. As I remarked before, no journey in Europe is more picturesque. When you make it to-day it has an added feature, because you touch at every point of emotional interest resulting from the war. You see Austrians and Hungarians, once the best of friends and allies, viewing each other with suspicion. If a Czech gets aboard one of the Danube boats filled with Hungarians he is like a man without a country, so deep is the hatred toward him. He is likely to freeze on the hottest day of the year.

I was not long in obtaining an intimate first-hand impression of the turmoil that exists in these parts. About two hours from Vienna you reach the ancient city of Presburg, which is the Austrian name. It was the second largest community in the old Hungary. Not only does it bustle with business but it is one of the most important shipping points on the Central Danube. Its chief historic value results from the fact that all the kings of Hungary were crowned in its imposing cathedral. Hence the place was invested with peculiar significance for the Hungarians, who called it Pozsony.

In the grand chopping up of Central Europe, Presburg was given to Czecho-Slovakia, because it was in Slovakia. The Czechs immediately named it Bratislava. The net result is that the city now has three different names. The Austrian who goes there still calls it Presburg, the Hungarian spurns any designation but Pozsony, while the Czech loudly proclaims it by its new title. All three names must be printed on any kind of map that is useful, and they are posted up in the railway stations and the steamboat landings.

But this matter of names—and the Presburg mess has been duplicated in twenty other towns—is child's play alongside other and larger complications. When we stopped there we took aboard a good many passengers, principally Hungarians bound for their capital. The most prominent and certainly the most agreeable among them were a well-known Hungarian baroness and her beautiful daughter. I sat with them at the captain's table at lunch and through them got an insight into an extraordinary situation.

They incarnated the paradox which makes Hungary a boiling pot and which will prevent concord in the remnants of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy for a long time to come. Members of one of the oldest and proudest families in the kingdom, they had resided for years in Presburg. They also had two country estates. One of these was located in the old Transylvania, which is now in Rumania. The other is in a part of the old Hungary which is included in Jugo-Slavia. Although passionately Hungarian, they live under Czecho-Slovakian rule and must use Czech passports, which they detest. They were on their way to Budapest to make some effort to secure visas which would enable them to visit their country properties. Up to the time that I met them both the Rumanians and the Czechs had refused them the necessary indorsements, and they were desperate.

The Visa Nuisance

Let me remark in passing that to make a journey to-day through the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy you need exactly eight visas. It means that you must travel through Hungary, Austria, Italy, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Fiume. Travel is one annoyance after another. To get in and out of Hungary is almost as difficult as it was to enter and leave France in 1917. When you go by train from Budapest to Vienna there are exactly five passport examinations, the first two being in the station at Budapest. Each examination means a loss of time and also the payment of a fee. It all means that Central Europe is still fighting the war.

To return to the Danube trip, both the baroness and her daughter incarnated the view held by all their compatriots. As we swept down the noble river their invariable comment was, as they pointed to the now Czecho-Slovakian shores, "That land was once Hungarian and it will always be Hungarian. If we were men we would be out fighting for it now." The moment that Hungary came into view they almost wept with delight. So long as sentiment of this sort prevails you cannot expect harmony in Central Europe, for the Hungarian is influenced by his womenfolk, and these women, I might add, and especially those famous blondes, are among the most beguiling in the world.

It was sunset when we reached Budapest, and the natural beauty of the city was enhanced in the soft and luminous twilight. Like Paris, the capital lies on two banks of a river, for the Danube flows between. It is really two communities. On one side is ancient Buda, the shrine of solemn Magyar memories, with the palace rearing its splendid height over the waters and dominating the country for miles around. On the other shore is Pest, the modern municipality, with trains and traffic, tree-lined avenues, admirable shops and all the color and

(Continued on Page 67)

This Linoleum Floor was Specified by the Architect

For Business Floors

THE picture above shows one of the offices of the Bell Telephone Company, in their new eight-story building in Detroit. The floor is Armstrong's A Grade Brown Linoleum.

All the floors in this building are Armstrong's Linoleum—specified by the architect in his plans. These floors muffle the tread of hurrying feet, lessen the reflected sounds in busy offices filled with the hum of voices and the click of typewriters.

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Comfort is another advantage—floors of linoleum are springy and elastic under foot, easy to walk on and stand on.

A good way to lay linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of builders' felt paper. Such a linoleum floor will remain snug and smooth, and will give long wear under the hardest usage.

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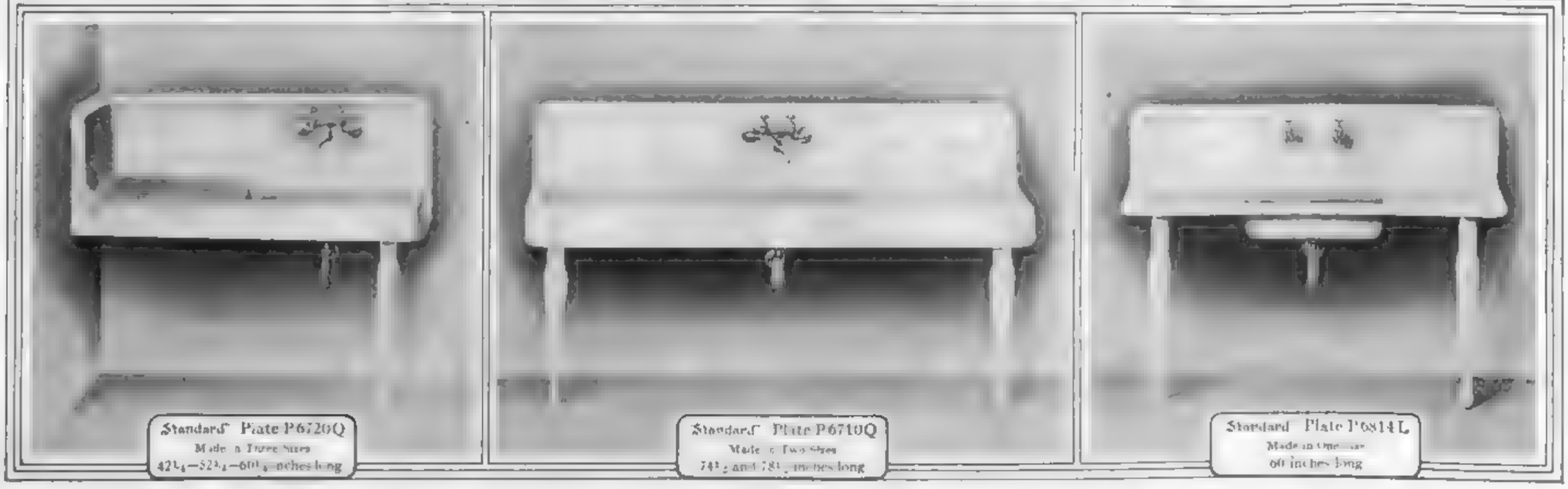

"Standard" Plate P6720Q
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42¼—52¼—60¼ inches long

"Standard" Plate P6710Q
Made in Two Sizes
74½ and 78½ inches long

"Standard" Plate P6814L
Made in One Size
60 inches long

(Continued from Page 64)

vivacity of a really cosmopolitan center. Despite peace and dismemberment, Budapest is still gay. The restaurants are crowded, and the great promenade of the Corso is a moving picture of fashion and frivolity. There is none of the dinginess of Vienna.

Yet here, as in Vienna, hunger lurks around the corner from luxury. One of the tragic sights in Budapest is the horde of refugees who have come in from all the sections of the old kingdoms that have passed into alien hands. At the time of my visit there were 250,000 of them in various parts of Hungary. More than one-fourth this number are more or less a charge upon Budapest. Five thousand live in freight cars on the outskirts of the city and thousands of others dwell in makeshift houses built of tar paper. Many of them would have starved but for the daily distribution of food by the American Relief Administration.

No phase of this aftermath of dismemberment touched me more deeply than a visit I made to what is called the Refugee University. In one of the largest school buildings in Budapest are housed 1000 male students who left the University of Presburg rather than remain under the Czech rule. Many of them came with only the clothes on their backs, but they carried their textbooks. Like the nomads of old, they had their shepherds, who in this case happened to be the professors. The city has provided them with living quarters and the American relief officials provide them with one nourishing meal a day.

This Refugee University not only teaches Latin, Greek, philosophy and mathematics, but it is also a hotbed of nationalism that is full brother, figuratively, to the rebellious heart that beats within the breast of every Hungarian woman. Here you have just one more reason why Hungary will remain animate with resentment.

The misery and hardship that result from a depreciation in the value of money and the corresponding rise in the price of foodstuffs and other necessities are now a familiar story. I pointed them out in the article about Austria, and you merely find a repetition of the tragedy in Budapest, where the suffering, however, is not so acute as it has been in Vienna. One reason is that the population is smaller. On the other hand the average increase in the cost of living over the prewar price is greater. In Budapest it ranges from 10,000 to 14,000 per cent above the scale of 1914.

Budapest presents that other invariable accompaniment of life in Europe, whether in the new nation or old. I mean the housing shortage, rendered more acute in the case of the Hungarian capital by the rush of refugees. In Vienna you can occasionally find an apartment, but in Budapest it is well-nigh impossible.

Misery and Crime

One inevitable outcome of the struggle for shelter and existence was an appalling increase in the number of suicides last year. During 1920 exactly 5000 people killed themselves in Budapest alone. More than half were women too poor to buy food and clothes for their babies. Many had lived in the streets. A striking manifestation of national temperaments is disclosed. In Vienna last year the roster of suicides was smaller than ever before. In the face of real trouble the natural serenity of the Austrian came to the fore. The fiery and high-strung Hungarian on the other hand succumbed to worry and took the shortest way out.

With the growing suicidal mania has come a crime wave. The appalling fact is that it is most manifest among the very young. Last year there were more than 50,000 youthful vagrants on the streets of Budapest. Sixty thousand juveniles were tried in the courts. Of these 40 per cent were girls, many of them prostitutes under fourteen years of age.

Since 1918 the public executioner has been busy. The uncertainty and desperation of these recent years have placed a low value upon human life. There is a feeling of recklessness everywhere. There was a conspicuous example in September, when an attempt was made by a former officer to assassinate Count Julius Andrassy, late minister of foreign affairs, and ex-President Rakovsky, of the National Assembly, in the assembly chamber. The would-be assassin was supposed to be a member of an organized murder gang.

The hangman at Budapest lately figured in an amusing incident. In a violent debate in parliament a monarchist deputy called a member of the opposition "A friend of the hangman." The next day the hangman wrote an indignant protest to the president of the assembly in which he said:

"My vocation is as honorable and useful as that of judges, lawyers, ministers or kings. My friends are all perfect gentlemen and any member of parliament can consider it only flattery when he is called my friend."

The inability to make both ends meet has been productive of many diverting episodes. The actors in the National Theater of Hungary, for instance, recently found themselves in desperate straits. The salary of the leading man averaged 1800 crowns a month, which in American money at the time of my visit meant about seven dollars. It is now much less. The price of an ordinary suit of clothes at the same time was 16,000 crowns, while a pair of shoes fetched 5000 crowns. At this rate the actors would have to work for several years to cover their nakedness. Perhaps this is one reason why a season of light opera featuring September Morns was inaugurated last summer. It involved a minimum of expenditure for feminine attire. Fortunately the summer was the hottest that Budapest has ever known, so the scantily clad ladies suffered no discomfort.

Hardship works in various ways to reveal its effects. In despair over the scarcity and the high price of food, Budapest took violently to jazz. It produced such an "immoral effect on the people," to quote the official view, that the minister of the interior not only prohibited the shimmy but set up a general censorship of all dancing.

American Relief Work

In Hungary, as elsewhere throughout Central Europe, the American Relief Administration has literally kept child life alive. Between the outbreak and close of the war the number of deaths in Budapest from natural causes rose from 16,000 to 30,000 a year, while births dwindled from 22,000 to less than 15,000.

We still provide most of the school children in Budapest with one nourishing meal a day. I went to the largest public school at the hour which has come to be known as American time because it is the ration period. I asked one of the youngsters, whose face was all smeared up with cocoa, if he had ever heard of America.

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "That is the place where the food comes from."

We have done more in Hungary, however, than to sustain child life throughout a critical period. As in Austria, we have vitally affected the economic rehabilitation. Thousands of workers would have become hobos and left their families to shift for themselves but for the aid we extended.

One relief work inaugurated during the past summer has unusual value. Under the auspices of the European Children's Fund we have begun to feed thousands of expectant mothers. They assemble every morning at schools or churches and get enough food to sustain them throughout the day. In this way the future life of the nation is conserved. It is on a par with the compulsory feeding in Austria, which will be the permanent aftermath of our relief work there. We have also instituted a series of summer camps for boys in the vicinity of Budapest. They are similar in operation to the many fresh-air institutions in America. They keep the boys off the streets and they also impress the lessons of right living.

Nothing is more characteristic of the present state of Hungarian mind than the extraordinary mass of propaganda that is being produced and circulated. It is really the principal industry of the nation. I was born in Kentucky, and I used to think that the unreconstructed rebel expressed the last word in what might be called the protest of defeat. The now-vanished gentleman from Dixieland who taught his children that "damned Yankee" was one word was an amateur compared with the Hungarian nationalist of to-day, who eats defiance with his daily bread.

The nerve center of the campaign is in a suite of offices in one of the most modern buildings in Budapest. From these rooms there flows a constant stream of literature in English, French, Hungarian and German. As a matter of fact, most of the

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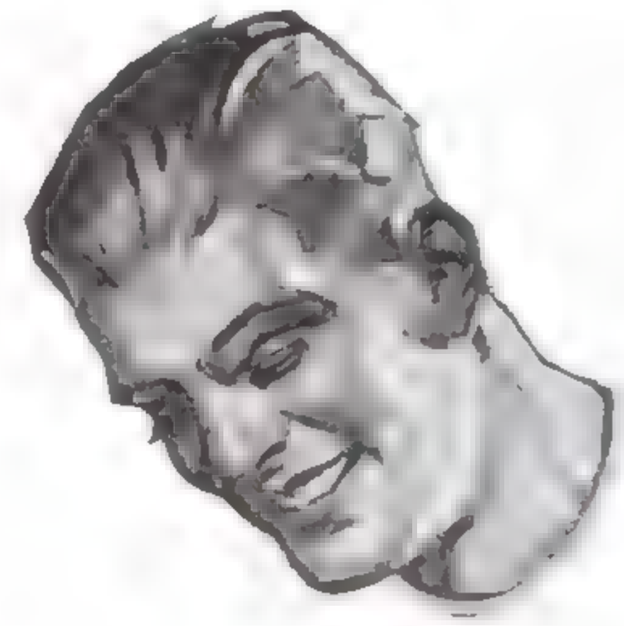

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By E. M. STATLER

MANAGERS and assistant managers in our hotels represent the guest just as truly as they represent the hotels. It's you, really, for whom they work.

So when you want some special service or attention that's beyond the room-clerk or bell captain or other person to whom you apply—

When you have to go higher than the chief of some department to get satisfaction—

Then an assistant manager, or perhaps the manager, is the man for you to see.

As the manager can be in but one place at one time, and can't be on duty all the time, there are assistant managers in our hotels who are all that the title implies. An assistant manager is always available, broadly speaking; and is always glad to do his utmost to insure your satisfaction while you're with us.

You will find, below, some of our formal instructions to managers and assistant managers; they give the net of what we require of men in those positions, in their capacity of *representing the guest.*

Instructions to Managers and Assistant Managers

"YOUR BIGGEST responsibility is to see that our policies are carried out and our promises to the public are kept.

"Most of your contact with guests will be with those who want something of you. You must always do everything you can to make their way smooth and pleasant.

"If his trunk hasn't come, or his ice-water doesn't flow; if he doesn't like his room, or has trouble at the mail desk—

"Whatever the reason for his seeking you, you are to take hold *interestedly* and give him the quickest satisfaction possible.

"In all your contact with guests (and, don't forget, with your associates, too), remember that the unforgivable sin, from our standpoint, is discourtesy. A close second is lack of interest; whether a guest comes to you with a complaint or a request, he *must always* be greeted and listened to and *helped* with the graciousness and courtesy that are the spirit of our policies.

"You are the men at the top in your houses, you managers and assistant managers. But you have no special rights or privileges over any other employee of the company in the literal carrying-out of these instructions from The Statler Service Codes: 'No employee is allowed the privilege of arguing any point with a guest; he must adjust the matter at once to the guest's satisfaction, or call his superior to do so.'"

E M Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

(Continued from Page 67)

documents are printed in all four languages. Not only is the matter produced vivid in phraseology, but it is also highly artistic in the manner of presentation. Central Europe is flooded with really beautiful postal cards setting forth the Hungarian claims.

I have before me as I write not less than thirty different examples. They would delight the collector of postal cards, but so far as achieving any practical purpose is concerned they are useless. Many of the pictures on these cards have been enlarged and are used as posters on the billboards. One of the most striking shows a man in the ancient Hungarian costume. In his hands he holds the map of Hungary. A flock of ravens encircles him. Under the picture are these words: "Away! This is my land! You cruel black ravens gather too quickly about my wheat fields, left without protection. The owner is not dead and will not die, nor will he leave his harvest a prey to the ravens."

Another discloses the white dove of peace standing on the broken shield of the old Hungary. An arrow is in the bird's breast and the blood from the wound drips down to the words: "The breaking up of Hungary means the death of peace." A third depicts Czecho-Slovakia as the new dragon of Central Europe, while a fourth personifies Hungary in a farmer surrounded by snarling wolves. It bears the inscription: "Save Hungary before it is too late."

Woodrow Wilson is violently unpopular in Hungary. The people expected great things of his fourteen points, and they hold him partly responsible for dismemberment. One of the most widely distributed postal cards shows his picture in a field of flaming red. The caption is: "From Wilson only a Wilsonian peace."

The Regent's Brilliant Career

I have merely used a few examples to show the character of the propaganda. Through all this storm of protest the three words, "No! No! Never!" run like a *motif* in an opera. They are emblazoned on countless billboards. You cannot escape them. They are taught to the children with the alphabet.

In every Hungarian schoolroom is posted the new Hungarian creed which is recited each day by all the classes. It is also spoken aloud by the audiences at every public meeting. It reads as follows:

"I believe in God.

"I believe in my country.

"I believe in God's eternal justice.

"I believe in the resurrection of Hungary."

When I made my visit to the leading public school to see the distribution of American food, the principal was more interested in having me hear a class recite this creed than do anything else. It was an impressive experience to hear these tots repeat the creed with solemn determination. You wondered, however, just how much it would add to the equipment for the battle of life.

Hungary is a continuous chain of patriotic organizations. They range from a Territorial Integrity League to the Society of Awakening Hungarians. Each is dedicated to the nationalistic ideal which demands a return of the lost territories. The principal argument made is that there are still nearly 4,000,000 Magyars in what was once Transylvania and certain parts of the present Jugo-Slavia and Slovakia. All hope is abandoned of Slavonia and Croatia, but the Hungarians still insist that there is a chance to redeem Western Hungary—Burgenland—Transylvania and Slovakia. It is a hopeless cause, because it is just about as easy to undo the dismemberment promulgated under the Treaty of Trianon as it is to reverse a verdict of the Supreme Court of the United States. A slight readjustment of frontiers is about the only balm that the Hungarians may expect.

That the Hungarians are not taking out all their protest in propaganda was shown in their armed attempt to resist the transfer of Burgenland to Austria. At the time this article is written 10,000 regular Hungarian troops are in that section. Opposing them is an army of Austrian gendarmes. It seems likely that there will be serious trouble before the matter is settled. The danger is that the Little Entente, which is composed of Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia, may take the field to see that the terms of the treaty are enforced. In this event a new Balkan war might easily be precipitated.

The Little Entente was organized to combat just this kind of procedure. It is a tribute to the warlike qualities of the Hungarians that they should still inspire so much fear. You have the parallel in the continued French alarm over Germany and what she is likely to do in the way of aggression. Under the Treaty of Trianon Hungary is permitted to have an army of 38,000 men. From my observation she has already reached this limit. Throughout the country you see soldiers drilling, and every fourth or fifth man in Budapest still wears a uniform. Instead of peace there are only war and the rumors of war in Central Europe. The flood of Hungarian protest and propaganda is not calculated to allay it. The tragedy of Hungary is that she does not accept the inevitable and dedicate her courage and resource to reconstruction.

From all this welter of poverty and protest let us turn to the most striking and outstanding individual in the new Hungary. It is exemplified in the person of Admiral Nicholas Horthy, the regent. No European ruler to-day has so difficult a task, nor is any invested with such genuine human interest. Of all the contacts on a trip that was packed with personality, the meeting with him was in many respects the most memorable.

I have already told how he organized a national army, the moral effect of which contributed largely to the departure of the Rumanians. Since his life story is almost unknown in America, I will present the main facts before we enter his presence. Horthy was born in 1868 at Kenderes in Hungary, and after graduating from high school became a cadet in the naval academy at Fiume. He rose rapidly in the service, and in 1908 was appointed naval aide-de-camp to the late Emperor Francis Joseph. During the Balkan War of 1912 he commanded the cruiser Budapest. The Austro-Hungarian forces were mobilized during that period. After demobilization he was again attached to the staff of the Emperor.

When the Great War broke out he was given a capital ship, and on the night that Italy entered the struggle he commanded the first expedition that bombed the Italian coast. From this time until the close of hostilities he was in the thick of things. He was active in the capture of Lovczon, the Montenegrin stronghold, and he distinguished himself in the battle fought in the Strait of Otranto. He was the ranking officer of a squadron of five big ships that practically destroyed an allied flotilla of twenty-two patrol boats and two destroyers. On this occasion he was seriously wounded, but returned subsequently to the command of the dreadnought Prince Eugen. In February, 1918, he suppressed the sailors' revolt at Cattaro and soon after was made vice admiral and given command of the Austro-Hungarian fleet in the Adriatic. With the outbreak of the revolution, which resulted in the formation of the Hungarian republic under Karolyi, he retired to his estates. The Bolshevist régime, however, lured him from the simple life and he was the first minister of war in the anti-Bolshevik government.

King Without the Title

When the Rumanians departed it was generally recognized that he was the one strong man available to head the government, and parliament named him regent. It was a post without precedent in contemporary Europe. He was given all the functions and authority of a king, without the title. Since March, 1920, when he took the reins of authority, he has wrestled with monarchical aspiration on the one hand and a near-republicanism on the other. So far he has held his own, but he can never tell what the next day will bring forth.

Shortly before I arrived in Budapest he engaged in the famous turn-down of Emperor Karl, who succeeded Emperor Francis Joseph. As most people know, Karl fled to Switzerland after the break-up of the monarchy.

One day last spring Horthy was astounded to receive this message from one of his aides: "The king is below and wants to see you."

When he went out he found his old monarch, who declared that he had come back to take possession of his country. With this he pinned the Order of Maria Theresa on the regent's breast. They say that kings have no sense of humor, but this performance proved that they have, and I will tell you why. The Order of Maria Theresa was instituted by the energetic

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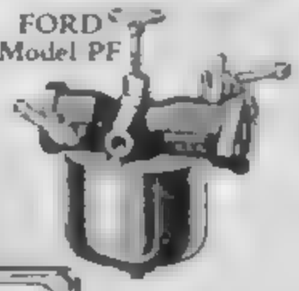

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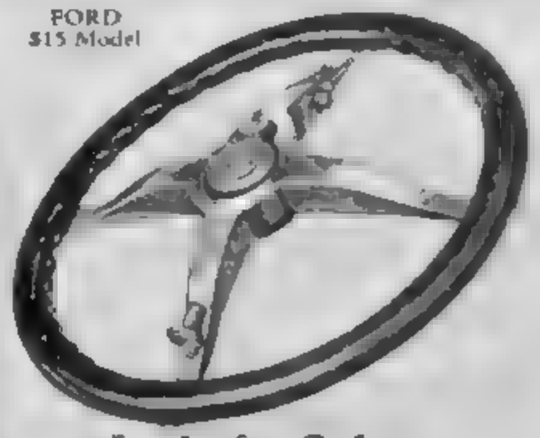

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lady of that name to reward a conspicuous public service achieved in violation of orders. It was the highest honor at the disposal of Austro-Hungarian royalty. Karl knew that Horthy was familiar with its traditions. To the credit of the regent, however, let it be said that he did not fall for it, and the imperial exile, after various vicissitudes, again became a man without a country.

Accompanied by a staff major who had been sent as escort, I went to see Horthy on a brilliant sun-washed afternoon in June. We motored across the beautiful Danube and made our way up the hill that leads to the palace. On the way I inquired of my companion about the proper manner of addressing the admiral. I was told that he is invariably addressed as Highness. Thus you see the royal prerogative still clings. My precaution in this matter grew out of long contact with high personages during these past seven years. It is one of the many essentials to preparedness in interviewing, and the same thing applies to salesmanship. Whether he is king, president, field marshal or prime minister, a man likes to be addressed by his proper title, and it never fails to be what we call in America a good selling point.

The old palace at Buda is one of the noblest in Europe. It combines modern comfort with medieval splendor. It is also a structure of magnificent distances, for it took us at least ten minutes to walk from the main entrance up to the room where Horthy holds forth. All the old etiquette of royal days is observed, for flunkies were stationed at all the landings.

Just outside what might be called the throne room I noticed two imposing figures At first glance I thought they were just so many stuffed objects in human form. They wore steel helmets and breastplates and over their shoulders were flung leopard skins.

The knees and legs were bare and sandals covered the feet. Each figure held a spear at the side. They were absolutely rigid, and it was natural that I should suppose that they were exhibits of a feudal time. The moment we passed, however, the automatons sprang into life and the spears came to salute. Then I understood. In the apparel for the sentinels outside his door Horthy has revived the Hungarian warrior costume of the fourteenth century.

The Regent's Tribute to Lincoln

In an instant the door of the anteroom opened. I found myself in a stately chamber, and my hand was clasped by a commanding and dominating person. Horthy looks every inch the sailorman. His face is seamed from exposure and his eyes gleam with animation. The stocky, athletic figure shows that he is capable of endurance; and if any man in Europe needs staying power, that man is the regent of Hungary. He wore an admiral's blue uniform and on his breast was a rainbow of ribbons. I have never seen such a display since I talked with Lord Beatty, who has the prize decoration patch of England. His breast, in the matter of ribbons, might be likened to the crazy quilts which our grandmothers formerly made in America.

After the conventional greetings Horthy led the way to a divan in a corner, where we sat down. He produced a package of cigarettes and smoked incessantly during the interview. He needed little interrogation, for he seemed anxious to state his case to America. In excellent English he said:

"I am no politician and I am disgusted with the ways of politicians. They are the curse of Europe. I am a simple sailor, accustomed to clean life in the open air, and I tell you frankly that often I become discouraged over the political wrangling about me."

I told him that Abraham Lincoln was beset with the same trials, but persevered, whereupon Horthy rejoined:

"Yes, that is true. Europe to-day needs leadership of the Lincoln kind. He was the great American." Then he continued: "I mean to carry on as best I can, and when I have seen Hungary on her feet I will go back to my home in the country. I have no imperial aspirations. I have not the slightest desire to be king. This task of being regent is difficult enough. I am a democrat, but I am not a chauvinist.

"The people of Hungary are not ready for a republic. Fundamentally they are monarchists. Only time can determine just what permanent form of government we will eventually have.

"The principal problem of Hungary to-day is not a political problem. It is the rejuvenation of the country. All we want is justice, and this we have not obtained under the Treaty of Trianon. If Woodrow Wilson's much-vaunted fourteen points had been properly and justly interpreted we would not have lost our national birthright. We have been dismembered. The great rivers flow into our valleys, but we have lost them. We are the logical farming center of Middle Europe. Yet when the Rumanian harvesters came down to work in our fields, as they have done for years, they were turned back by Rumanian soldiers at the frontier. How are we to garner our crops?

"I ask you to consider our plight. It is just as if Mexico had seized all of the United States and left you only the fertile Mississippi Valley. You would be rich in agriculture, to be sure, but you would be stripped of all your raw materials, and it would be impossible for you to exist as a nation. This is precisely what has happened to us.

"Surely the allies must find the way out for us. There must be a revision of the treaty that mutilated us. Meanwhile we have rendered the whole world a service in checking Bolshevism in Hungary. Remember that Hungary was the real rampart against the red horde. If Bolshevism had triumphed in Hungary it would have spread throughout Central Europe, and the whole world would have been called upon to fight it. All that we can now do is to work on as best we can and hope for revision. Lastly we are deeply grateful to America for her aid. Your nation has done a fine and wonderful thing, and Hungary will never forget it."

Who Will be King?

No man can meet Horthy and fail to be impressed with his sincerity and doggedness of purpose. In the swift flow of his speech and the dynamic energy that he radiates he was slightly reminiscent of Kerensky. But the Russian lacks the fundamental qualities of character and perseverance which are among the principal inheritances of the sailor who rules Hungary to-day.

I cannot leave the subject of Horthy without a brief reference to the Hungarian political situation. Bad as is the economic turmoil, it is exceeded by the constant ebb and flow of monarchical intrigue. It runs propaganda a close race. The country, as Horthy declared, is monarchical in its sentiment. I can illustrate with an amusing story. When the Karolyi government came into being the owner of a large estate said to one of his tenant farmers, "Hungary has become a republic."

"Who will be king?" was the only reply.

Like his brother in Russia, the Hungarian peasant must have a Little White Father.

The general impression is that Hungary will ultimately have a king. Every day reveals some plot for the return of the Hapsburgs. Although Karl is temporarily out of the running, there are enough other Hapsburgs left to constitute a royal quorum. One of them, the Archduke Joseph, lives in Budapest.

No one pays any particular attention to him, and he is apparently glad to have peace of mind and a meal ticket. There are many who believe he will eventually assume the throne, but not without serious opposition from the Karlist group. Sober-minded Hungarians, however, agree with Premier Teleki—namely, that more important than the selection of a king is the economic regeneration of the country.

Admiral Horthy has no monopoly on anxiety. Within a stone's throw of the palace is the ministry of finance. This institution, whether in Austria, Hungary or Poland, has come to be a combination of bedlam and battle. The constant fluctuation in the value of currencies and the eternal problem of trying to evolve something like fiscal order out of chaos are literally driving financial chiefs to distraction.

Until recently Roland Hegedüs was the Hungarian minister of finance. He succeeded in temporarily giving the crown a semblance of stabilization, for he achieved the miracle of stopping the printing presses. In him I found the livest wire in the country. He is big of bone, galvanic with force and resembles the lamented Theodore Roosevelt in mood and action. He began

(Continued on Page 73)

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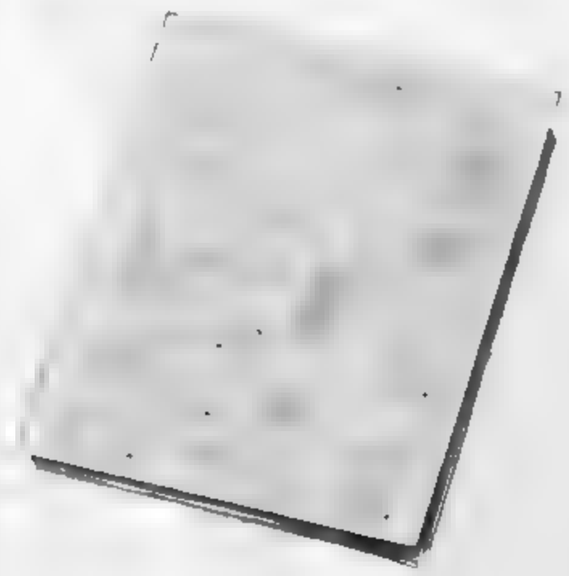

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(Continued from Page 70)

life as clerk in a factory and became a successful banker in Budapest.

When I went to see him I expected to remain fifteen minutes. I stayed for three hours. Hegedus is a living torrent of speech. He walks up and down as he talks, and is without doubt one of the champion long-distance conversationalists of the world. But he usually has something worthwhile to say.

Perhaps the best approach to the interview with Hegedus is to give a brief account of his financial house cleaning. It will explain the man and his methods. When he became minister of finance he faced a situation that would have baffled a syndicate of Alexander Hamiltons. To begin with, no system of adequate taxation was in force. The money-printing presses were worked day and night—in fact so continuously that they broke down, and 5,000,000,000 crowns had to be manufactured in Zurich.

The frenzied speed with which bank notes rolled into the hopper had a humorous consequence. Being produced at high pressure, the Hungarian money in many instances was badly manufactured. So much coloring was required that the real thing had to be diluted. At any rate, when the first hot spell came along the ink began to run, and the owner of a bank roll could not tell a five-crown note from a ten. During this period the only satisfactory safety vault was an ice box.

The economic results were far more serious, because the crown slumped steadily in value. Its normal value is at the rate of five to the dollar. When Hegedus took command it had gone down to 600 to the dollar.

He said, "The only way to stabilize the crown is to stop printing it." Much to the disgust of the official printers, he ordered that no more money be issued.

This was merely the prelude to the unique campaign waged to stiffen a currency. Where Roosevelt believed in the big stick, Hegedus pins his faith to the big drum. This means that he works on the theory that it pays to advertise. He inaugurated a red-hot publicity crusade, in which he became the chief press agent. The burden of it was summed up in the words, "The Hungarian crown will increase in value and purchasing power."

A Policy of Deflation

He began a series of drastic reforms without parallel. They were set forth in a four-hour speech that kept parliament on tiptoes. No time was lost in translating its terms into action. First of all, he commandeered 20 per cent of all bank deposits. With this money he paid some of the interest on the national debt.

The depositors had their compensation in an immediate increase in the value of what remained.

Secondly, he made every corporation of any consequence in Hungary issue 15 per cent new stock, which he sold. He employed the proceeds in liquidating the more pressing state obligations. It is one case of watered stock that paid at once.

The third step was to place a mortgage on all tillable farm land that had escaped any similar obligation. He argued that if a man could not pay his state obligation in money he could in land. Still another procedure was to consolidate the old war debt and make one new issue out of the whole lot. He slapped a tax on all luxuries, and among other picturesque innovations imposed a heavy burden on the rich who had not performed any war service. With this tax on slackers he stirred up a hornet's nest which eventually led to his undoing. That, however, is a later story. To continue his rapid-fire program, he pruned government expenditure right and left. Among other things, he sold nine-tenths of the automobiles used by state officials. In one instance he commandeered the limousine of a food official while that gentleman was at lunch and had disposed of the proceeds before he finished. To cap the climax, he had a parliamentary committee of control named, which would supervise the acts of the finance ministry. This only strengthened his hand and enabled him to push his scheme of reconstruction all the more boldly.

You may well imagine that with this machinery at work economic events moved fast. Hegedus accompanied it with a daily pronunciamiento in which he painted rosy pictures of financial regeneration. The net result was that the crown began to improve in value. In less than two months it went from 600 down to 285. Everybody attributed this remarkable improvement to the ministerial program.

It is true that the crown advanced largely because the Hungarians had begun to pay taxes, economize, and printed no new notes. But the real agency that strengthened the money at the start lay in a characteristic performance engineered by Hegedus, and which was kept strictly under cover. This was the way of it:

No sooner had he lighted the red fire of his publicity campaign and instituted drastic taxation than he sent a group of foreign-exchange experts to Zurich, which is one of the great money markets of Europe. He equipped them with real cash—that is, dollars and pounds. These men had instructions to buy a certain number of Hungarian crowns every day. While they created a demand for crowns in Switzerland, Hegedus beat the big drum at home. The combination was irresistible, and the crown for a time at least attained some value. This revelation is in no sense discreditable to Hegedus. On the contrary it is merely another evidence of extraordinary resource, backed up by a passionate patriotism, that rendered a conspicuous public service.

American Principles

We can now go ahead and see what Hegedus had to say for himself. The crown was still strong when I talked with him in his office at the ministry of finance, but already the revolt which finally drove him from office was under way. You cannot pry open the pocketbooks of the profiteers without making yourself unpopular, and this is what Hegedus did. He had his fighting clothes on, for he said:

"I took this post because I believed I could render my country a service. I accepted it with the understanding that I would have absolute authority and be held personally responsible for my acts: I have made myself unpopular, but every man who tries to do good in this world has the same fate.

"I realized from the start that the first step in the recovery of Hungary lay in the stabilization of the currency. When I became minister the government was printing money at the rate of 1,000,000,000 crowns a month. I said to myself: 'Money is only money when a commercial value is attached to it. The needless printing of money has two results: One is that you poison the organism of economics, because the money itself is rot. The other is that it imposes the most unjust of all taxations. I must make a supreme effort to stop the printing presses.'

"I therefore prohibited the printing of any more money, and at the same time I divorced our bank notes from those of Austria. Heretofore the money in circulation here was a sort of joint symbol of value and was good in both countries. I did not want Hungary handicapped by the burdens of Austria. Now we have our own money.

"I have gone about the task of minister of finance just as a merchant would run his business. I am not paying for military or diplomatic adventures. I have reduced expenses, discharged useless officials and put a premium on the use of luxuries. The net result of all this has netted Hungary 3,000,000,000 crowns.

"In all that I do I follow American principles. America is the country that gets things done. We want no foreign money, and we are not holding our hat in our hands.

"The treaty that dismembered Hungary was so bad that it is almost good. In the last analysis a just treaty must be built on geology. The one that mutilated Hungary was reared out of hate. Economic forces are stronger than political forces. Hungary will come back to her own."

The Hegedus system, like many other progressive undertakings, was too good to last. Many Hungarians had not paid taxes for so long that they almost got out of the habit. They resented the Hegedus hammer-and-tongs procedure. He was no respecter of persons and consequently incited bitter antagonism. He was accused of being a visionary. His efforts were blocked at every turn, and toward the close of September he was forced to resign. The frustration of his program was attended by a gradual collapse of the crown. On the day I write this article it has sunk to 800

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to the dollar. Even at that, it is still ahead of the Austrian crown, which is 1800 to the dollar.

This demoralization in finance, coupled with the political unrest and the constant cry against dismemberment, naturally impedes recovery. No one seems willing to assume the stormy post that Hegedus vacated, nor is it likely that any practical banker will again offer himself for sacrifice. I emphasize this tangled situation because Hungary in a larger sense is not different from Austria and Poland.

Everywhere in Central Europe the sincere desire for economic regeneration is hampered by prejudice, profiteering and petty politics.

This article would be incomplete without a final chapter about the evolution of Danube traffic. In view of the internationalization of the famous water highway, it becomes a more potent factor than ever in the economic destiny of Central Europe.

Most Americans associate the Danube with the melodious Strauss waltz and let it go at that. They do not realize that, with the exception of the Volga, it is the greatest inland artery of Middle Europe. Since part of the Volga is in Asia, the Danube really claims precedence so far as large commercial significance is concerned. It begins in the Black Forest and extends for nearly 1900 miles down to the Black Sea. Not only is it the river of romance but the extremes of civilization meet on it. The headwaters gush from a world center of art and music, while uncouth Russian and Turkish fishermen cast their nets in its final estuary.

For a century the Danube has been the most important natural channel of trade for Austria, Hungary, South Germany and all the Balkan States. In 1920 more than 7,000,000 tons of traffic floated on its bosom, and that was a lean year compared with the prewar days. The Danube touches more different countries than any other stream. On its shores dwell Germans, Czechs, Slovakians, Hungarians, Serbs, Croatians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Turks and Russians. In a boat of medium draft you can start at Regensburg, in Germany, and without leaving the craft pass Passau, Linz, Vienna, Bratislava—the old Presburg—Budapest, Belgrade, Orsava and eventually Sulina.

In this mêlée of nationalities you find one reason why the waters of the Danube are troubled to-day. Before the Great War the economic interdependence of the various abutting countries made for more or less free traffic and harmonized the conflicting racial interests. With the war, however, the Danube became a battle ground. The Austrians, Hungarians, Serbs and Rumanians used it for the transport of troops and supplies. Hundreds of large and small craft were seized by the various warring nations. When peace came everything was in confusion. The Austrians and Hungarians contended that the vessels held by their enemies should be restored.

Control of the Danube

The Paris Treaty not only internationalized the Danube but provided that an American should act as arbitrator of the shipping. Walker D. Hines, former chairman of the board of directors of the Santa Fe Railroad and later director general of American railways, was named for this all-important post. The task required the patience of a Job and the judicial discretion of a Lord High Justice. For more than a year Hines held hearings in various parts of Central Europe, and during August announced his decisions. He held that since most of the captured Austrian and Hungarian vessels had been used for war purposes they were eligible for seizure. Czecho-Slovakia obtained 70,000 tons of barges and 3850 horsepower in tugs, while a lesser tonnage went to Rumania and Jugo-Slavia. Hines also arbitrated the transport muddle on the Rhine, the Oder and the Elbe; but these details will be dealt with in subsequent articles, for they affect German reconstruction.

Now we come to the really vital phase of Danube shipping. To understand it you must first know that three major companies have dominated the traffic for the past thirty years. The largest—I will give all the names in English—is the First Danube Steamship Company, which was established ninety years ago and which had a practical monopoly on the river business until the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. It is more commonly referred to as the E. D. D. G., the first letters of its title in German. Ranking second is the Hungarian Royal River and Sea Navigation Company, Ltd., ordinarily called the M. F. T. R. The third group is the South German Danube Steamship Company, the S. D. D. G.

With the declaration of peace these companies found themselves in desperate straits. Capital had depreciated. Hundreds of their steamers, tugs and barges were in enemy hands. The economic chaos of Central Europe put an end to anything like normal business. The situation offered an extraordinary opportunity for consolidation under outside sponsorship. It was a moment for vision and courage, and the moment found the man.

Over in England sat Lord Inverforth, one of the modern shipping wizards of Great Britain, who, as Andrew Weir, had rendered a national service during the war as Surveyor-General of Supplies at the War Office. Trained in transport and its possibilities, he realized that the control of shipping on the Danube was as important to economic authority in Central Europe as was the mastery of the Suez Canal to the trade of the East. He decided that it was to the larger commercial interest of England to secure this prize. Being a member of the British Cabinet—he had succeeded Winston Churchill as Minister of Munitions—he could not take the initiative himself. With the approval of Lloyd George and the Board of Trade, however, he delegated Sir Frederick W. Lewis, chairman of the great shipping firm of Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., to organize what is known as the River Syndicate, Ltd. This organization secured options on large holdings of stock in the three companies that I have enumerated. Subsequently these options were transferred to the Danube Navigation Company, Ltd., which purchased the interests. In the case of the South German Danube Steamship Company all the stock was acquired.

Hungary's Future

The Danube Navigation Company now operates the bulk of the Danube River fleet. With its stock control it also acquired shipyards, warehouses, bridges and pontoons. It is an almost self-sufficient entity. Moreover, it is reaching out for the control of shipping owned in Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Bulgaria. One object of this proposed expansion as expressed to me by a director is "to bind up these nations commercially so as to counteract effectually the present national jealousies and intrigues."

With the organization of the Danube Navigation Company has come a new deal on the Danube. Since the Central European railways are still demoralized, it is doing a considerable part of the freight haulage.

The express service on the river is faster than that by rail. Freight can now leave Vienna at eight o'clock in the morning and be on the dock at Belgrade thirty-six hours later. On the railroad it takes from two to three weeks on account of frontier complications due to hate and the delay in shunting trains.

The advent of an English syndicate on the Danube is striking evidence of an economic penetration which is bound to be a tremendous factor in the whole British commercial recovery. England has taken a leaf out of the old German Bible of trade exploitation. The German creed leaned heavily on control of traffic. England is now determined to play the game herself and in a big way.

The stabilization of Danube traffic is a much-needed step toward free trade in Central Europe, and is therefore an asset for the new Hungary. It proves that capital, linked with enterprise, is infinitely more effective than fiery protest and ceaseless propaganda.

As with Austria, this winter will mark the critical period in the life of Hungary. Her political importance outweighs her economic significance. She can elect to be the stormy petrel of Europe and plunge the Continent into further turmoil and worse. On the other hand she can accept the verdict of peace and, like her battered Germanic neighbor on the north, rebuild out of the wreck of former greatness. Her fate is in her own hands.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the European economic and political situation. The next will be devoted to Czecho-Slovakia

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THE CRACKLING OF THORNS

(Continued from Page 9)

found in the terrifying alien magnificence. Again and again he was led back to the games in the sitting room, where, blindfolded and armed with a pin and a bit of cloth, he listened to screams of laughter at his groping efforts to tail the painted donkey. The benevolent grown-up proposed other more shameful diversions—drop the handkerchief, pillow, post office. In these he participated under duress, mercifully narcotized by the degree of his sufferings, so that he hardly realized that he had been kissed until afterward, when the degradation ate into him corrosively.

Also, the affair was reported. He was amiably reminded of it at home by ponderous inquiries as to little sweethearts and best girls. Afterward, when there was no escape from attendance, he sullenly refused to join in the entertainment. This led, happily, to his being spared the invitations.

He made the acquaintance of existence without finding it good. Gradually he formed himself to endure it. You could always manage to avoid the worst things if you were careful. And he came to be very careful.

He finished high school in an agreeable obscurity, his presence almost unnoticed. Others monopolized popular attention: Dick Renfrew, for instance, who was captain of the football team and president of the senior class; Sam Lawrence, who edited the school paper and played the lead in the annual show; lesser lights in athletics and letters and social activities all helped to throw friendly shadows. If it hadn't been for Cora Brett, Win would have enjoyed these four years. She didn't quite spoil them, but she tried her best.

The others had stopped laughing at him long ago. He wasn't worth it to them. But Cora tormented him indefatigably, singling him out whenever she saw him, attracting attention to him with an ingenious malice. She drew cleverly even then; the school paper joyfully printed a heartless caricature of Win Crosset, preternaturally solemn, labeled Little Sunshine; he wore the nickname stoically for two years. She blocked his ambition to be invisible, again and again. In the senior class meeting she made everybody laugh by nominating him for class president on the ground that he'd be dignified enough.

He was glad when she was sent East to art school. After that, life was distinctly smoother. Dick Renfrew and Sam Lawrence and most of the others were away at college. It was pleasant to have a job in a quiet office where they didn't know him and let him alone at his work. He liked the work too; writing copy exactly suited him, he discovered. He enjoyed the quest of word and phrase, the process of fining down his draft, the accurate business of fitting text to spaces and shapes determined in advance. And it was delightfully anonymous. Nobody could level a mocking finger at his work in print and jeer at him for having done it; and yet he could read it himself and hug the knowledge that it was good.

He discovered that there was an art and a science involved in this trade, and plunged deep into both. Sometimes, to be sure, his immediate superior reminded him that the world still laughed, but he kept his developing command of the work cannily to himself for the most part. He earned enough to satisfy his moderate needs and leave a steadily accumulating surplus of savings. His routine carried him in a fixed groove, worn smooth, almost immune to ridicule. When the home went suddenly to pieces he found a room in a dull boarding house, where most of the guests were older and agreeably morose.

By the time Dick Renfrew came home from college Win Crosset had been lifted reluctantly to the headship of his department. McClintock had a shrewd eye for steady youngsters who didn't complain about too much work or too little pay, and Crosset's successive promotions were tributes to these qualities rather than to any high admiration of his ability.

"Rather have one good plugger than ten geniuses," McClintock said of him. "Crosset's slow and he'll never send up any fireworks, but he stays on the job."

It wasn't bad even when he had accepted the relative conspicuousness of his command. He had the little room to himself now, and that was a vast advantage. Also, if the other copy writers laughed at him discretion compelled them to do so out of range. He settled deeper into his rut, pleased with his philosophy. There were weeks together when nobody offended his ears with the sound he detested. You could avoid almost any sort of unpleasantness if you put your mind on it, he told himself approvingly. There were times when he harbored the beginnings of self-respect.

Even when Dick Renfrew joined the staff, fresh from his apprenticeship with the big Eastern agency, it wasn't so bad as Crosset had feared. Renfrew treated him, to be sure, with a reflection of the old tolerant contempt, but he had evidently ceased to be funny. Sometimes he was faintly envious of Renfrew's success and contemplated sourly the money value of a good front as compared to that of a genuine ability, but the discovery that Dick meant to let him alone consoled him. It was only when Cora Brett came into the office that the old fears woke.

He took refuge behind his dignity, refusing to unbend to her amiable advances; he avoided her diligently. Only when she attacked him on his weak side by seeking advertising knowledge of him did his guard lower itself, and then only a very little. He remembered too well her trick of seeming all grave and respectful attention just the moment before she exposed a fellow to ribald jest. You couldn't trust her. He didn't.

Most of all he feared her when bringing gifts. He remembered that she had always been most dangerous just when she seemed most friendly. When she complimented him on his grasp of his topic he regarded her with a dubious eye; he refused cannily to be trapped in the least evidence of self-approval. He managed fairly well. She laughed, as she had always laughed, but it was not at him—not until the day when she overheard his talk with Renfrew and found that he was still the same old target.

Afterward his time of torment began in earnest. That unlucky interview had unmasked him. The more sedulously he wrapped himself in dignity the funnier she seemed to find him. He needed the comforting assurance of Ecclesiastes many times a day. But he did not again allow himself to lose his temper. No matter how funny you were in your normal state, getting angry only made you infinitely more so. Sooner or later this would end. A girl like Cora was bound to marry some day. There were a good many telephone messages for her; he frequently saw her in masculine society. Yes, she'd marry and then he'd have some peace.

He discovered an unsuspected capacity for malice amid these reflections. No matter whom she married—it would serve 'em both right!

III

"WELL, Win, it's up to you, now." Dick Renfrew slid the sheaf of typescript across the bare desk. "You're the boy who claimed a deaf mute could sell this plan to Powell. Go as far as you like."

Crosset's lips tightened, but he made no other answer. Dick was taking his cue from Cora nowadays. They both jollied him. And he had been expecting this announcement for a long time; Dick's reports of his interviews with Powell had not been hopeful, and Win Crosset accurately estimated the actuality as well below Renfrew's representations. Dick never gave himself the worst of it.

He opened the lower drawer of his desk, arranged as a vertical file, and deposited the plan precisely in its appointed place. A soft answer did not turn away mirth, but no answer at all occasionally accomplished this result. He told himself savagely that he had never expected Dick to sell Powell. But he was careful not to share this information with Dick.

Renfrew lingered a moment or two, as if hoping for a retort. Receiving none he laughed again and departed. Crosset bent over his scratch block. The incident was closed.

It wasn't. Cora Brett, entering with sketches ten minutes later, made him aware of his error.

"Dick's quit on the Powell account, Win. Now you can show him."

He did not look up from the drawings, but the future intervened dismally between the Bristol board and his eyes. Her voice warned him what to expect. It served him right, of course, for being such a fool as to

Thirsty Fibre Grows as He Dries

IT IS Thirsty Fibre (millions of him in each ScotTissue Towel) that absorbs four times his weight in water, who is responsible for that essential, thirsty, absorbing quality found to such a marked degree in ScotTissue Towels. Thirsty Fibre instantly absorbs the moisture from your hands and face, thus creating that feeling of complete satisfaction of a job well done.

Put ScotTissue Towels in your washroom—they dry. They win good-will from all users and cut towel cost while doing it.

The name ScotTissue is imprinted on every genuine ScotTissue Towel, but you'll not need this identification after you've once used ScotTissue—you'll know a real, absorbent, satisfying, drying towel when you meet ScotTissue face to face—and will appreciate the wonder work of Thirsty Fibre.

Thirsty Fibre, His Biography is an interesting book that you will greatly enjoy reading. It is sent free to those requesting a copy.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, Chester, Pa.—New York—Chicago—San Francisco.

Scotissue Towels

Thirsty Fibre—the nationally appreciated "Worker of the Washroom." Thirsty Fibre represents greater personal hygiene and real towel efficiency. His slogan is—*They Dry.*

he's out again!

THAT irrepressible, uncontrollable, indefatigable big toe. Pushed his way right through a brand new sock, just to show how easy it was.

The women of the world have been waging a losing fight against the big toes of the world for years. They have fought with the darning needle—about as much use in such a battle as a pop gun against shock troops.

True Shape

SOCKS

KEEP THE BIG TOES IN

Reinforced socks are no novelty, but these *TRUE SHAPE* Socks are different.

TRUE SHAPE Socks are made by a process which considers the *rights* of the big toe as well as his unruliness.

They are wonderfully strong, but smooth and soft and yielding. They don't hurt the toe, but they teach him his place.

TRUE SHAPE Socks outwear other socks, are easy on the feet, are closely woven of the best Japanese silk, and have no superior for appearance.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

TRUE SHAPE No. 152

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is also made for women and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

brag, but this realization held no comfort whatever.

"You've made this one wrong," he said evenly. "The optical center ought to be about here—have to lead the eye in, not out, you know."

"When are you going out to get it?" She declined to be diverted. "Dick says ——"

"I don't care what he says," he broke in sharply. And his glance moved to the framed text on the opposite wall. "As the crackling of thorns under a pot ——" Let 'em laugh! They'd wear it out sometime. The main thing was to keep his temper and say nothing that would make things worse.

"He says"—she declined to accept the dismissal implied in his gesture with the criticized sketch—"he says that he'd have brought in the contract if he hadn't wanted to give you a fair chance. I heard him telling Mr. Dobie."

Crosset winced. Dobie, the cashier, esteemed himself an excruciatingly funny person; it was Dobie who introduced the latest gag of the variety stage each Monday morning. He would make use of this.

"I'm busy," he said curtly. "McClintock doesn't pay me for telling jokes."

She laughed happily. "No, I suppose not. Nor for being one, either, does he?"

He shrugged. "I tell you I'm busy, Cora. Go and tease somebody else. Tease Dick—he's the one who fell down on the job, not me."

"Yet," she qualified meaningly, "it's your turn now."

"Rats! You know I didn't mean that thing I said, Cora. I'm not an outside man. I admit it was a fool remark. Let it go at that."

She went out laughing. He saw her cross the main room toward Dobie's desk and guessed her purpose. It would be poetic justice, he thought, if she married Dobie. The idea soothed him very little. They'd kid the life out of him over that one rash speech. Cora'd see to that. Trust her!

He was right. The others might have let it drop, but Cora wouldn't have it so. She would seem to forget it for days together, and then, just as he was beginning to feel safe, she would ask him gravely about imaginary designs for Powell, generally with somebody else to overhear her and provide the inevitable applauding claque. She reminded Renfrew and incited him, Crosset saw, to rubbing in the taunt. She even dared to speak of it when McClintock was present, and Crosset set his teeth as the chief himself achieved a ponderous joke about it.

He came to waste a good deal of time in considering it. His carefully worked-out program evidently had failed him. On the theory that a fellow could avoid ridicule by refraining from absurd endeavors, by dodging the limelight, he had constructed a complete scheme of existence. Now, suddenly, he was jeered at, tormented, mocked, all because he refused to be prodded into a comic attitude of struggle. It was like having the solid and substantial earth beneath one's feet suddenly turned to quicksands. He felt as if there were no safety left. His whole existence was arranged on the proved theory that the way to avoid ridicule was to be inconspicuous; now, it appeared, being inconspicuous was itself the most laughable of conditions.

They played it both ways, he thought; it wasn't fair. He could only assume a more careful protective coloring of unimportance by way of defense, and his canny efforts in this direction seemed to amuse Cora and her allies even more than his silly boast.

The problem came to occupy most of his free-time meditations. There were moments when he thought of quitting his job and finding another with some other agency; this would have answered his purpose except for the fear that the joke would follow him, and the unfriendly prospect of adjusting himself to strange conditions and comrades. There were times, too, when he foresaw that they would tire of teasing him if he endured their fun with patience. And gradually there were more frequent occasions when he dreamed of striking back, of turning their laughter against them.

The concept of revenge, he discovered, had an insidious attraction. It came to stand in his sight as the most desirable of all things. If he could only pay them back in coin of their own minting! If only, by some amiable miracle, he could laugh at them, make others laugh with him! He would dream about it sometimes so vividly that he would wake with the sound of his mirth in his affronted ears. There must be some way. He began to consider the idea constructively. And almost at once he saw how it could be accomplished.

At first he shrank from the idea. If he tried it and failed he would let himself in for more ridicule than ever. It was better to deal with a known evil than to experiment with risks that might easily make his latter state less bearable than his first. But under gibes that did not seem to lose their edge with use and time a purpose slowly formed in him.

He found himself on a trolley car, jolting eastward on Sycamore Street, his teeth set, his ears burning. If they ever found it out he'd have to quit, of course, but perhaps they wouldn't find it out; and if they did, quitting was better than facing such an existence as he had been leading.

He surveyed himself in the faint mirror provided by a dusty car window, and the absurdity of his quest came forcibly home. He didn't in the least resemble an advertising salesman.

He looked a lot more like a bookkeeper—a bookkeeper hunting a new job, he told himself bitterly. He'd only be laughed at for trying to imitate Renfrew. Probably they wouldn't even let him in.

This reflection comforted him inconsequently. Now that he'd contrived an excuse for an afternoon's absence and traveled almost out to the Powell plant, he might as well go all the way, as long as the worst that was likely to happen was a dismissal at the hands of some flip office boy, who'd tell him that Mr. Powell was busy. He straightened his dark-blue tie and his shoulders squared a little.

But the office boy proved to be a pleasant-spoken girl, who told him that Mr. Powell would see him in a few minutes, and indicated a chair on which those minutes could be spent. He held his thick envelope on his knees, a prey to queer symptoms of funk. His throat felt stiff and his lips were dry; there was a strange quiver in the middle of his diaphragm too. Again he saw the errand in its true aspect of absurdity. Perhaps he could get away—tell that girl he couldn't wait, he'd come back—but as he arranged the phrases her telephone buzzed and she nodded his summons.

"Mr. Powell will see you now. The fourth door on the left, Mr. Crosset."

He stumbled into the corridor. His feet seemed to obey some outside authority, carrying him against his will. A keen panic woke in him. Powell would eat him alive, as Dick Renfrew had prophesied. He wanted desperately to turn and run for it. Perhaps if he hadn't remembered that the cheerful girl at the telephone would see him and laugh, he might have yielded to that frantic impulse that yearned for flight. As it was, he pushed past a door and encountered the hostile, challenging inspection of a shabby, frowzy man who sat at a disordered desk, surveying him with malevolent impatience.

Win Crosset's terrors abruptly subsided. His first glance at the lines bitten deep in that countenance assured him that Mr. Powell had never laughed in his life. It was unthinkable that those grooves would allow it.

"I'm from McClintock's, Mr. Powell."

"I know it. Don't waste my time telling me that. If you got anything to say, say it and get out."

Crosset sat down, suddenly filled with a vast contempt for Dick Renfrew. Nobody need be afraid of this man; he was the most completely undismaying person Crosset had encountered. And Renfrew actually feared him, even admitted it!

"Not many of 'em can get my goat, but that old crab knows my number sure enough. Of course a lad like you, Win ——"

Crosset deliberately opened his envelope and exposed the plan that Renfrew had brought back. He saw that Powell recognized it.

"Put that away again. Seen it. Listened to that young dude of yours till my ears ached ——"

Crosset scowled. "I didn't come out here to argue," he snapped. "My time's valuable too. If you want to talk business, let's get at it. I'm not a salesman—I wrote this plan. I came out because it struck me that perhaps our Mr. Renfrew hadn't made it clear to you ——"

He saw Powell's jaw drop, hang for a suspended split second, and then shut like a trap.

"You're disappointed with your advertising because you've left one bad hole in

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CARLISLE *Rope* TIRE

A Brute for Punishment

THE Carlisle *Rope* carcass has remarkable strength. It will sustain the weight of more than one ton to the square inch.

Carlisle *ropes* are four times the size of "cords" and each rope has a breaking resistance of about 200 pounds. These sturdy ropes are *continuous* from one end of the tire to the other.

Because of the great strength and toughness of the rope carcass, the Carlisle Tire withstands hard usage in an amazing way.

At the same time the *two*-ply construction makes a wonderfully *flexible* tire.

Flexibility means easy-riding and Carlisle *ropes* are the *easiest-riding* tires built.

Ask for Booklet K-4

CARLISLE TIRE CORPORATION

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

Carlisle *Rope* Tires

Will the Bearings in Your Car do this

In February of this year in a certain automobile plant a model car of new design was turned over to the chief tester. He was told to keep it on the road constantly until July first—that his allowable speed was 45 miles an hour—and that he was not to let anything interfere with his putting this car through the most gruelling tests he could find.

And so through February snows, March sleet, April rains, and May freshets, this tester sent his car ploughing, plunging, fighting. June first the speed limit was lifted. Through the scorching sun of the hottest June most of us have ever known he sped, often making as high as 800 miles in a day!

Then on July first, after 29,000 miles had been covered, our chief engineer was called to check the condition of the ten Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in that car.

The differential bearings had made 18,357,000 revolutions. The pinion bearings had made 83,000,000 revolutions!

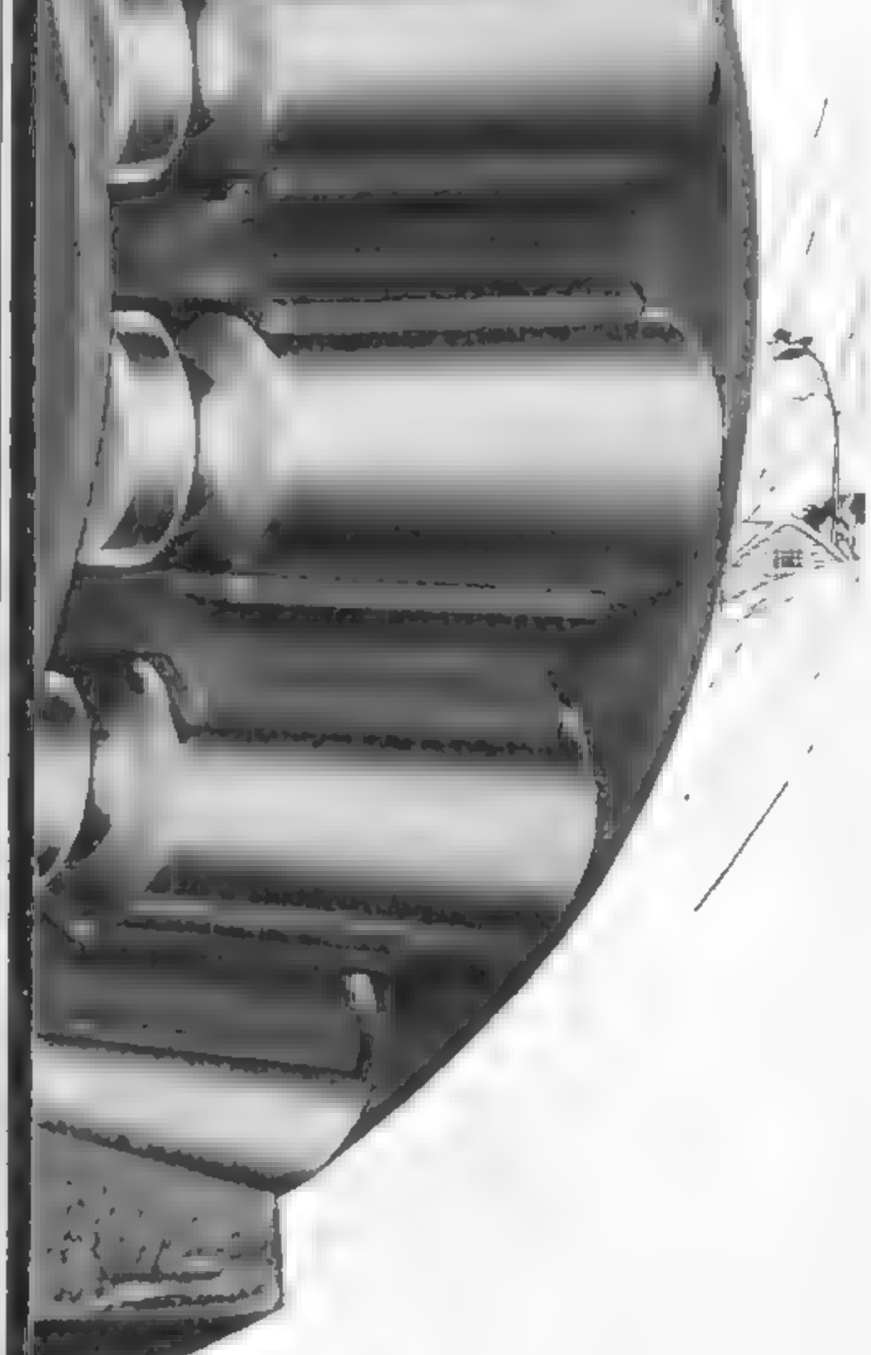
The brunt of the hard-going had been borne by the wheel bearings, and in two of them our engineer found barely perceptible signs of wear. But the taking up of one of the front bearings a single notch and the other a half notch restored the entire bearing equipment quickly and easily to its original ability to function properly under all loads, at all speeds.

Twenty-nine thousands of such tortuous miles as but few automobiles ever travel! Millions and millions and millions of revolutions under full load and at terrifying speeds! Yet the Timken Tapered Roller Bearings were restored by easy adjustment. Even at 100,000—200,000—and more miles a similar slight adjustment will make Timkens function in wheels, transmissions, pinions, differentials as if they were new.

It is just that ability of Timkens to withstand wear, and just that easy adjustability to the wear that eventually *must* follow all motion, which mean such a satisfying peace of mind to those owners who drive vehicles built by the 422 American and European manufacturers who use Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in their automobiles, trucks, and tractors.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co, Canton, Ohio

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances



TIMKEN *Tapered* ROLLER BEARINGS

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your scheme," he declared calmly. "I've found that hole and plugged it. I'm no spellbinder, but I know why your campaign didn't pay out, and I can prove it. Do you want to hear it, or can I get back to my work? I've got plenty of it to do."

Again Powell's lower jaw performed a triple motion, which Crosset interpreted as assent. He plunged into his plan. Presently Powell barked a question. Crosset's answer was a shade more abrupt:

"Don't interrupt. Let me finish what I've got to say." He glanced at his watch. "I've got to get back by 3:30."

Powell listened.

"There," said Win Crosset presently, "that's all there is to it. You know as well as I do that it's all so. Now if you mean business we can sign up. If you're looking for conversation from clever young men we can supply 'em, but ——"

"Why'n't you come out here first, 'stead of pestering me with talkers?" Powell spoke angrily. "'S what I want to know. Waste my time with handshakers! Le's see that contract. Nex' time you got a prop'sition t' put up t' me, you bring it out yourself, un'erstand? I deal with princ'pals."

"I see that. Our mistake. Most business men seem to want a little entertainment thrown in with their selling talk. We didn't know you weren't like the rest of 'em."

Crosset marveled at himself as he watched Powell sign the contract. This couldn't possibly be Win Crosset, standing up toe to toe with the redoubtable John Powell and trading punch for punch! He suppressed a gasp at the recollection of his insolence. His former impulse to escape reasserted itself. Better get away before Powell saw through this disguise. He folded the contract and pocketed it.

"Show you copy and designs and tentative schedule Monday, eleven A.M.," he announced. "Glad to 've seen you, Mr. Powell."

He reached the door. Powell was already elbow-deep in his papers. A hurrying stenographer cannoned into Crosset in the corridor, and he heard Powell's barking dictation behind him. He had gained the open before he realized that he was going to turn the laugh on them all at last!

Somehow, for the moment, this seemed unimportant. What did a laugh or two matter? There would be work to do if he made good on that promise for Monday. He glanced at his watch again and sped toward an approaching trolley. Have to hammer out that copy at night probably. His mind mechanically attacked the task as he paid his fare. By the time he reached his desk he had a dozen rough outlines begging for pad and pencil. Only when he had scrawled them on the scratch block did he break his news to McClintock.

McClintock's face was comic enough as the blow landed, and yet Win Crosset had no impulse to laugh at it.

"Took me sixteen minutes to close the deal—by the watch. Want to know why?"

"I—you ——" McClintock's fluency failed him. He waited for enlightenment.

"Because I'm no comedian, that's why. Trouble with this agency is too many smart-Alecks and not enough grouches. Ever see that sign I got in my room? Well, that's right—thistles make a grand noise under a kettle but they don't boil it, see?"

"There might be something in that, Win," said McClintock almost respectfully.

"Is." And Crosset went back to his copy.

He became aware presently of a familiar sound beyond the partition. He looked up. Cora Brett was laughing, in there. He interrupted a frown. She wasn't laughing at Win Crosset this time. That was over. She'd never have the impudence to laugh at him again, after this. He filled his lungs and reached for his Thesaurus. His eye rested on the framed text. He rose abruptly and went to it. Better take it down now. He didn't need it any more.

He arrested his hand in the act. After all, it might as well stay. They might think it was funny if he removed it.

IV

"I CAN'T help it, Win—you're so funny!" Cora Brett returned his glowering ocular inquiry with the old aggravating sound. He glanced apprehensively at the door. The others had stopped trying to plague him, but Cora couldn't seem to understand that he wasn't a fit butt for mirth any more. She continued to greet him with exactly the same crinkling eyelid, the same unabashed effrontery of word and tone from which he had suffered before his revolt and triumph. And to his final spoken protest she replied thus impenitently and illogically. He was still so funny!

For a brief space he was merely angry, above a consciousness of injury; but as he scowled at her a slow curiosity, almost scientific in its impersonality, took possession of him. Here, he saw, was an unpleasant phenomenon, which, in spite of its unpleasantness, demanded investigation. Just why was he funny?

Hadn't he turned back their own pet joke against them by going out there and selling John Powell after Renfrew had admitted defeat? Hadn't he rubbed in the joke by repeating Powell's remark, uttered in their second interview, to the effect that the McClintock agency would have handled his account long ago if its salesmen hadn't tried to dazzle him with their neckties and their wits? Hadn't his original scheme, completed by his own copy and selling ideas, worked out in practice beyond all his claims for it? Why was he funny?

"Am I?" He spoke mildly. "Just why, Cora?"

She found the question deliciously comic, evidently, but he waited, without wincing, till she finished her laugh, and then repeated it. It was clear to him that his own sense of humor must be defective. There was nothing in the least amusing about all this.

She spread her hands. "Win, why did you go after that Powell business? What made you care whether we got it or not?"

He frowned. This was too abstruse. What had his motives to do with it? His eye moved to the lettered text. An impulse to be brutally frank seized upon him.

"That's why! I was fed up with hearing Renfrew and McClintock giving me the loud laugh because I'd said I could. I wanted to do some kidding myself—no, I just wanted to make 'em shut up and let me alone. And I guess I did. You don't hear 'em riding me nowadays, do you? Mac comes in here on his toes when he wants to talk to me."

He stared helplessly as she greeted this statement with another gurgle of mirth.

"Oh, Win! If you could only see how funny you looked when you said that! You talk as if the joke was on Mr. McClintock instead of on you!"

"Well, isn't it?" He felt his temper slipping.

"I guess he'd like to have somebody play that joke on him twice a day! An account that's worth eight or nine thousand a year to him, and not a penny in commissions to pay on it! And you sit there and swell as if you'd put something over on him!"

Win Crosset jumped. No wonder she laughed! And McClintock, too—he suddenly recalled the glint in his chief's eye. McClintock was laughing carefully into his sleeve. Probably Dick Renfrew too. If Dick had brought in that business he'd have collected his 5 per cent on every dollar.

"Is that all? Well, you've spoiled a good laugh for yourself, Cora." He got to his feet, his jaw shutting with a new quality of jut. "I'll show you—mighty quick."

"I was going to talk to you about that," said McClintock presently, a pacific smoothness in his voice. "Of course it isn't as if you were a regular salesman, Crosset. This is—well, I suppose you might call it an accident, but there's something coming to you of course. I was thinking that we might put it in the shape of a boost in your pay envelope, eh?"

Win Crosset chuckled grimly. "Accident? I don't see that."

McClintock shrugged. "Well, isn't it? One swallow doesn't make a very big drink, does it? You don't expect it to happen again. If you were regularly outside of course it would be different."

He still used his slightly unctuous tone and a stroking gesture, as if Win were to be placated after the manner of a cat. The repetition of his phrase of granted premise was curiously irritating. Of course? There wasn't any "of course" about it, Win thought.

"You mean you think I couldn't sell anybody else? I just blundered on a lucky play with Powell?"

"Well, you never did it before, did you? And I don't see you doing it again. It stands to reason, Crosset. You're inside. It wouldn't happen once in ten years."

"All right. I'll show you!" Crosset's lower jaw snapped shut dangerously. "You let me go outside and see whether I'm just an accident!"

Strop blades *in* Twinplex *for many a comfort* Shave

ADD Twinplex to your shaving outfit and you'll make two very pleasing discoveries.

First—that by regularly stropping with Twinplex, you'll retain indefinitely a blade's first keenness, and have shave after shave of velvety smoothness—that's comfort.

Second—that you'll secure this endless succession of smooth clean shaves from the one, self-same blade—*and that's economy.*

And you'll find, too, that Twinplex completes the shaving outfit. Sharp as a blade may be at first, the first shave naturally dulls the sensitive edges. The shaves that follow are neither as smooth nor as comfortable.

A Christmas Suggestion: Nothing you can get for a man will afford the comfort, enjoyment and everyday usefulness that Twinplex provides. And its moderate price is less than you would expect to pay for so worthwhile a gift.

Twinplex remedies this. With mechanical precision, Twinplex strokes the dulled edges, first on one side then on the other, quickly restoring the sharp keen edges factory stropping gave them.

If you haven't a Twinplex, get one, and share with a million men and more its twin benefits—comfort and economy.

There's a Twinplex for Gillette blades and another model for Durham-Duplex. The price of $5.00 for either style in standard case is a very conservative investment.

Get one at any cutlery, hardware, drug or department store on a 30 day home trial basis. A ten year guarantee assures durability.

TWINPLEX SALES CO., 1673 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
261 Fulton St., New York 591 St. Catherine St., Montreal

Twinplex Stropper

for Gillette and Durham-Duplex Blades

ONE HUNDRED SHAVES FROM ONE BLADE

Dance and be Comfortable!

In winter you want your clothes to protect you against the cold and sudden changes in weather, yet you also want indoor *comfort*.

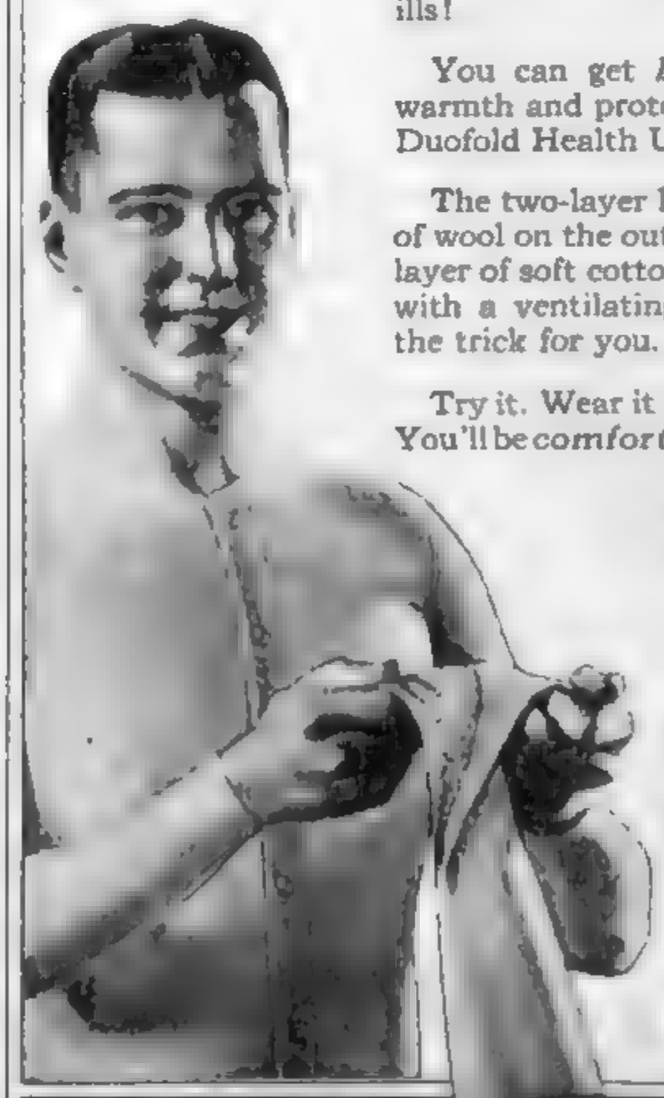
If you wear ordinary heavy underwear you suffer when indoors in heated rooms. If you leave on light underwear, the same as you wear in summer, when you go outdoors the cold and frosty wind creeps through to the bone and makes you shiver—and chills bring ills!

You can get *both* comfort indoors and warmth and protection outdoors if you wear Duofold Health Underwear.

The two-layer knitted fabric—a thin layer of wool on the outside for warmth and a thin layer of soft cotton on the inside for comfort, with a ventilating air space between—does the trick for you.

Try it. Wear it at a dance, in a heated room. You'll be *comfortable*. Wear it out in the car when the thermometer's down to nothing. You'll be *warm!*

This applies to men, women and children.



Duofold Health Underwear Co., *Mfrs.*

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Sales Agents
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Branch Offices:
Chicago San Francisco
Atlanta

"Rockinchair for Summer Wear, Duofold for Winter Wear"

Duofold
Health Underwear for Men, Women and Children

McClintock grinned soothingly. "Now, Win—keep your feet on the earth. You're a grand copy man, but that doesn't make you a world beater at everything else, you know. Selling's a rough sport."

"It'll be rougher when I'm in it," said Win. "You put me outside, Mr. McClintock."

"But I don't see how I can, just now. The territory's covered. I'd have to take some ground away from one of the other men."

"Never mind about that. I've got a drawer full of plans I made for prospects that weren't sold. The others have hoisted the white flag on those accounts. You let me tackle them. Maybe we'll dig up some more accidents like Powell if we look in the same place for 'em!"

McClintock surveyed him deliberately. Then he nodded.

"All right. You won't be happy till you get it, Win. I'm sorry. You're a first-rate man in your right place."

"I know it," said Win Crosset coolly. "And you'll tell Dobie to figure my 5 per cent on the Powell account, then? I can use it."

McClintock hesitated. For an instant Crosset felt a sense of incredulous panic. It couldn't possibly be Win Crosset who stood here issuing an ultimatum. Suppose McClintock refused? Suppose he called this absurd bluff? Crosset groped for a fit phrase of withdrawal. And suddenly he seemed to hear a faint sound of clear laughter.

His spine stiffened. If he backed down now McClintock would have a right to chuckle in his sleeve, and Cora Brett would make life miserable for weeks!

"That's settled then."

He turned abruptly and went back to his desk, his chin perceptibly aggressive. Once inside the familiar refuge of his room he knew a fresh access of self-doubt. What had he done? He could have taken a comfortable rise in pay and stayed here, safe and secluded behind the ground-glass fortifications. Instead, prodded by a silly irritation, he had committed himself to the permanent quest of forlorn hopes! It would have been bad enough to go out as Renfrew and the others went, with an occasional easy prospect to offset the hard ones. And he'd have nothing but impossibilities to deal with!

An unsuspected affection for the little sanctuary came upon him. He foresaw that he was bidding good-by to its peaceful monotony.

If he succeeded he'd merely fasten himself more securely to the new task; if he failed he'd have to quit. They'd jolly the life out of him, after those big speeches, if he fell down now.

He realized clearly that all this was the result of Cora Brett's passion for laughter at his expense. If he hadn't been such a thin-skinned ass she couldn't have driven him to these absurd extremes; but his own weakness didn't condone her systematic ridicule.

He foresaw her delighted amusement over the disasters he had courted, and again his teeth clamped together. She wouldn't get another laugh at his expense—not if he had to take out a gun and bring in contracts at its muzzle!

▼

WINFIELD CROSSET looked up from his sheaf of letters, frowning at a sudden, unwilling discovery concerning the new office and the new desk and the newly painted legend visible in reverse on the glass panel of the door. He had counted on these material evidences and the intangible conditions for which they stood as a certain cure for the persistent weakness of which he was now reluctantly aware.

Nobody, surely, would see anything comic in Winfield Crosset, vice president of the new firm of McClintock-Crosset, Incorporated. It had been a long time since McClintock had stopped looking at him with that gleam of amusement in his shrewd eye; he had become accustomed to a certain deference on the part of Dobie and Renfrew and the others; he had even learned to expect a more or less hostile attention from the hardened recalcitrants of the prospect list—potential clients who heard him soberly, at least. Nobody laughed at Mr. Crosset nowadays—hardly anybody, that is. He had somehow expected that the formal recognition of his importance would dispose of the single exception. Not even Cora Brett would find anything funny in him now.

It was therefore disconcerting to hear the familiar note in her voice as he looked up from the new, imposing desk, to see her face above the spotted smock still touched with the look of aggravating amusement he had feared since their days at Number Twelve. He decided abruptly that she simply hadn't grown up, as he had; that she was just a kid who'd laugh at a funeral or an inauguration. That was it; that bobbed hair showed it.

"Well, Cora, what's the joke this time?"

He spoke briskly, as becomes the man whose minutes are measured and valued in money, but kindly, nevertheless. Yes, she was just a kid. That explained her.

"Oh, I guess it's you, Win. You looked so stately and magnificent I couldn't help it."

He leaned back. "Still a joke, am I?"

She nodded. "Aren't you, Win? Don't you ever have to laugh at yourself when you stop to think?"

He shook his head. "My sense of humor seems to be underdeveloped, Cora. I don't see anything funny."

She shrugged. "Well, perhaps it isn't funny then." She glanced about the room. "Where's the sign I painted for you? Aren't you going to hang it up in here?"

"Oh, that! I guess I don't need to be reminded any more. I took it home last night."

"You don't mind being laughed at, then?"

"Nobody laughs at me now but you."

He allowed himself the retort. She shook her head slowly, so that the ridiculous mop of short hair swung with the motion.

"And you don't see the fun of it all, Win? You don't realize yet why you're not hiding out there in your cupboard, writing copy and punching the time clock?"

Suddenly he saw that she wasn't a child at all—that she was old, old with the age of changeless eternal things, so old that she could look down at him like a cloud or a mountain. His new sense of immunity fell from him; he saw himself in the mirror of her eyes as a strutting, solemn schoolboy, caught in an absurd affectation.

"You—you mean you laughed me into it, Cora?"

His voice sounded curiously strained in his ears, and he felt a tingling warmth in his scalp and cheeks. Why, if she hadn't ——

"Oh, no! I'm not clever enough for that, Win. I just laughed because you were funny. But—but don't you see how it's worked out? If you hadn't hated it so ——"

He had a swift, enlightening vision of the truth.

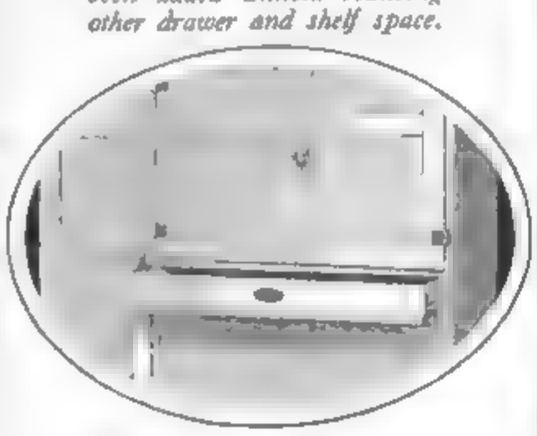
"Maybe you didn't reason it all out, Cora—women don't, they say—but you—you laughed at me because you—I mean, you didn't mean to hurt me ——"

She eyed him warily as he rose. He saw a quick panic in her look. He stood for an instant, his old fear of her suddenly intensified by the realization of the breathless speech which hung on his lips.

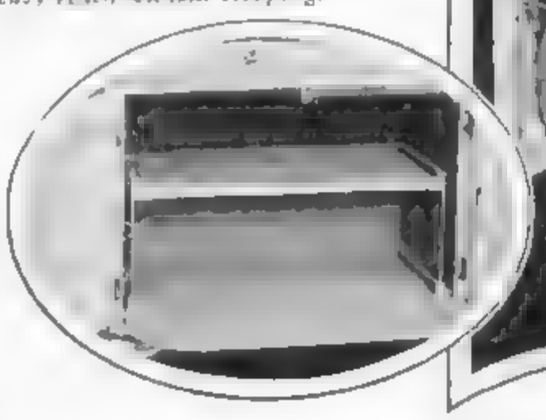
"Go on, Cora," he said huskily. "Go and laugh—you know I can't say it till you do."

Sellers Mastercraft

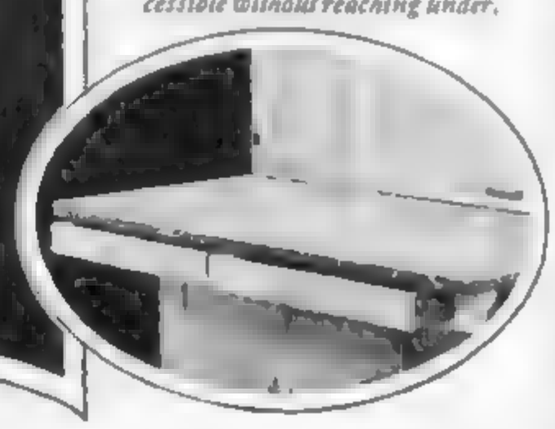
A silverware buffet drawer has been added without reducing other drawer and shelf space.



The exclusive patented Automatic Extender For Both Base Shelves. When the door is opened, both base shelves come out; pots and pans are within easy reach without stooping.



The Improved Porcelitop Table Top, when drawn out, now brings the cutlery drawers forward with it. Contents are accessible without reaching under.



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When a product, by sheer force of merit, attains to the position of unquestioned leadership in its field, it assumes the leader's responsibility—that quality shall continue to excel.

Sellers' acknowledged position is due not alone to quality of materials or exactness of workmanship, not merely to the wonderful new exclusive features, but also to the determination of Sellers to deliver to the American housewife the highest Kitchen Cabinet value possible to produce.

The new Sellers Kitchen Cabinets set a heretofore unheard-of standard in kitchen furniture that puts your kitchen on an equal basis of refinement with your dining room and living room.

It is the confidence of the American woman that enables Sellers to manufacture on a big scale, thus holding prices to a moderate figure for such unusual quality.

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From the Sellers Apartment Cabinet, the smallest and most compact, to the largest and roomiest cabinet made, the complete Sellers line offers a range of sizes, designs and prices to meet every woman's need. Write for attractive booklet showing all styles. Sellers Cabinets are sold for cash or easy payments by leading dealers everywhere.

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ELWOOD, INDIANA

(264)

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In seven-league boots you may never travel. But you may go your proud way over *unnumbered* miles in supreme elegance, comfort and economy, if your journeys are made in Phoenix hosiery. It is the long mileage that Phoenix furnishes to men, women and children that has made it the best selling line of hosiery that the world has ever seen. Not in any unique or special features does its high merit lie, but always in the sturdy beauty of its material and the high character of its workmanship. It is probably not a long mile to the good shop where you may buy this "long-mileage hosiery."

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

WDT

CHOCOLATE GRUDGE

(Continued from Page 19)

Then Florian oozed into the crowd and Semore passed on to another concession. But on leaving there he turned once more to view the balloon. He wished that he might make a flight—not because he desired to explore any higher strata of air, but because he held a one-dollar ticket entitling him to a free trip. Finally he shook his head and moved away. He visited two more shows; then, lured by a fatal attraction, he returned once again to the balloon concession. This time he came very close, stood well on the inside of the curious ring of persons who desired to spectate but not to fly. And suddenly the concessionnaire glimpsed Mr. Mashby and a smile of apparently genuine delight illuminated his ebony features. He strode forward, hand extended.

"Ise bettin' that this is Mistuh Semore Mashby!"

Semore grunted in pleased surprise and returned the secret clasp of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise.

"How come you to know I was Mistuh Mashby?"

"I sawn yo' pitcher in the magazine which is got out by The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety where it said you was the mos' prominentest cullud residence of Bummin'ham. You is him, ain't you?"

"My maw 'lowed I was."

"Reckon yo' maw oughter know."

"Yeh—reckon she'd oughter."

Semore found himself warming to this new and voluble friend. Too, he relished the novel experience of the envy that was patent in the stares of those who clustered about them, hanging on every word. Fortunately for him he did not see the grinning face of Florian Slappey, which showed occasionally from around the corner of the tent that housed the blatant merry-go-round.

The carnival man made a brilliant suggestion. "Whyn't you take a balloom ride?"

"Huh—man! You ain't talkin' to me."

"I is too. Puffec'ly safe."

"Balloomin' ain't the fondest thing I is of."

"Tha's cause'n you ain't never balloomed."

"Ain't never gwine to neither."

The carnival man paused in deep thought. "Tell you what: I gives you a free ride."

"Uh-uh! I is a'ready got me a ticket."

The other inspected Semore closely, then with enormous show of friendliness he stepped close, linked his arm in Semore's and dropped his voice to a confidential whisper.

"Lis'en heah, Mistuh Mashby: I is in a awful pickle. Bummin'ham cullud folks seems a-skeered of this hean balloom—an' rilly they ain't nothin' to be a-skeered of. All what this concession needs is fo' some prominunt cullud man to make a 'scension. Minute he does an' comes back tellin' 'em how gran' it is, they is gwine staht mobbin' me with dollars to try it theyse'ves. Now I is he'n thinkin' that with sech a prominunt man as what you is right here it would kinder be wuth some cash money to me did you make a 'scension. So I asts you, as one business man to 'nother, how would five dollars cash money strike you to make a free flight?"

Semore hesitated. A free ticket and five dollars for lagniappe! Then he looked upwards and the vastness of the air dissuaded him.

"Nope."

"'Tain't gwine hurt you."

"Mens wa'n't never meant to do no flyin'."

"Balloom is tied to a rope."

"Ropes c'n bust."

"This one caint."

"Gimme proof."

"It never has."

"Huh! They's folks dyin' ev'y day ain't never died befo'."

The concessionnaire's argument became more forceful. "Ten dollars."

"Huh?"

"Ten dollars. Cash money."

"Nope."

"Fifteen."

"Mmm. You reckon it's safe?"

"Sho'ly! I coul'n't 'ford no damage suits fo' killin' no passengers."

"Neither could them passengers which was kilt. Nope—ain't gwine do it."

"Twen'y dollars?"

Semore was getting close to the edge. The carnival man knew it. He pressed his advantage.

"Twen'y-five dollars, Mistuh Mashby. Tha's posolutely the bestest I c'n offer. Does you ride with me it's wuth twen'y-five dollars on 'count of the business I gits when you comes down an' says it's safe an' elegant. All I needs is somebody to staht things goin'. I gives you a free ride an' twen'y-five dollars cash."

Semore was trembling with eagerness—for the twenty-five dollars. After all, it must be perfectly safe.

"How high up that balloom goes?"

"Jes' a li'l' ways."

"How li'l' a ways?"

The other shrugged. "Few hund'ed feet. 'Tain't far. An' I brings you down the minute you says so."

"How you gwine know when I says it?"

"You gives me a signal."

"Says which?"

"You gives me a signal. Minute you craves to come down you drops yo' han'kerchief out of the basket. I sees it an' pulls you down."

"S'posin'," questioned Mr. Mashby craftily, "I drops that han'kerchief befo' I gits up ve'y high?"

"You drops it, I pulls."

"Does I git the money anyway?"

"In adwance."

"Lemme see it."

The money was produced. Sight of it was too much for Semore's overwrought nerves. He clutched the roll of bills which Florian had given the carnival man and nodded a shaky head.

"I flies!"

Instantly the other seized his megaphone and announced to all within earshot that Mr. Semore Mashby, mostest prominunt cullud man in Birmingham, was about to make a flight into the clouds.

"Di'n't say no clouds," sibilated Semore.

"Co'se not," came the hoarse answer. "Tha's what I tells them."

A cheer greeted the announcement. From all parts of the midway there was a rush toward the scene of Semore's glory. And Mr. Mashby knew that the die was cast; he couldn't back out now if he wanted to. Perhaps it wasn't so terrible.

He clambered into the basket with all the enthusiasm customarily exhibited by a small boy settling himself in a dentist's chair. To him was given a single but forceful warning—he must not lean too far out of the basket. He gazed scornfully upon the purveyor of this counsel.

"You don' care how much breff you wastes, does you?"

"An' don' fo'git, Brother Mashby—does you crave to come down you drops yo' han'kerchief over the side of the basket."

Semore unclenched his fist. In his palm was a handkerchief—somewhat the worse for wear, but nevertheless a handkerchief.

"I b'lieves in bein' ready."

As though fearful that his passenger might weaken at the crucial moment the concessionnaire stationed himself astern the mule whose duty it was to operate the capstan to which the rope was attached. A single raucous shout and the mule commenced to move. So did the balloon. Semore ducked his head in the basket, cutting off a vision of what was happening to him. Somehow Semore was rapidly becoming converted to the belief that he had made a mistake.

The crowd roared approval. The voice of one well-wisher reached the balloonist:

"Hope the rope busts, Brother Mashby. On'y way you is ever gwine git to heavum."

Semore didn't like the sound of that. Heaven was straight up—and entirely too distant to be negotiated in a balloon.

But suppose the rope did break? It couldn't. Yet more than one rope had been known to part company with itself. He wondered miserably if they would ever find his body.

The plaudits of the spectators became more faint. The craft was swaying uncertainly from side to side—a not unpleasing motion. Semore raised his eyes from the floor of the basket. He knew that he was above ground, but in his crouching position the view was identical with what it had been when he first clambered in. It wasn't so bad, after all. And twenty-five dollars was twenty-five dollars.

Semore Mashby commenced to feel the magnificent exaltation of a hero. He was

SOLAR *Self-Closing* RECEPTACLE

Neat and Clean

HERE is a sanitary receptacle for waste, litter and refuse—a disposal can whose job it is to keep premises neat and clean and which does its work without ever sacrificing its own trim, well-groomed, soldierly appearance.

Solar Self-Closing Receptacle invites cleanliness. With its swinging top which opens noiselessly at a touch, it makes for orderliness—in washroom, lobby, kitchen, rest-room, stores, parks, factories, ***everywhere.*** Its very presence is a silent but insistent plea for health protection—the elimination of dirt, odors and unsightly litter—freedom from fire risk.

Opens at a Touch
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Just a slight touch against the swinging top, from either side, and Solar Self-Closing Receptacle opens instantly, allowing the article to be disposed of to drop straight down inside. A lining of paper, burlap or duck receives all deposits and permits removal of contents at one operation.

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Write today for full information regarding this wonderfully efficient servant of convenience and cleanliness.

Solar-Sturges Mfg. Company

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Largest Manufacturers of Milk and Ice Cream Cans in the World.
Established 1865.

Good Things Come Again!

Grace Your Thanksgiving and Christmas Feasts with

WARD'S PARADISE FRUIT CAKE

The Cake of the Gods

Nothing so epitomizes the spirit of Thanksgiving as Ward's Paradise Fruit Cake. Here are all the choicest gifts of bountiful Nature from every land and clime—cherries imported from France, Hawaiian pineapples, luscious raisins, nuts of every kind, the highest grade butter, eggs, milk, sugar and flour—all perfectly blended to produce the most delicious cake you ever tasted.

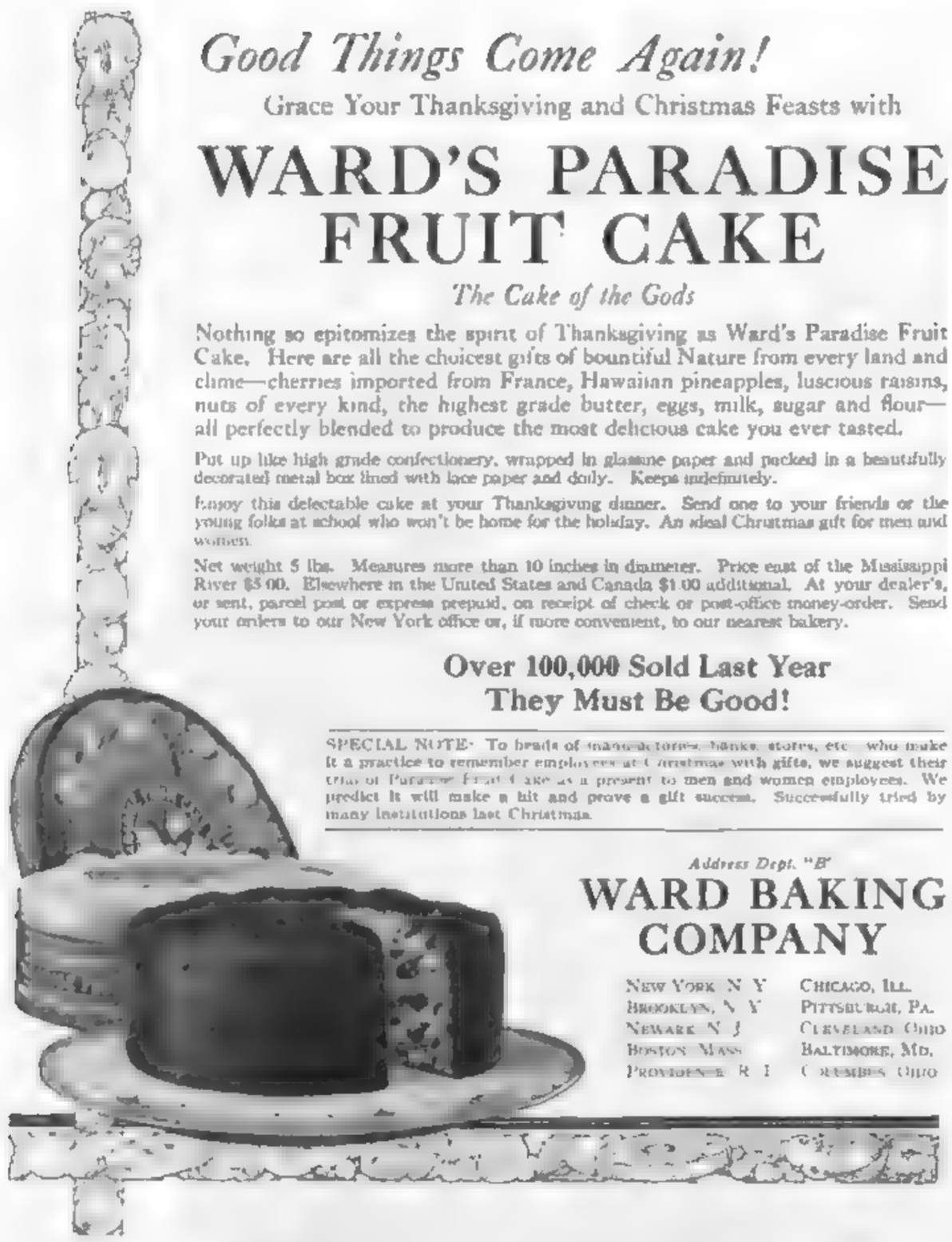
Put up like high grade confectionery, wrapped in glassine paper and packed in a beautifully decorated metal box lined with lace paper and doily. Keeps indefinitely.

Enjoy this delectable cake at your Thanksgiving dinner. Send one to your friends or the young folks at school who won't be home for the holiday. An ideal Christmas gift for men and women.

Net weight 5 lbs. Measures more than 10 inches in diameter. Price east of the Mississippi River $5.00. Elsewhere in the United States and Canada $1.00 additional. At your dealer's, or sent, parcel post or express prepaid, on receipt of check or post-office money-order. Send your orders to our New York office or, if more convenient, to our nearest bakery.

Over 100,000 Sold Last Year
They Must Be Good!

SPECIAL NOTE: To heads of manufactories, banks, stores, etc., who make it a practice to remember employees at Christmas with gifts, we suggest this trial of Paradise Fruit Cake as a present to men and women employees. We predict it will make a hit and prove a gift success. Successfully tried by many institutions last Christmas.



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Tom Wye KNIT JACKET

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Two-pocket style—$7.50
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For sale by most good dealers

TOM WYE, Inc., Winchendon, Mass

the first colored person in all Birmingham who had dared make a balloon ascension; that marked him as a man of desperate courage—a personage. He was beginning to feel exceedingly pleased with himself. His fear had practically disappeared. Mentally patting himself on the back, he straightened in the basket until his head came above the sides, and then he peered below.

A wild bellow of terror burst from his lips. His complexion became the general tone of polished ebony which has been breathed upon. His hair made a frantic effort to stand on end.

He hurled the handkerchief far out into the void! Then, sick and faint and unutterably miserable, he awaited the jerk which would signify that his signal had been seen and the journey earthward started.

But the expected jerk did not come. Instead, there continued that slow, swaying rise. Genuinely terrified he forced himself to lean over the edge of the basket. He waved his arms and yelled shrilly. The crowd was laughing and applauding. He saw Florian Slappey standing near the capstan, and he knew instinctively that Florian was grinning.

But the man who was operating the rope to which the balloon was attached did not look up. Slowly, painstakingly he continued to drive the mule about the capstan. The balloon kept on rising. Semore's terror mounted to frenzy.

He cursed the man below, cursed him first for proposing the trip, cursed him secondly for failing to look up in anticipation of the agreed signal. And now Semore's handkerchief was gone—and the signal had been unnoticed.

Semore buried face in hands and groaned audibly. He was trembling all over and huge beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. It was all very well to be a hero, but this was carrying a good many things many hundred feet too far.

He noticed that there were two or three cracks in the basket. He peered furtively through them and saw nothing but air, lots of air—illimitable stretches of mere atmosphere. There was something appallingly empty in the view. Air was all right for birds—and for lungs. But as a habitat ——

Once again he gazed wildly below in the faint hope of attracting attention. Perhaps the man mistook his wild gesticulation for enthusiasm. The thought was staggering. Semore knew that he must signal again, but his handkerchief was gone. Then an idea came to him and he ripped off his frayed alpaca coat and sent it sailing through space. The wind caught it and caused it to dance grotesquely as it floated earthward.

But the balloon continued to rise!

The wind whistled through the rigging with increasing velocity. Semore clamped his antique derby hat tighter upon his head. He wondered how it was possible that the discarded coat had not been seen and its message understood.

And now the first faint pangs of *mal de mer* came to him, conveying a vicious promise for the very immediate future. Mr. Mashby knew that his situation was desperate.

Skinny fingers worked feverishly at the buttons of his almost-white shirt. He tore the garment from his shoulders. Then, leaning out of the basket with a courage born of horror, he waved the shirt and finally sent it floating after the handkerchief and coat.

He sank back to the floor of the dizzily swaying basket, awaiting the commencement of the journey groundward. But there was no slackening of the slow, swaying, rising motion of the balloon.

"Oh," wailed Semore, "he ain't sawn them signals till yet. An' the higher up I goes the looser gits the air!"

Stark, raving terror now gripped him; sudden thought that perhaps the rope had broken—or was about to break. The task of removing his trousers occupied but a few moments. He hurled them desperately out after the shirt.

A minute of exquisite agony as he waited—then came realization that the trousers, too, had failed as a signal. And the little colored man, black flesh standing out in striking contrast to the lightweight union suit, battered derby clamped over aching skull, crouched in his swinging aircraft and prayed loudly.

Never before had Semore realized the advantages of an earthly existence. Heretofore he had taken a firm footing for granted; he reviled the impulse that had prompted him to essay a voyage amongst the birds. If he ever returned ——

A sudden jerk! The upward motion ceased. Filled with wild exultant hope Semore gazed over the side of the basket. The mule stood motionless, staring blandly upward with mildly inquiring eyes, as though seeking approval from the passenger whom he had so faithfully lofted to higher realms. The carnival man who operated the concession seemed interested in everything save the balloon. The crowd about the capstan was dense; a mass of small, black human specks.

Semore knew that he had reached the maximum altitude of his flight. He knew that the rope had not yet broken. But he saw no indication of a return journey.

For a single mad instant he contemplated sending his union suit after the other garments, but modesty proved stronger than his fear. Now he was clothed—unconventionally perhaps—but he was nevertheless clothed. He completely forgot the derby hat, which made his costume the more incongruous.

Five minutes passed; ten; twenty. The balloon swung majestically at the end of its aërial tether. And with the passing of time came the inevitable dissembling of fear as Semore grew more accustomed to his plight.

And with the lessening of his terror the keen brain within the dark head commenced to function again. And with the rebirth of thought an idea came to Semore Mashby. It did not come full panoplied; it seeped into his brain in little bits. Ten minutes he thought intensively, so that almost the last trace of fear was driven out by a rapidly growing anger.

He knew that it was impossible that some one of his signals had not been seen. He knew that in any event the balloon owner would not allow him to remain in the air for this great length of time. Therefore he saw plainly that the thing bore all the earmarks of a well-defined scheme, with himself cast in the rôle of schemee.

He remembered now the derisively grinning countenance of Florian Slappey—Florian the debonair, Florian who bore him a boundless grudge—and Florian's apparent intimacy with the man who operated the balloon.

Then there came to him vivid remembrance of Florian's conversation with him following church services the previous day. Florian had commented upon his activities in the real-estate market. Was it possible that Florian knew of the expected arrival of Gastric Jackson from Chattanooga?

And then the whole scheme crashed through the brain of Mr. Semore Mashby, and the howl that he emitted was of deep, righteous anger rather than of fear.

He was the victim of a base conspiracy—and he knew it. Florian had planned to meet Gastric Jackson—had planned to put him, Semore, out of the way until Florian or his confederates could get to that gentleman. That was obvious, although Semore was still bewildered as to the motive.

Well, they had certainly succeeded in their Machiavellian plan. Semore now rode five hundred feet above the earth, a pitifully thin bit of rope connecting him with all that was immediately desirable in life. Somewhere in the city of Birmingham was Gastric Jackson, of Chattanooga. Semore even fancied he could discern the grim outlines of the Cozy Home Hotel.

A deep and abiding fury now lay with Semore. Forgotten was all but a trifle of fear; gone was everything save a hot resentment. Grimly he squatted in the balloon basket, awaiting the inevitable return to earth, knowing that it was now merely a question of time. And finally he felt the preliminary jerk earthward, and then the slow, rhythmically swaying descent. The journey down seemed interminable, but every foot was twelve inches in the right direction.

During the first half of the trip downward Semore was conscious only of his relief at again coming in closer proximity to the ground. But as he gazed out of the basket, with a courage born of comparative distances, and could discern the large, laughing crowd ganged about the spot where he must alight, a new thought came to him; he was gripped by a fresh terror.

For the first time Mr. Semore Mashby became conscious of his negligee. For the first time he realized that he was not clothed in the latest fashion, that there was a sad lack in his raiment. For the hat, the

(Continued on Page 89)

Your Heating Engineer

You used to call him Steamfitter

¶

JUST three hundred years ago the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. They were a courageous company—as sturdy and stout as the best of us. *But nearly half of them died from exposure.*

The land to which they came was the same land in which we live; the winter was no more severe than our winters now. *But nearly half of them died from exposure.*

¶

ALMOST no one in America dies from exposure today. Working without special notice or praise, a group of quiet, unassuming men have made the *newest* nation the *healthiest* and *best-warmed* nation in the world. You have called these men Steamfitters and Plumbers.

They have done a wonderful work for America. And yet their work is hardly more than begun. Statisticians say that seventeen and one-half million homes in America still have no really adequate heating plants.

If every man who can install such a plant should work every day, it would take a generation to give modern warmth to *every* home.

An almost overwhelming task! But think of the overwhelming economy! Every IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE substituted for a wasteful furnace or boiler means that one family's fuel bill is reduced one-third.

¶

EVERY ARCOLA, supplanting a hot-air furnace or old-fashioned stoves, slashes the fuel bill of another home.

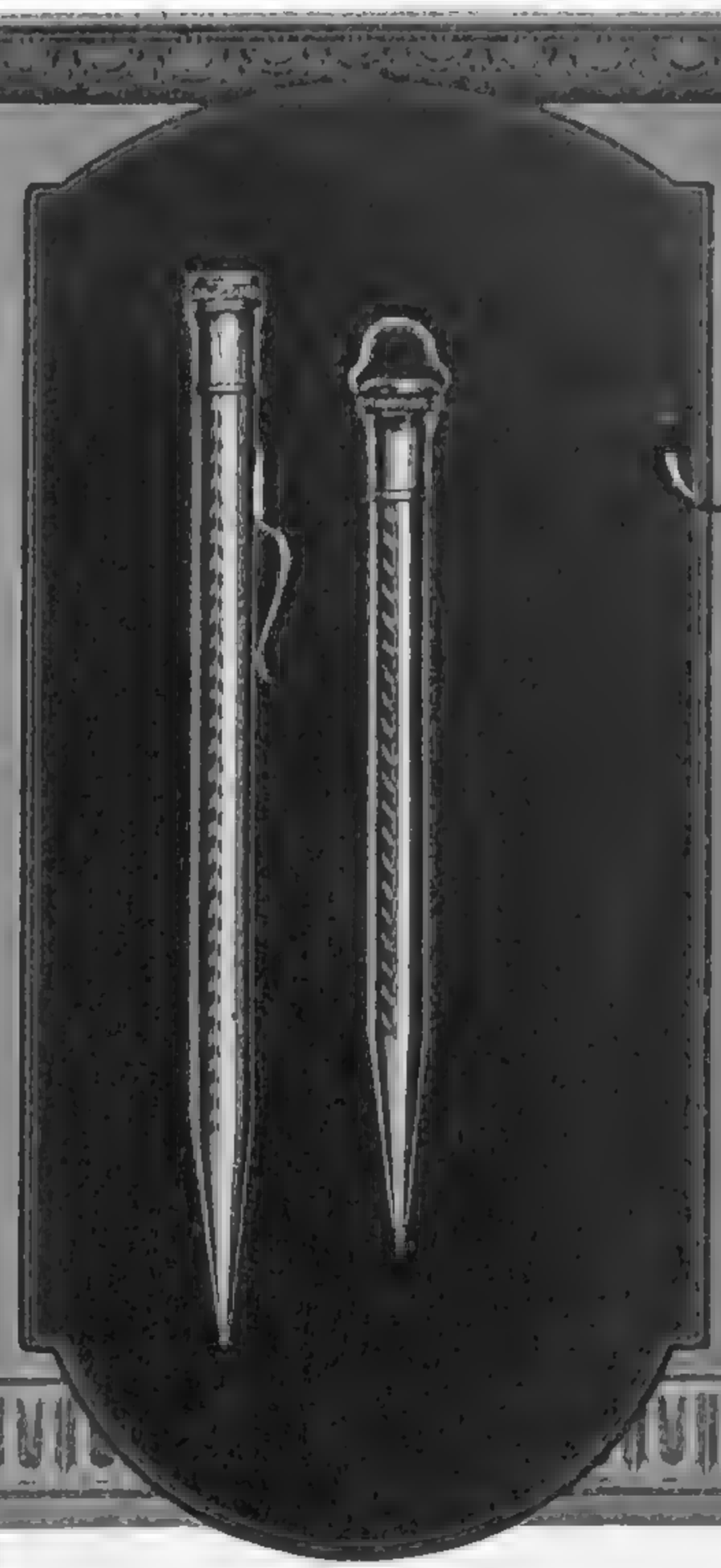
Of all the services rendered to the modern home, there is none which pays for itself more quickly or more surely than the service of the Steamfitter and Plumber.

For economy's sake, make it a rule to consult your Steamfitter and Plumber twice a year as you do your Doctor and Dentist. And do not be surprised if a new sign hangs over the store where the old sign used to be.

¶

FOR the men whose skill has robbed winter of its terrors and banished the breeding grounds of disease, are outgrowing their older titles. *Yesterday* they were Steamfitters and Plumbers; *today* they are Heating and Sanitary Engineers.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY



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You will understand why Shur-Rite Pencils invariably cost less and last longer when you pull one apart and see how simple, strongly made and thoroughly finished they are. We have been making fine jewelry for a third of a century, and the Shur-Rite line *shows* it.

You'll understand why it is you can write all day with a Shur-Rite without tiring your hand, when you see how light and well balanced it is.

See the rich assortment of Shur-Rite Pencils at all leading Jewelry, Stationery, Drug, Hardware and Dry Goods Stores. In all metals, all lengths, all styles, plain and engraved—50c and up.

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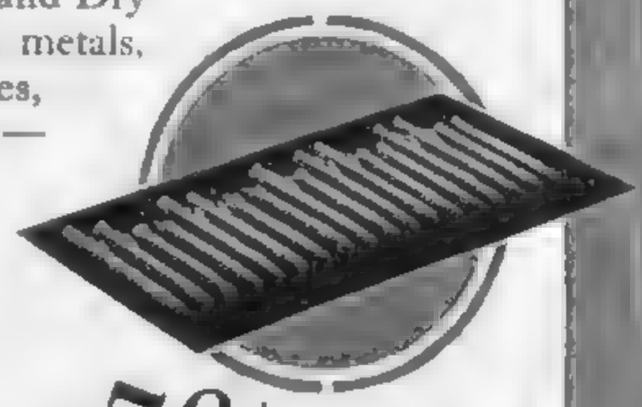

50¢ and up

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A. R. MacDougall & Co., Toronto
Canadian Distributors

Retail Dealers Everywhere Supplied by the Jobbing Trade

(Continued from Page 86)

shoes, even for the underwear, he was duly grateful. But he experienced a great and consuming yearning for the discarded pants.

He regretted now that he was descending. He crouched low in the basket and quivered with embarrassment.

And then the basket touched the earth. The crowd pressed close. Semore heard a few broad jocularities, which he did not relish. He knew that the time for action had come.

Semore acted. The crowd, pressed tightly about the landing space, suddenly saw a scantily clad figure, with black arms and legs protruding from partially concealing garments, leap from the balloon. Semore made a single flying dive and landed on hands and knees. The derby hat fell from his head and rolled in the dust. With a wild yell Semore rescued the hat and clapped it again upon his head.

Then, legs pumping, fists waving, he dived straight through the hysterically howling crowd. One or two persons tried to stop him—and regretted their action. The underclothed demon fought his way through and disappeared up the midway in a cloud of dust.

Semore certainly responded to the urge of his track costume. He negotiated the distance to the gates in a trifle less than no time at all. And there he saw a taxicab standing, Clarence Carter staring pop-eyed from the driver's seat.

Semore skidded slightly and sped head-on for the taxi. One jump and he was in the tonneau, with a moth-eaten lap robe wrapped tightly about him.

"Git on, Cla'nce! Git on!"

Clarence obeyed. The car shot ahead, then turned and started Birminghamward. Semore lay back in the seat and closed his eyes in shuddery memory of the recent heartbreaking experiences. He was a wiser man—but by no means sadder. He was mad clear through, mad with a murderous anger. Clarence fired a question from the front seat.

"Where to, Brother Mashby?"

"Cozy Home Hotel!"

Clarence was no mean driver. Fifteen minutes later he pulled up short before the hotel and accepted Semore's promise of payment on the morrow. Then, the lap robe clutched protectingly about his quivering form, Semore mounted the steps of the Cozy Home Hotel two at a time. From the amazed Sally Crouch he elicited the information that Mr. Gastric Jackson had duly arrived from Chattanooga and was in Room Eighteen.

"Who he is with?" queried Semore.

"Lawyer Chew an' Brother Julep Conner."

"An' Florian Slappey?"

Sally's nose turned up. "Uh-huh! An' Florian Slappey. But he don' count."

"Huh!" snorted Semore. "You jes' on'y think he don't!"

For one brief instant Semore paused outside the door of Number Eighteen. From within came the hum of conversation, punctuated by laughter. Then Semore's hand found the knob and the door was flung open.

Upon the eyes of the assembled quartet burst the figure of Avenging Fate—an alarmingly skinny Avenging Fate, clad in a union suit, a moth-eaten lap robe and a derby hat. Sight of the picture was too much for the four men, and they lay back in their seats and rocked with laugh ter.

Semore drew himself together with impassive dignity. He stared upon them disdainfully.

"Huh! What you fellers ain't got in yo' haids is no brains!"

Fresh paroxysms of laughter. "Reckon we is got brains nuff, ol' skinflint," exulted Florian. "Reckon we is got nuff brains to teach you a few things."

A taunt from Florian was well-nigh too much for Semore. He turned passionful eyes upon that insouciant individual.

"One mo' word fum you, Florian Slappey—an' you is gwine be ain't!"

Semore gazed inquiringly upon the stranger.

"What all this heah confe'ence means, Brother Jackson?"

Julep Conner took the floor. "It jes' means this, Brother Mashby: It means that fo' some time you has been 'gotiatin' 'roun' with Brother Jackson heah to buy that lot on Twen'y-thi'd Street ner' to Acey Upshaw's taxicab place Ain't it so?"

Semore's eyes narrowed, but he nodded affirmatively. "Reckon it is."

"Well," went on Julep Conner unctuously, "you is be'n tryin' to skin Brother Jackson by tryin' to git him to sell it to you fo' two thousan' dollars when you know well as me that lot is wuth fo' thousan' dollars to anybody which wants it."

Semore was dangerously calm. "Might be," he admitted.

"Well, bein' brothers in the same lodge with Mistuh Jackson, we decided we wa'n't gwine let you put nothin' over on him—so we jes' 'scawted him down heah fum the train, an'"—triumphantly—"we is jes' bought that lot offen him!"

Tense quiet fell upon the gathering. Semore broke the silence, his voice cold, hard, calculating. "You is done bought that lot offen Brother Jackson?"

Lawyer Chew extended a paper. "Heah is the deed of conweyance, properly drawed an' executed under the laws made an' prowided by the noble an' sov'eign state of Alabama."

Semore perused the deed, then handed it back. "It's plumb bindin', ain't it?" he inquired mildly.

"You is tootin', it is," grinned Florian.

"Absotively an' utterly," seconded Lawyer Chew.

Mr. Mashby faced Gastric Jackson. "They paid you two thousan' five hund'ed dollars fo' that lot, Brother Jackson?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Cash money?"

"Cash money!" Gastric produced the massive roll of new bills.

Semore dropped his concealing lap robe and slowly crossed the room. There was in his manner a magnificent dignity, an air of power, which choked off the laughter of the others. And Semore Mashby very quietly and positively took from the hands of Mr. Gastric Jackson the entire roll of money. Then with efficient ostentation he counted off five fifty-dollar bills. These he returned to Gastric.

"There, Brother Jackson, is yo' commission. Is that cirrec' an' satisfactory?"

Gastric nodded and grinned.

A dazed, startled hush had fallen upon the others. It was Florian Slappey who pushed himself forward and demanded an explanation. He got it.

"That lot which you bought," explained Semore, "you bought offen me!"

"You?"

"Tha's which. You see, Acey Upshaw wanted that lot. I written Brother Jackson offerin' him two thousan' dollars fo' it, which same offer he assepted. So I went up to Chattanooga an' gotten the lot. But when I come back plannin' to sell the lot to Acey Upshaw I foun' out that he had a'ready bought the lot on the other side of him. So that lef' me with a lot which ain't wuth twelve hund'ed dollars. Mebbe not mo'n a thousan'. It was wuth a heap to Acey but not to nobody else. So I written Brother Jackson another letter tellin' him to come down an' see me, an' could he sell that lot fo' me I an' him would split all which we made offen it over the two thousan' dollars which I paid."

He paused, smiled benignly and bowed. "An' so, gen'lemen, I thanks you fum the bottomest paht of my heaht. You has tooken a wuthless lot offen my han's an' give me a ginuwine pussonal profit of two hund'ed an' fifty dollars cash money, not countin' what I mos' prob'ly would have los' on the deal. The deed which you has drawed is puffec'ly bindin' on account when I foun' the lot wa'n't no good I conweyed it back ag'in to Brother Jackson to sell fo' me. You has all be'n mos' exceedin'ly kin' to me, an' I wishes you all the luck in the world sellin' it, on account you is gwine need plenty luck does you git it offen yo' han's."

For a few seconds he gave himself over to rapt enjoyment of their petrified amazement. Then he devoted his undivided attention to Florian Slappey.

"As fo' you, Brother Slappey, I thanks you fo' all of that, an' two things mo' besides. One of 'em is that fine balloom ride. I assuahs you, Brother Slappey, that is the grandest-ridin' balloom I ever did see. An' fu'thermo', Brother Slappey, I thanks you fo' them twen'y-five dollars which you give to the balloom man to pay me to go up!"

Semore smiled again. Pompously he wrapped the lap robe about his kingly form.

"I always knowed," he said cheerfully, "that you was good frien's of mine! I always did know that!"

And then in view of their grief-stricken eyes he slowly counted again his twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars before stalking off triumphantly down the hall.

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FLORSHEIM shoes are widely worn, not because of the good things said about them, but because we put into them the style men want and the quality they expect at a price that is low for the value received.

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THE WORLD'S CHOICE

(Continued from Page 16)

the war, which is so much, in some cases you see that the amount spent on war is just about as much, at other times about a half, at other times two-thirds, and that the resultant deficit ought to be compared with the amount spent on warlike expenditure. That is to say, if you could cancel out the war expenditure you would cancel out the deficit in many cases.

"The situation," he added, "is so grave, so terrible, that no words of mine are required to emphasize it."

But after talking it over with prime ministers, chancellors of the exchequer, bankers and business men, he could arrive at only one moral, only one conclusion: Europe has to choose between disarmament and bankruptcy. He imagined Providence looking down from above on our little world and saying: "If you people, you funny race of men living down there, cannot get on among yourselves without spending thousands of millions of your little coins, which mean of course work and energy, to make ready to fight and kill one another, you will be bankrupt."

Mr. Bell is not a pacifist in the sense of being willing to pay any price for peace. He says, "I would be a bankrupt ten times over rather than suffer overthrow by Germany or any tyrant power." But now that the war is over and won, are the victorious Allies to continue among themselves and among the new nations they have created a rivalry in armaments which spells even for the United States a long period of trade depression, with unemployment for millions of working men and women, and—for the majority of the countries concerned—public insolvency, with a wholesale confiscation of private property? That is the real question.

If reason ruled the majority of mankind and were reflected in the governments and governing classes of what we call representative democracies, a comprehensive and effective program of proportional disarmament would be carried without delay or hesitation. But the world is ruled by minority passions and minority interests rather than by a national policy aiming at the common good. I have seen the failure of the first Hague Conference and of the second Hague Conference. I knew one honest and peace-loving Premier, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and the difficulties he was endeavoring to surmount when untimely death in 1908 deprived us of his shrewd leadership. In the years that followed the atmosphere was poisoned by secret diplomacy. Fears, suspicions and feelings of insecurity grew with the ever-increasing rivalry in armaments.

Demands for Economy

A monstrous heap of inflammable material was ignited by the match of Serajevo. To-day the burden of armaments and war debt is more oppressive than ever before, and the desire for relief stronger. The business sentiment of Great Britain has expressed itself in impressive calls for economy issued by the leading bankers, merchants, shipowners and manufacturers of the United Kingdom. These manifestations, representing as they do the practically unanimous sentiment of the business community, have produced such an effect that the British Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced his intention of reducing next year's estimates by about $700,000,000.

From what I have seen and heard I should suppose that business sentiment in the United States is equally convinced of the necessity for peace and retrenchment. If these two great bodies of opinion could coöperate their joint pressure would be irresistible, and President Harding's aims would be achieved in a large and comprehensive measure of military and naval reduction.

But I fear that a real success, a success which would restore confidence, credit and trade, though less unlikely than in 1898 or 1907, is still improbable. Most of Europe's embarrassed governments are more afraid of their own armies than of bankruptcy. They are content to use the printing presses to fill their empty treasuries. It requires less courage to print inconvertible paper notes than to dismiss officers and disband regiments. Moreover, the munition and armament interests are thoroughly organized. Ministers, highly placed officials, powerful newspaper proprietors, brilliant if venal journalists are counted among their secret agents. Nothing less strong than such an organized sentiment as carried prohibition in the United States in the teeth of the saloon interests will prevail over the intrigues of an intrenched and determined minority.

Yet on August twelfth, when I read the text of President Harding's invitation to the British Government to attend the disarmament conference at Washington, I felt—and still feel—that it was the most hopeful message delivered to the world since the Czar's note of August 24, 1898. The Czar's note dwelt on "the intolerable burdens imposed by the excessive armaments of to-day." President Harding declares that civilization is staggering under a load infinitely greater, after the most desolating and destructive war known to history.

The Washington Conference

In two respects, indeed, this year's invitation looks less promising than the Czar's. President Harding has addressed himself only to the four big powers with which the United States was associated at the victorious conclusion of Armageddon in November, 1918, though China, to be sure, will be allowed a hearing in connection with Pacific Ocean problems. The explanation probably is that American hopes of relief from the burdens of war taxation look primarily to a reduction of naval expenditure, which again demands a friendly settlement of difficulties with Japan. But however that may be, this severe restriction of invitation cards for a conference, on the outcome of which the whole world's welfare depends, has an oligarchic flavor. We are reminded a little of the Holy Alliance, and there is piquancy in the reflection that the autocrat of all the Russians sent his invitation to practically all independent states. It is to be hoped that this criticism will be fairly met. There is no reason why other governments should not be invited to send at least written suggestions to Washington. Does not as much moral and political intelligence—and more of the international mind—reside in Holland, Switzerland and Scandinavia as in all the rest of the European Continent?

The text of President Harding's invitation to Great Britain suggests another difference between the conference of 1921 and that of 1898. The Czar was concerned about the rivalry in armaments. President Harding is chiefly troubled about navies. As he put it, "While in the discussion of limitation of armaments the question of naval armament may naturally have first place, it has been thought best not to exclude questions pertaining to other armament, to the end that all practicable measures of relief may have appropriate consideration." The word "naturally" confirms my previous interpretation.

The conference originated in the diplomatic and financial difficulties of the United States. The special troubles of Europe on the Rhine, the Vistula or in the Eastern Mediterranean are not mentioned. Mr. Harding, as he explains in a special paragraph, is anxious to find a solution of the Pacific and Far Eastern problems in order to promote enduring friendship among the peoples concerned; for he feels that unless there is a desire for peace, and unless this desire finds expression in a practical effort to remove causes of misunderstanding, the prospect of reduced armaments is not hopeful.

At first sight, therefore, it would seem that the conference, if successful, would benefit principally the taxpayers of three solvent countries—the United States, Great Britain and Japan, the only three great armed powers whose budgets can be balanced by means of very heavy taxation and moderate economies. A reduction in the naval estimates of France and Italy would afford no direct and immediate relief to the taxpayers of those countries; it would merely reduce by perhaps 10, 15 or 20 per cent the enormous deficits in their budgets.

The public finances of the United States could expect little direct advantage from the abolition of conscription or from a reduction in the vast burden of competing military establishments, which account for

(Continued on Page 93)

Business is Cutting Out the Deadwood

Will You Stand or Fall?

In practically every office in the country axes are flying.

Yesterday, your job was secure—you did good work, your employers liked you. Business was booming.

Today, every man employed in business is compelled, in effect, to answer this searching question:

Can this organization get along without me?

—And inevitably, thousands upon thousands of untrained men are being handed the blue envelope.

Difficult to replace them?

Not for a moment.

Just a half-inch ad in the morning paper, offering a routine job, and half a hundred applicants will stand in line. Almost any man in line can fill it well.

Dangerous days—for the man who lacks specialized business training!

Are You Timber—or Deadwood?

"Cut out the deadwood"—this is the cry in these "dangerous days"—but note this inconsistency:

You, let us say, are one of several million men in this country doing routine clerical work. You are efficient—*but easy to replace.*

On the very day that the big concern lets you go, along with a score of other men who have not equipped themselves for the emergency, what is that concern likely to do?

—To advance a $5,000 man to $7,500, and quite possibly to hire one or two *new* men, at from $5,000 to $10,000 each! Here is how and why. It's logical.

> Humphreys, let us say, is an expert accountant—thoroly capable at handling the intricate problems of corporate organization, finance, cost finding, auditing, credits, etc. A rival concern comes bidding for his services. Humphreys is too valuable to part with. *Up* goes his salary to $7,500—and Humphreys puts GENERAL AUDITOR on his door.
>
> Bogart has been acquiring the knack of writing powerful sales and collection letters. No price is too high for that ability. The position of Correspondence Supervisor is created, and Bogart starts at $5,000 a year.
>
> Addison has been mastering traffic in his spare time. He has shown his company a way to save several thousand dollars on a single shipment. Addison is lifted out of a sixty-dollar job and made Traffic Manager, at a salary, to start, of $100 a week. He is straight in line for a $7,500 job.
>
> Other men, as a result of the cutting out of deadwood, are [illegible] Office Manager—all at salaries of from $5,000 to $7,500 a year.

Does this idea of swinging a $5,000 or a $10,000 job frighten you? Do you think these salaries beyond your reach?

Bear in mind that practically every man now swinging such a job once looked upon it as a castle in the air. The gap between $25 a week and $100 a week *always* looks stupendous—until the man has actually bridged it.

Then he perceives that the bridge is open to *every* man of average ability—and that the bridge in question is nothing in the world but specialized business training.

Wonderful days—these days when the deadwood is being hewn away and the timber stands in the clearing, straight and sound.

Wonderful days—but only for the man who can offer in the man-market SPECIALIZED BRAINS!

Prove Your Fibre In a Bigger Job

Once upon a time there was much mystery about how a man got the training he needed to put him in a big-pay job.

Home study training, under the LaSalle Problem Method, was *new*. Readers found it difficult to believe the stories of rapid advancement LaSalle members were telling. They did not appreciate the incomparable advantage a man enjoys when he is able to work, in effect, side by side with recognized authorities, and to master the *principles* of business by solving under their direction actual *problems* of business lifted bodily from business life.

Today the volume of proof is overwhelming. During three months' time, for example, 1,089 LaSalle members reported salary increases resulting from training under the LaSalle Problem Method totaling $889,713, *an average increase per man of 56%*. Not a day goes by at LaSalle but what a score of statements such as these are scattered thru the morning's mail:

> "The most efficient and most rapidly promoted men in our whole organization are LaSalle-trained."
>
> "Promoted to General Manager."
>
> "Now a director in two banks."
>
> "LaSalle service enabled me to save our firm $3,988 on a single shipment of freight."
>
> "From bookkeeper advanced to chief accountant—salary increased 500%."
>
> "Passed bar examination with highest grade, in competition with many resident school graduates."
>
> "The Problem Method increased my income $2,500 a year."
>
> "Passed C. P. A. examination. You will be interested to know that 50% of the successful candidates were LaSalle-trained men."
>
> "Many promotions and future now secure."

The only *mistake* a man can make in considering the LaSalle Problem Method—a mistake, however, which may sentence him for life to humdrum work at mediocre pay—is to let the days and months drift by without ACTING.

You have watched the axes flying. Your problem is no different from that which one time or another has confronted thousands of LaSalle-trained men. They faced it—signed a LaSalle coupon—and got on their way to a bigger job.

Below is the coupon. Your fibre can be proved in the next five minutes—by what you do with it.

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Founded in 1909.

Financial resources more than $5,000,000.

Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1500 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.

Responsible for perfecting the "LaSalle Problem Method"—recognized as the quickest and most practical method of business training known to educational science.

Numbers among its students and graduates nearly 300,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.

Annual enrollment, about 60,000.

Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.

LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad, and business institution in the United States.

LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.

Tuition refunded in full on completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received.

LaSalle Extension University

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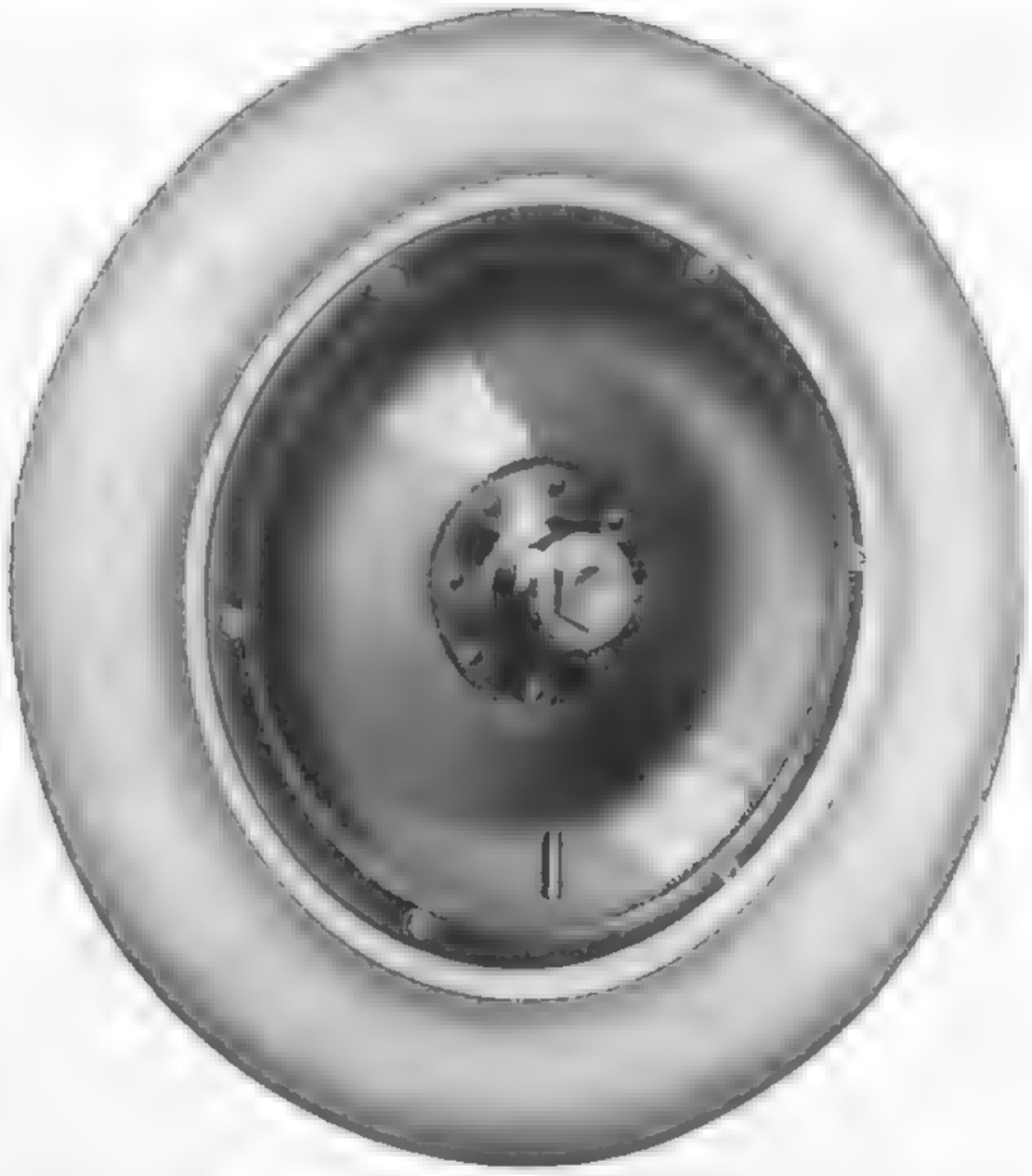
Name _____ *Present Position* _____ *Address* _____



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They come with hubs which fit your car instantly, avoiding the delay and expense of obtaining and fitting special parts. They preserve for you all the convenience of demountable rims—you change tires without changing wheels—you profit from the need for only four wheels.

You inflate tires easily and sensibly through the accessible *outside* valve stems on Tuarc Wheels. This is another of the advantages resulting from Tuarc compound-curve construction.

This unique design means strength, lightness and stunning beauty that smartly sets off cars of every type.

Your motor car dealer or your service station can supply you with Tuarc Wheels. If Tuarc Wheels for your car are not in stock, write us, and if convenient give us the name of your dealer or service station.

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Gier
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STEEL WHEELS

(Continued from Page 90)

the present condition of bankruptcy on the Continent of Europe. But American farmers, manufacturers and merchants are now suffering so much from the miserable impecuniosity of their customers in Europe that a conference which did little or nothing to save the European Continent from bankruptcy or to revive the European demand for American products would be regarded as a fiasco. If one takes a general view of humanity the blackest clouds are seen to come from the land, not from the sea; from the military rather than from the naval menace.

The case does not call for national sacrifice. If the governments of America and Great Britain, as trustees of the American and British peoples, will act together at Washington in a spirit of enlightened selfishness, that will be quite enough. As I write there appear to be some 6,000,000 of unemployed in the United States and nearly half that number in Great Britain. Those conditions are the direct economic result of war and armaments. Soup kitchens, public works, doles, municipal charity and other palliatives will be applied. But in relieving the pain they will aggravate the disease, unless at the same time public waste upon wars and armaments is reduced by an all-round and drastic operation.

In London, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow business men have long been accustomed to connect trade depression and unemployment with the impoverishment of their foreign customers. The United States, with its vast area and varied climates, has always been more self-sufficient; but its very prosperity has created a vast annual surplus which must be exchanged for the surplus products of other countries.

America's energy and invention, applied to agriculture, mining, fruit growing and to the industries which provide mankind with clothing, machinery and the like, have attained an output far in excess of domestic consumption. No wonder, then, that the foreign trade of the United States rivals that of Great Britain, or that the two countries are the best customers of one another.

By way of exhibiting the part which foreign custom, and especially European custom, plays in American business and employment, it will suffice to take two sets of statistics. First let us look at the total exports from the United States in 1913 and 1920, measured in dollars, remembering that in 1920 the purchasing power of the dollar was only about half as much as in 1913:

Total domestic exports from United States for fiscal year 1913, $2,465,000,000; for fiscal year 1920, $7,950,000,000.

Our Dependence on Europe

Next take the total United States exports to Europe for the same years: Fiscal year 1913, $1,479,000,000—that is, more than half the total; fiscal year 1920, $4,864,000,000—again a great deal more than half the total.

These figures are enormous. This year values are shrinking rapidly and the volume has been dwindling also, but more slowly because of the fall in prices. Owing partly to the miners' strike, British trade in 1921 has suffered even more than American. But in 1920 nearly half the European exports of the United States went to the United Kingdom.

The difficulties, however, of selling last year's surplus abroad have been so great that very large quantities of American exports have been loaned this year to Europe; and, further, as a San Francisco newspaper which lies before me puts it: "The War Finance Corporation has been empowered by Congress to lend money on the security of exportable surpluses of our crops and merchandise until export markets can be found for them."

But export markets will not be found unless European taxpayers and consumers can be relieved of some substantial fraction of their own burdens. There is only one way—that is by effecting large and immediate reductions in every country, and so bringing down public expenditure to a level which can be covered by a reasonable or at least tolerable system of taxation. To achieve this there must be a general disarmament as well as a cessation of wars; for economies in the civil administration, however severe, would be in most cases insufficient. The following tabular comparison is borrowed from an American publicist, Mr. Cummings. I have not been able to check all his figures or his rate of conversion of foreign currencies in 1921. But his statement has been published and republished, and so far as I know its substantial accuracy has not been challenged:

GROWTH OF MILITARY AND NAVAL EXPENDITURE, 1872-1921

COUNTRY	1872	1912	1921
Japan	(A)	$ 93,576,000	$ 282,457,000
Austria-Hungary	$ 51,081,000	130,557,000	.....
France	111,073,000	259,349,000	1,310,[illegible]0,000
Germany	71,824,000	312,907,000	
Great Britain	125,401,000	351,044,000	1,121,[illegible]000
Italy	43,971,000	125,143,000	1[illegible]27,000
Russia	118,330,000	371,871,000	
United States	56,621,000	244,177,000	1,422,752,000
Totals	$578,361,000	$1,888,684,000	$4,269,064,000 (B)

(A) Small amount, not ascertained.
(B) Expenditure of Austria, Germany and Russia not definitely known and therefore omitted for 1921

If all countries were included a general and proportionate reduction of the military and naval establishments to one-half of their present cost would set free a fund of probably at least $3,000,000,000 to $4,000,000,000 annually for the purchase of food and useful commodities, for the stabilization and partial restoration of debased paper currencies, for the payment of debt, the removal of public deficits, the revival of credit and the reduction of taxes. Thus the road to recovery lies plain before us. Will it be taken by the statesmen in whose hands the peoples have intrusted their lives and fortunes?

Deficits the Rule

In order to show that the views and arguments in this article are in conformity with the conclusions of experts, and even of officials delegated for the purpose of examining world finance by the governments themselves, I turn to the conclusions unanimously arrived at by the Brussels conference a year ago, after eighty-six financial experts from thirty-nine countries had presented the accounts and balance sheets of their respective governments. In a general review of the situation they point out that "the total external debt of the European belligerents, converted into dollars at par, amounts to about 155 milliard dollars, compared with about 17 milliard dollars in 1913." They say that the government expenditures of the European belligerents amount to between 20 and 40 per cent of the total incomes of the peoples. They say emphatically that the restoration of real peace, with disarmament, is "the first condition for the world's recovery."

Four commissions were appointed. The first dealt with public finance, and its resolutions were adopted unanimously by the conference. The following extract from its resolutions deserves attention:

Thirty-nine nations have in turn placed before the International Financial Conference a statement of their financial position. The examination of these statements brings out the extreme gravity of the general situation of public finance throughout the world, and particularly in Europe. Their import may be summed up in the statement that three out of every four of the countries represented at this conference and eleven out of twelve of the European countries anticipate a budget deficit in the present year. Public opinion is largely responsible for this situation. The close connection between these budget deficits and the cost of living, which is causing such suffering and unrest throughout the world, is far from being grasped. Nearly every government is being pressed to incur fresh expenditure; largely on palliatives which aggravate the very evils against which they are directed. The first step is to bring public opinion in every country to realize the essential facts of the situation and particularly the need for reëstablishing public finances on a sound basis as a preliminary to the execution of those social reforms which the world demands.

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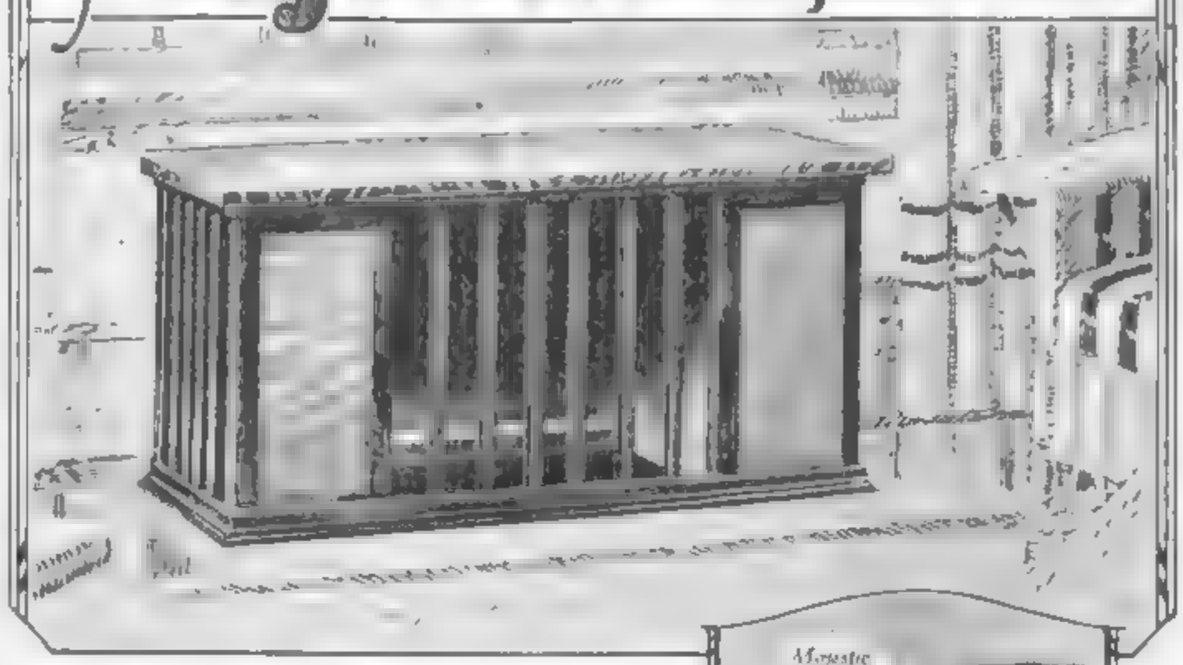

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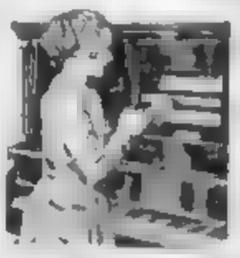

A child can operate it. Merely touch safety cushion soft rubber nozzle to openings over which music roll passes. Instantly creates [illegible] suction. Dirt, lint, dust, tacks, pins, etc., are drawn into dirt container. All it costs is three-fifty. Get one from your piano-man. If he hasn't it order direct by coupon.

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Public attention should be especially drawn to the fact that the reduction of prices and the restoration of prosperity is dependent on the increase of production, and that the continual excess of government expenditure over revenue represented by budget deficits is one of the most serious obstacles to such increase of production, as it must sooner or later involve the following consequences:

(*a*) A further inflation of credit and currency.

(*b*) A further depreciation in the purchasing power of the domestic currency, and a still greater instability of the foreign exchanges.

(*c*) A further rise in prices and in the cost of living.

The country which accepts the policy of budget deficits is treading the slippery path which leads to general ruin; to escape from that path no sacrifice is too great. It is therefore imperative that every government should, as the first social and financial reform, on which all others depend:

(*a*) Restrict its ordinary recurrent expenditure, including the service of the debt, to such an amount as can be covered by its ordinary revenue.

(*b*) Rigidly reduce all expenditure on armaments in so far as such reduction is compatible with the preservation of national security.

(*c*) Abandon all unproductive extraordinary expenditure.

(*d*) Restrict even productive extraordinary expenditure to the lowest possible amount.

The Supreme Council of the Allied Powers in its pronouncement on the eighth of March declared that "armies should everywhere be reduced to a peace footing; that armaments should be limited to the lowest possible figure compatible with national security and that the League of Nations should be invited to consider, as soon as possible, proposals to this end."

The statements presented to the conference show that, on an average, some 20 per cent of the national expenditure is still being devoted to the maintenance of armaments and the preparations for war. The conference desires to affirm with the utmost emphasis that the world cannot afford this expenditure. Only by a frank policy of mutual coöperation can the nations hope to regain their old prosperity, and in order to secure that result the whole resources of each country must be devoted to strictly productive purposes.

The conference accordingly recommends most earnestly to the Council of the League of Nations the desirability of conferring at once with the several governments concerned, with a view to securing a general and agreed reduction of the crushing burdens which on their existing scale armaments still impose on the impoverished peoples of the world, sapping their resource and imperiling their recovery from the ravages of war. The conference hopes that the Assembly of the League, which is about to meet, will take energetic action to this end.

The above recommendations were ignored by the League of Nations and by practically all the governments concerned. Consequently the debts and deficits of most European countries are larger at the present time than they were a year ago, and most of the paper currencies have depreciated—some very heavily—during the last twelve months.

The Dangers of Inflation

I turn next to the resolutions proposed by the second commission which had to examine problems of currency and foreign exchange.

From its resolutions, which also were adopted unanimously by the conference, I extract the following:

The currencies of all belligerent and of many other countries, though in greatly varying degrees, have since the beginning of the war been expanded artificially, regardless of the usual restraints upon such expansion—to which we refer later—and without any corresponding increase in the real wealth upon which their purchasing power was based; indeed in most cases in spite of a serious reduction in such wealth.

It should be clearly understood that this artificial and unrestrained expansion, or inflation, as it is called, of the currency or of the titles to immediate purchasing power does not and cannot add to the total real purchasing power in existence, so that its effect must be to reduce the purchasing power of each unit of the currency. It is in fact a form of debasing the currency.

The effect of it has been to intensify, in terms of the inflated currencies, the general rise in prices, so that a greater amount of such currency is needed to procure the accustomed supply of goods and services. Where this additional currency was procured by further inflation—that is, by printing more paper money or creating fresh credit—there arose what has been called a vicious spiral of constantly rising prices and wages and constantly increasing inflation, with the resulting disorganization of all business, dislocation of the exchanges, a progressive increase in the cost of living, and consequent labor unrest.

It is of the utmost importance that the growth of inflation should be stopped; and this, although no doubt very difficult to do immediately in some countries, could quickly be accomplished by abstaining from increasing the currency—in its broadest sense, as defined above—and by increasing the real wealth upon which such currency is based.

The cessation of increase in the currency should not be achieved merely by restricting the issue of legal tender. Such a step, if unaccompanied by other measures, would be apt to aggravate the situation by causing a monetary crisis. It is necessary to attack the causes which lead to the necessity for the additional currency.

The chief cause in most countries is that the governments, finding themselves unable to meet their expenditures out of revenue, have been tempted to resort to the artificial creation of fresh purchasing power, either by the direct issue of additional legal-tender money or more frequently by obtaining—especially from the banks of issue, which in some cases are unable and in others unwilling to refuse them—credits which must themselves be satisfied in legal-tender money. We say, therefore, that governments must limit their expenditure to their revenue.

Here again we have excellent doctrines and good practical advice from these financial experts to the governments which appointed them. But the doctrines have remained unapplied, and the advice has been honored in the breach instead of in the observance.

Wise Counsel Ignored

I pass next to the resolutions proposed by the commission on international trade and adopted unanimously by the conference, from which the first two paragraphs will be quoted:

The International Financial Conference affirms that the first condition for the resumption of international trade is the restoration of real peace, the conclusion of the wars which are still being waged and the assured maintenance of peace for the future. The continuance of the atmosphere of war and of preparations for war is fatal to the development of that mutual trust which is essential to the resumption of normal trading relations. The security of internal conditions is scarcely less important, as foreign trade cannot prosper in a country whose internal conditions do not inspire confidence. The conference trusts that the League of Nations will lose no opportunity to secure the full restoration and continued maintenance of peace.

The International Financial Conference affirms that the improvement of the financial position largely depends on the general restoration as soon as possible of good will between the various nations; and in particular it indorses the declaration of the Supreme Council of the eighth March last "that the States which have been created or enlarged as a result of the war should at once reëstablish full and friendly cooperation and arrange for the unrestricted interchange of commodities in order that the essential unity of European economic life may not be impaired by the erection of artificial economic barriers."

Here again there is a full recognition of the fact that peace is necessary to the renewal of prosperity, and that the atmosphere of war preparations is fatal to the growth of trade. But neither the League of Nations nor the Supreme Council, so far as I am aware, has made any effective response to these appeals.

Fourthly and lastly I come to the commission on international credits. This commission passed a number of resolutions, all of which were adopted unanimously by the conference; but it will suffice to cite the first two:

The conference recognizes in the first place that the difficulties which at present lie in the way of international credit operations arise almost exclusively out of the disturbance caused by the war, and that the normal working of financial markets cannot be completely reëstablished unless peaceful relations are restored between all peoples and the outstanding financial questions resulting from the war are made the subject of a definite settlement which is put into execution.

The conference is, moreover, of opinion that the revival of credit requires as primary conditions the restoration of order in public finance, the cessation of inflation, the purging of currencies and the freedom of commercial transactions. The resolutions of the commission on international credits are therefore based on the resolutions of the other commissions.

My argument then is fully indorsed by the experts at Brussels. All the facts and figures set forth in the voluminous records of that remarkable conference indicate the urgency of peace and disarmament. A year has passed.

The Brussels recommendations have been ignored, and conditions in Europe as regards its currencies, debts, trade and credit have deteriorated. Surely then we can all agree with Mr. Lloyd George that President Harding's invitation came not a moment too soon.

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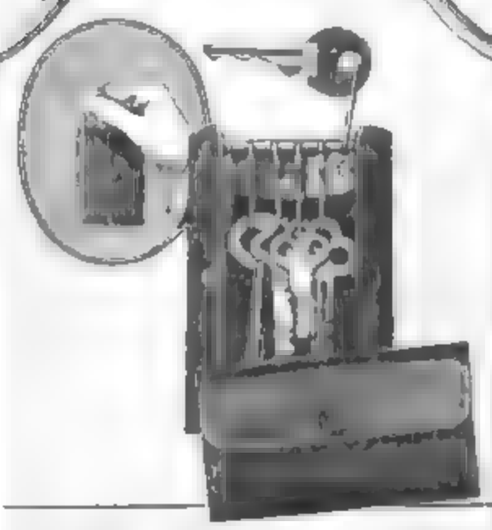

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THE PROFESSIONAL PROMINENT CITIZEN

(Continued from Page 7)

poor and all statesmanship, commerce and the entire phenomena of life and living in general. Mention anything from Botticelli to bottle babies to this sort and immediately he will issue a formal statement in which he speaks well of it and lengthily.

The envious perhaps look upon this class as the *nouveau riche* of the bean. The envious should recall, however, that the members of this class, once they have piled up enough millions to make them feel they can afford it, are quick to invest in at least ten feet of encyclopedia. Yes, and they cut many leaves in many of the new volumes. In fact, it is safe to say that in the beginnings of the prominent-citizening career of all of this great class of Manhattan's sudden capitalists the greatest thrill they have—always excepting a visit from a newspaper photographer—is the kick they get out of discovering, say, while dipping into a page between DAB and EYUP, that there were really two of these here Dante boys after all—the Mr. Alighieri, who was a contemporary of this Vergil, and another one named Rossetti, who seemed to know English as well as his native tongue, even though he lived away back in those pre-Raphaelite days before Raphael.

I recall two chorus girls, sisters, whom I knew well in New York—long before I was married, incidentally—who, although not professional prominent citizens, best illustrate by one incident in their crowded young lives this chief characteristic of the first and largest intellectual class into which Manhattan's leading residents group themselves. Both the sisters, I remember, finally advanced in their art until each had a line to say in one of Jake's shows at the Winter Garden. They went even farther! They were taken up by the Hotel Algonquin set, which is really the smartest set in theatrical society. John Drew and —— Well, that's how smart it is.

Anyway, one of the social matrons of the set, who was old enough to dare do delicate tasks, took the sisters aside and more than hinted that now that they had socially arrived they should try to remember that neither the word "these" nor "those" was spelled with the letter *d*; and, furthermore, that if they would only buy a book, any book, and do a bit of reading, perhaps their studies would elevate their social conversation to some topic above what they said to Lee or Jake. They bought a book and denned in for an entire Sunday, taking up history in a serious way. And I recall how surprised and delighted we were when, during an awkward pause during the supper hour at the next Sixty Club dance, one of them said sadly but firmly to her sister, "Cripes, dearie, but wasn't it terrible about Mary Queen of Scots!"

There you have one class. The second and much smaller group of professional prominent citizens belligerently takes the attitude that anything he doesn't know anything about, which is everything except mousetraps, either doesn't exist, or if it does exist it's wrong and must be righted along mousetrap lines.

Page One, Rule One

This is the sort who in the course of a learned interview in the Sunday-magazine section on Why College Training Sets the Young Business Man Back Four Years makes a monkey out of Thoreau, Poe and innumerable other historic examples of all-round-no-good office men and clinches his arguments with his undeniable statement that he wouldn't give a thin dime for all the art in the world. What he means, I should explain, is not so much that he wouldn't give a dime for all the art in the world as it is the idea that because he wouldn't give a dime for it, anybody else who would must be a mental blah.

If any reader of these lines feels the urge within him to move to New York and take up the career of prominent citizening he may take my humble but authoritative word for it that one of the best ways to rise rapidly is to begin by writing to the New York newspapers about anything and everything. All you need then is a few million dollars, no business of your own to mind, and a working knowledge of at least the first two rules on Page One of the Prominent Citizen's Ready Letter Writer.

The gist of Rule One is that always you should wait until the New York newspaper you are writing to has printed an editorial on the particular national or civic problem which you also have decided to do something about in a public-spirited way. Now you write to the paper a letter in which in strictly orthodox fashion you paraphrase the paper's viewpoint as expressed in the editorial. Instantly the editor will recognize you as a wise-cracking guy who will bear watching and encouragement. You can get a letter into print that disagrees with the newspaper's viewpoint, but a successful letter of that sort necessitates a degree of intelligence wholly unnecessary to even great heights in prominent citizening.

The second rule in the ready letter writer absolutely never must be broken. It is the hard-and-fast dictum which ordains that the prominent citizen who is prominent by profession always must begin his letters to the newspapers or his more formal, weightier statements to the American people with the standardized opening phrase that runs "My attention has been called to" so and so. Don't even notice an earthquake. Make the common herd nudge you politely and respectfully and then call your attention to it. For a while there was a brief vogue of the form beginning "May I not," and so forth. The obvious happened to this form, despite its high sanction. Somebody suddenly hauled off and said brutally "Yes, you may not!" And this form has not appeared in print since last autumn.

The Piker and the Master

The very words "My attention has been called to" connote impressiveness right at the kick-off. "My attention has been called to the World War recently concluded abroad." "My attention has been called to a recent disgraceful contest at fisticuffs in Jersey City, won by a person named, I am informed, John Dempsey." Instantly the opening phrase suggests clipping bureaus and bevies of secretaries constantly butting in upon the great citizen's intellectual privacy to call his attention to everything of the earth earthy, from Muggsy McGraw's latest night battle on Broadway to yesterday's closing of the Stock Exchange by a tidal wave.

The secretaries to one of New York's professional great citizens obviously are many and ubiquitous. The professional prominent citizen subscribes to the clipping bureau that never misses a trick.

My attention has been called to a piece entitled Hot Off the Press Agent, recently contributed by me to these columns, in which the author advances and tenaciously sticks to the theory that publicity agents are agents for publicity, and then logically proves his thesis. If there be any weakness in the article under discussion it is the idea contained therein that professional press agents plant and garner the entire publicity crop of the nation. The truth is that, when it comes to making two columns of pure reading matter and printed portrait grow where only blank newsprint paper grew before, the professional press agent is a piker compared with his most numerous and best paying sort of client, the professional great citizen of Manhattan.

Publicity! Pause to remember that the greatest of all outdoor sports and the greatest of all indoor sports practiced by the professional prominent citizen hit the highest spots only in New York and you see at once why they all move there.

The ecstatic activity that brings to the professional citizen his largest scrapbooks of prominence is the highly systematized outdoor sport in which the New Yorker who is first to shin over the rail of an incoming liner and grab off a great foreign celebrity wins one leg of the cup. Again, Manhattan is the best playground anywhere for the fascinating indoor sport of assembling every night at what used to be the cocktail hour but is now merely seven o'clock and listening to a public dinner until midnight—later if a prominent citizen who is also a United States senator is on the menu.

Here is a sport in which at worst the New York papers next morning are sure

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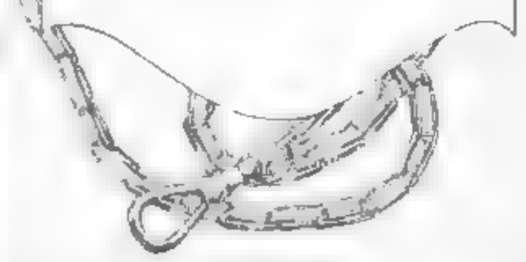

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to mention the professional citizen in the list of the among-those-present regular dinnerists. Manhattan editors realize that America paces the floor till dawn while waiting to read who dined the night before and who didn't. At best the New York papers will print much about the professional citizen's oratorical contribution to the night of fun.

If you read the New York dailies at all, you know the formula for the professional altruist's standardized after-dinner speech:

The toastmaster next introduced Emory J. K. Applesauce, capitalist and philanthropist, who dwelt at length on the many activities of the Applesauce Society for the Protection of the American Wage Earner Against Himself, one of the numerous organizations of a public-spirited nature to which the noted inventor of the non-skid spaghetti plate now devotes much of his personal attention and immense financial resources.

Mr. Applesauce early in his remarks had the crowded banquet hall in a gale of laughter with his story, suggested to the speaker, he said, by a remark made by an earlier speaker, about two hapless Irishmen, Mike and Pat. The philanthropist then in telling of the work of his organization among the worthy poor paid a high tribute to the press of the country in general and the newspapers and newspaper men of New York in particular. Russia would to-day have a peaceful, industrious government, Mr. Applesauce assured the diners, if Petrograd had had "the fearless, honest sort of newspapers and brilliant, God-fearing newspaper men that to-day are the greatest glory of this greatest of world capitals." (Great applause.)

"But seriously speaking," concluded Mr. Applesauce, after regaling his hearers with the recital of a verbal passage at arms which he had recently overheard while on an errand of mercy in the home of an old Baxter Street couple named Pat and Bridget, "we who, unlike poor Pat and his Bridget, have been blessed with all the advantages of wealth and education owe it to our great city and nation to keep always in mind the great truth that all men, great and small, are human." (Applause.) "Some are good, some are bad and, conversely, vice versa, as the great language of Latin has it. And it is, gentlemen, up, as the boys say, to us to encourage all that is good, to discourage what is bad." (Prolonged applause.)

"My friends, the hour is growing late and there are many gifted speakers to follow me. I have still to make another address, furthermore, at a banquet being held on another floor of this hotel. But I cannot leave you without stressing one final thought that came to me while your toastmaster was speaking. Fellow citizens, uphold the right, fearlessly strike down the wrong. Thus and thus only will you have done your full duty to this greatest world capital in this most magnificent nation on God's green footstool!" (Tremendous applause.)

Mr. Applesauce's second address of the evening, devoted to national and civic problems and their solution, will be found in part in another column in the report of the annual banquet last night of the New York Society of the Sons of Old Susquehanna County.

Go right ahead and slap me down dead if I didn't have to listen to that speech at least once and sometimes three times every night in every autumn, winter and spring from 1906 to 1919, inclusive. Yes, and the professional prominent citizens of New York always see to it that the press table is right up under the guns. Even on almost any hot midsummer night—in New York—it is not difficult for a citizen of oratorical gifts, which embraces all prominent citizens, to rope, hog tie and throw enough professional listeners in Manhattan with ten dollars and the annual-banquet complex to make a mess.

Reporting Without Notes

I am guilty, perhaps, of overstatement when I say the reporter has to listen to the speech every night. It was, at least, my own practice, once I had passed out of the cub age, to remain only until that part of the exordium beginning, "It seems there were two Irishmen, Mike and Pat." Then it was no trick, especially as I always wore the office dress suit and have been mistaken for a head waiter frequently anyway, to reach over toward somebody's feet at the next table, fish a quart bottle out of the nearest wine cooler and place it on a tray and then make a haughty get-away via the service pantry.

Nor was it any trick to report the speech without notes. On the wall back of my typewriter desk in the city room I had always for reference a concise, typewritten synopsis that covered all speeches everywhere by all professional prominent citizens:

1. Tribute to toastmaster and unusually intelligent body of diners. (If speaker prominent clergyman, insert here standard jest about never before having faced audience of men, and add "laughter.")
2. Remark of earlier speaker suggests seems once there were two Irishmen, Mike and Pat. (Not used annual banquet Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; if attempted, remain at press table.)
3. Big boost and lengthy account of activities of any or all personal uplift organizations which old goat speaking is plugging this year.
4. Honest, fearless New York newspapers, brilliant newspaper men.
5. Hour growing late, many speakers to follow.
6. Good is good, bad is bad; encourage, wallop respectively.
7. New York—greatest city in world, and so forth; kind word or two also about United States.
8. God's green footstool and insert "tremendous applause."

I don't know what a New York reporter does these nights for an excuse to make his get-away, or—once he has reached the main floor of the hotel—how he kills time until it is late enough to report to his night editor. It must be a dirty life now. With the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment I left American journalism flat on its back.

This greatest of indoor sports in the profession of prominent citizening plays its part also in the great outdoor sport of trying to find standing room on a North River pier when a particularly doggy celebrity from Europe is about to be welcomed to our city. The trick is to find footage for yourself and plug hat close to the gangplank for a good start over the side, but not so close that you run the danger of being pushed into the drink by the great press of potential volunteer hosts of the celebrity massed behind you. Hence the familiar after-dinner speech, delivered at stated intervals during the closed season on after-dinner orators in the metropolis, in which the professional prominent citizen demands passionately that the War Department permit the city to lengthen the North River piers.

The Grand Period

The World War and its immediate post-bellum days raised this most fascinating of outdoor sports to a degree so delirious that it doubtless will be recorded by future historians of New York's civilization as the classic era or grand period of prominent citizening. There were times when the most prominent New York fans playing the game took it for granted when picking up their cards that they would find full houses, four ten spots or even a royal flush. During the war, you see, all the great who could be spared came over, either to pass the hat along Wall Street during the lunch hour or to stress the fact that this glorious nation alone could and must win the war. Then, for a year or so after the war, the entire insular intelligence of Europe was good enough to come to Manhattan en masse and buck us up by telling us from the lecture platform how deucedly clever we jolly old Ehmerican brothers in blood, and all that sort of thing, and the other assistant fighters, if you know what I mean —— I mean to say, how bloody well one and all had distracted the attention of the beastly Hun to his side lines by nipping at him rather well, while good old Haig walked right up to the bally old Kaiser and kicked him in the slats.

Whatever the foreign statesmen picked up along Wall Street or anything the lecturers took in at the gate was all velvet. The grand period destroyed forever a silly tradition about the standoffishness of foreigners, especially Englishmen, which we had mistakenly entertained here for generations. During the classic era I repeatedly saw them, even the most reserved of Englishmen, unhesitatingly accept not only the hand of the first professional citizen of Manhattan to shin hatless over the rail of the promenade deck but also accept the unintroduced volunteer host's town house, motor cars, food, lodging, all nineteen holes of his private golf course, laundry, soap, towels, mending, telephone service, linens, car fare, plate, flat silver and bedding.

You who, perhaps, during the grand period made frantic, fruitless rounds of the hotel district of Manhattan in search of room and bath doubtless blamed the big influx of distinguished foreigners for the jammed condition of the hotels. You were right. Every great Englishman and his suite, which included every great Englishman who had saved the price of a one-way ticket out of the wreckage, was being housed in princely fashion in Manhattan. Their professional-citizen volunteer hosts

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in the meantime had to seek shelter somewhere. Hence the crowded condition of the New York hotels.

And what, you ask, did the volunteer hosts get out of it? This is a question that has been asked with perhaps unnecessary brutality within the past year or so particularly. In these later days many, probably all, of the volunteer hosts hurried abroad with their families to get some of it back socially.

They learned, alas, when about to ring the doorbell of the castle that somebody had pulled the shades down and the portcullis up, flooded the moat and disconnected the doorbell batteries against the possibilities of the jolly old Ehmerican brothers in blood and all that sort of thing being swell little swimmers.

Old Hedges, the ancient retainer who never has smiled since the night long ago when the young master took up with a hussy of the village and came home too sloshed to remember the moat, has been kept busy for a considerable spell. He has been calling through a porthole that the grand folks just stepped over the moors to mail a letter and will not be back for a fortnut.

I have no doubt, though, that the distinguished foreigners would have made a big fuss over Manhattan's prominent citizens if they had not just stepped out.

But you are mistaken if you think that the professional prominent citizens of New York found after the grand period had subsided that their expensive but distinguished foreign guests were a total loss. Twice a day every day during the delirium the hosts experienced the most exquisite thrill that a professional prominent citizen can absorb without swooning. Every morning the leading New Yorkers hurried from their temporary hotel quarters to their own homes, atremble with the realization that absolutely every evening newspaper in creation's topmost creation would send a reporter and photographer to their houses to find out what the eminent host and guest were going to do between breakfast and the Extra Final Last Night Edition. Furthermore, the reporters would then trail along with the troupe.

Every afternoon the reporters and photographers from all the morning newspapers would be on the job in time to dash into the ruck as the troupe daily made a wide turn about sundown without deigning to touch third base and slid amid cheers to the home plate. And even when just one reporter, especially of his own volition, during dull seasons visits a professional prominent New Yorker's home it is all the great man can do to restrain himself from throwing his arms round the newspaper man and smothering the caller with one long passionate kiss.

With the passing of the grand period it took the professional leaders of New York activities and thought some time to readjust themselves to normal. Now, however, they are back at the old routine of uplifting whatever is at hand, or if there is nothing at hand that needs uplifting to uplift it anyway. Then there is always the pleasurable glow of awaiting the publication of the numbered and limited de-luxe edition, profusely illustrated, of the literary work to be known as Great Men Who Make Manhattan Great. This book is to contain a portrait and biography of each professional prominent citizen who has been permitted by the little group who are getting up the book to subscribe one thousand dollars—cash, not checks, required. Sometimes the noted financial wizard glows expectantly for a year or two before the news is broken to him by the police that the last the book promoters were heard of they had accepted a plea of guilty out in St. Joe, which is in Michigan. In dullest moments the New York professional citizen of prominence can always fool and fiddle round regulating several or all phases of American education.

Even when he finally reaches the stage and age where he has to be wheeled to public dinners in an invalid's chair, and gives out interviews from bed, he still has the consolation of knowing that he will die prominently all over New York. And regardless of what a lot of jealous cats say about the sincerity and integrity of some of these eminent leaders of our affairs, I for one really believe that without exception they lead the kind of life that is rewarded with a heavenly hereafter.

In the nature of things they have to. Serious fall from grace would leave them brooding about the certainty of being damned to live throughout eternity in an atmosphere where anything as inflammable as flashlight powder, mass-meeting or public-dinner buntings and other glad trappings of that sort, and, above all, the New York newspapers, would be impossible. And brooding like that would drive them nutty.

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Since 1864, Oregon City fabrics have been known for their sturdy all-wool warmth. We weave overcoatings on our own looms from *pure virgin wool.** Now we offer new weaves and colors that are supreme for beauty and wear.

Leading clothiers are displaying Jacobs' Oregon City Overcoats now in many new models, of which "Lafayette," the smart three-quarter ulster illustrated, is typical. Another Oregon City creation is the "Stormboy," a wonderful great-coat. All have convertible collars that *fit*.

We also weave and tailor Oregon City Mackinaws for men and boys. Our virgin wool products are labeled "Pure Virgin Wool."

Because we sell direct to your clothier, he can offer you extra value. Go and see the new models now.

Read the romance of Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens in our booklet, "Woven Where the Wool is Grown." Write for it today.

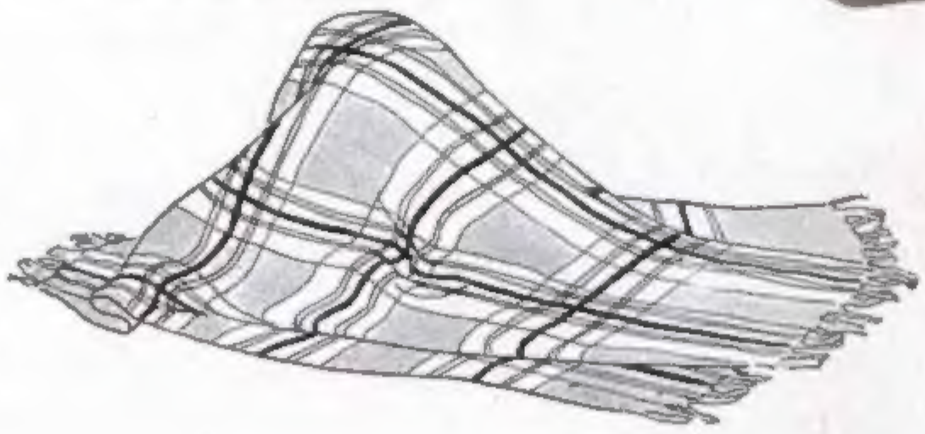
Oregon City Woolen Mills
Established in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs
Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon
Sales Offices—New York Boston Chicago Minneapolis Kansas City Denver San Francisco Portland Seattle Salt Lake City

**Definition*—Virgin wool is new wool as it comes from the sheep's back, never used or worked before.

"Baffin"—A smart Oregon City Mackinaw for men and boys. Staunch, all-wool warmth. Convertible and shawl collars.

One of many styles in all-wool Flannel Shirts, woven and tailored by Jacobs'-Oregon City.

"Yellowstone"—An all-wool Oregon City motor robe—popular because of its beautiful plaid top and plain back.



The "Lafayette" model

Look for the Oregon City label. It stands for all-wool warmth and unusual value.

Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens

WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

WIN A REWARD BY SOLVING THIS PICTURE PUZZLE

DIRECTIONS:—Cut out and arrange so as to make a complete picture of Main Street. Paste on heavy paper or cardboard.

PRIZE OFFER:—To anyone who sends to the Advertising Department of the Washburn-Crosby Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota, the name and address of his or her grocery and this picture with each piece neatly pasted in its place, we will send without charge a miniature sack of Gold Medal Flour. This sack, a replica of our famous container, is two and one half inches long and is filled with real Gold Medal Flour, the flour which, because of its whiteness, purity and strength, is the best for cakes and pastry as well as breads. These sacks are alluring as playthings, pin cushions and flour samples. Let's play together!

WASHBURN-CROSBY COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn. **Mills at Minneapolis and Buffalo**